北欧貴族と
猛禽妻の
雪国狩り暮らし
ほくおうきぞく
もうきんづま
ゆきぐにかりぐらし
Hokuou kizoku to
Moukinzuma no
Yukiguni karigurashi
illustration あかねこ
江本マシメサ
Mashimesa Emoto
宝島社

北欧貴族と猛禽妻の雪国狩り暮らし

ほくおうきぞくともうきんづまのゆきぐにかりぐらし

Hokuou kizoku to Moukinzuma no Yukiguni karigurashi

illustration あかねこ

江本マシメサ
Mashimesa Emoto

宝島社

lang="en">

Hokuou Kizoku to Moukinzuma no Yukiguni Karigurashi - Volume 01-03

Table of Contents

1. Hokuou Kizoku to Moukinzuma no Yukiguni Karigurashi — Illustrations
2. Chapter 01: A Fateful Meeting
3. Chapter 02: Interrogation and Situation Report
4. Chapter 03: A Pleasant Shopping Trip and the First Day
5. Chapter 04: A Tense Carriage Ride and House Wattin
6. Chapter 05: To Greet My Wife
7. Chapter 06: The Crimson Eagle
8. Chapter 07: Heirloom and Oath
9. Chapter 08: A Warm House
10. Chapter 09: Snow Country Life Day One
11. Chapter 10: The Couple’s First Work Together
12. Chapter 11: Sieglinde’s Activity Report No. 1
13. Chapter 12: Sieglinde’s Activity Report No. 2
14. Chapter 13: Reindeer Hunt
15. Chapter 14: The Hunting Life Continues Even Today
16. Chapter 15: Coexistence
17. Chapter 16: Forewarned is Forearmed
18. Chapter 17: Polar Night (Kaamos)
19. Chapter 18: Season of Change
20. Chapter 19: A Special Gift and Preparations for the Guest
21. Chapter 20: Emmerich David’s Activity Report
22. Chapter 21: Goddess Worship
23. Chapter 22: Not Alone
24. Chapter 23: Closer Distance

25. Chapter 24: Work in Spring
26. Chapter 25: The Taste of Chocolate
27. Chapter 26: Great Self-Reflection
28. Chapter 27: Aina's Circumstances
29. Chapter 28: Spring Feast
30. Chapter 29: A Sudden Visit
31. Chapter 30: With Grandfather!
32. Chapter 31: The History of the Remote Lands
33. Chapter 32: Fish
34. Chapter 33: Gramps, Returning Home
35. Chapter 34: The Abrubt Change of the Yeti of the Borderlands
36. Chapter 35: Bear ※Drop-Shipped
37. Chapter 36: Aina and Emmerich
38. Chapter 37: A Disappointing Girl and a Disappointing Young Man
39. Chapter 38: Hermann Artonen's Activity Report
40. Chapter 39: Berry Picking
41. Chapter 40: The Ins and Outs of Crafting
42. Chapter 41: After the Festival
43. Chapter 42: Mushroom Hunting
44. Chapter 43: Various Changes
45. Chapter 44: Sieglinde's Activity Diary
46. Chapter 45: My Hidden Feelings, to You.
47. Chapter 46: The Husband, Loved by the Raptor Wife.
48. Chapter 47: Aina's Activity Report
49. Chapter 48: Still Filling Up
50. Chapter 49: Teoporon's Activity Report
51. Chapter 50: Miruporon's Acitivity Report
52. Chapter 51: Ritzhard's Lonely Years — First Half
53. Chapter 52: Ritzhard's Lonely Years — Second Half
54. Chapter 53: Sieglinde's Activity Diary
55. Chapter 54: Sieglinde's Activity Report No. 2
56. Chapter 55: Sweet & Sour Cake
57. Chapter 56: The Couple, Together and Separated.
58. Chapter 57: Parents, Punishment!?

59. Chapter 58: Claus von Wattin’s Activity Report
60. Chapter 59: Reunion
61. Chapter 60: The Unfortunate People of House Wattin
62. Chapter 61: Lovely Sieglinde
63. Chapter 62: Thüringer
64. Chapter 63: Sieglinde’s Activity Report
65. Chapter 64: Like a Noble
66. Chapter 65: As a Noble
67. Chapter 66: Family
68. Final Chapter: With Gratitude
69. Characters List
70. Bonus Chapter: Lukas Salonen Revontulet’s Activity Report
71. Bonus Chapter: Extra — Afterstory
72. Bonus Chapter: Arno Salonen Revontulet’s Activity Report
73. Additional Chapter: With Father-in-law!
74. Additional Chapter: With Nieces!
75. Additional Chapter: With Pig-san!
76. Additional Chapter: With the Ossans!
77. Additional Chapter: With Sieglinde!
78. Additional Chapter: With Grandfather!
79. Additional Chapter: With Ritzhard!
80. The Splendid Snow Fairy’s Exploit!?
81. The Dreaming Sisters and the Snow Fairy
82. The Table of the Revontulet Family
83. At the Village of the Fairies — First Half
84. At the Village of the Fairies — Second Half
85. The Savage Bird and the Winter Feast
86. Fishing and Sieglinde in Spring Clothes
87. Delicious Mushrooms and the Summer Scenery
88. Beloved Wife’s Lunchbox and Autumn’s Great Harvest
89. The Nine Brothers’ Sieglinde Observation Diary
90. Aina and Emmerich’s Elopement of Love!?
91. The Dog and Father
92. Emmerich and the Fickle Kittens — First Part

93. Emmerich and the Fickle Kittens — Middle Part
94. Emmerich and the Fickle Kittens — Last Part
95. Rose Liqueur and a Pleasant Party
96. Bear Meat and a Good Wife’s Stew
97. Luca Salonen Eskola’s Activity Report — First Part
98. Luca Salonen Eskola’s Activity Report — Middle Part
99. Luca Salonen Eskola’s Activity Report — Last Part
00. Ritzhard Getting Called Out by Women.
01. Emmerich’s Newlywed Diary, Accompanied by Cabbage and Bacon Soup
02. Luca’s Pleasant Picnic
03. Story of One Summer Day — First Half
04. Story of One Summer Day — Second Half
05. Compilation of Short Episodes
06. Amnesiac Ritzhard
07. The Happenings Over a Picture
08. To Grandfather!
09. Adalbert von Lüneburg’s Activity Diary
10. Chapter 108: Ritzhard’s New Challenge!
11. Canned Food War! — First Half
12. Canned Food War! — Second Half
13. Remote Land Pub Plan!
14. The Herring Fair and the Secret Dessert
15. Aa, Wonderful Nuts
16. Interlude: Halloween of the Remote Land
17. Foreign Feast
18. Bewitching New Menu!
19. The Soldiers’ Window Logs
20. Remote Land Pub, Opening!
21. Good Bathing Day!
22. Spring is Coming
23. Let’s Become a Beekeeper
24. Let’s Become a Beekeeper (Continued)

Hokuou Kizoku to Moukinzuma no Yukiguni Karigurashi — Illustrations

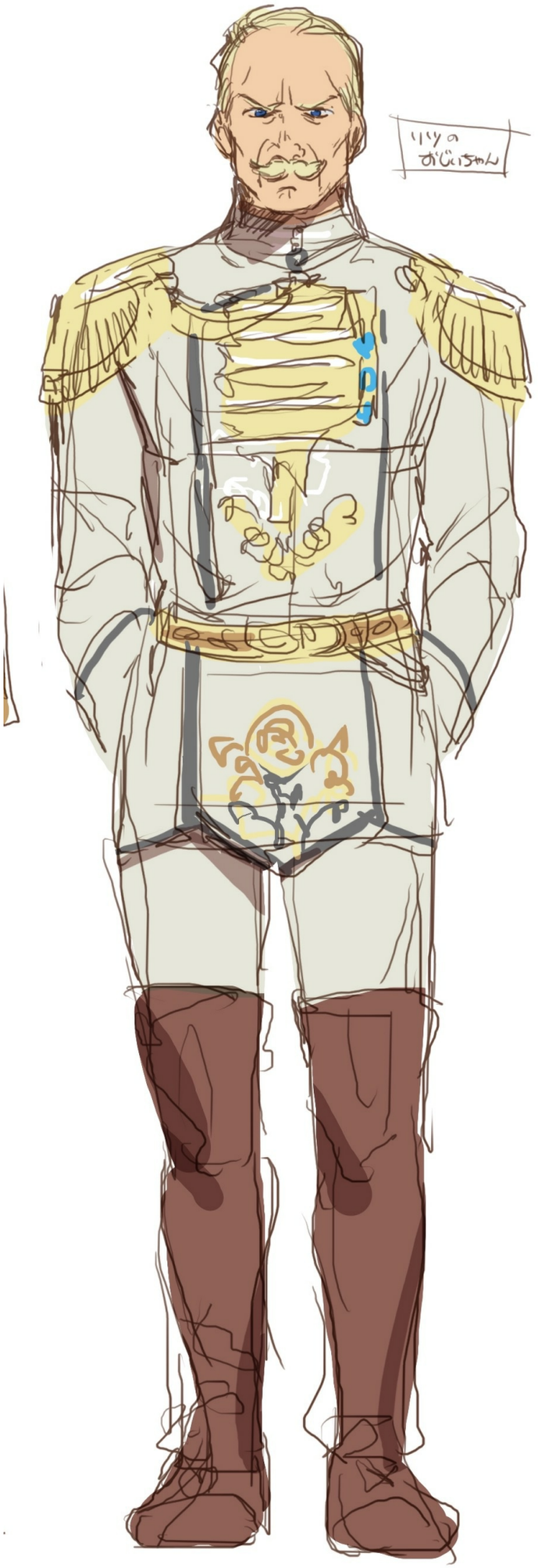
Ritzhard Salonen Revontulet

ジークリンデ
(軍服 白ver)
この辺で
リツとりたい
のでは??

Sieglinde Salonen Revontulet (maiden name: von Wattin)

Miruporon, Teoporon, Ruruporon (Ponu Rango)

Aina Salonen Bergholm &
Emmerich David


リリのおじいちゃん

Adalbert von Lüneberg

Chapter 01: A Fateful Meeting

Chapter 01: A Fateful Meeting Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

※This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

The ball in the foreign country that I'm invited to once a year.
It is also a place where men and women search for marriage candidates.

The hall's atmosphere was somewhat buoyant. It couldn't be helped. There are not many occasions where men and women can socialise.

Leaning my back on the wall with my friend, I made eye contact with the lady in front of me.
Her blonde hair was tied up properly and her skin that was showing between the rosy pink dress was shining brightly. I presumed as I please that she would be in her mid-teens because of her ineptitude at the ball.
She was still young, but her body was already rather voluptuous. I unconsciously set my eyes on her breasts, but when I turned my sight up looking at her face and smiled her cheeks quickly dyed deep red.

— I can do this!!

It's a meaningless boast, but I have absolute confidence in my looks
My long silver-white hair, rare throughout the world, was braided and hanging down my left chest. The deep blue eyes only appear in our people, too, so although my personality may be questionable I often received praise that my eyes were the most beautiful even amongst our people.

Thus my looks were quite distinct at the ball, so just from my smile women are drawn. Next to me, I hear my friend telling me, "That's enough," but I could not care less.
It's an opportunity that comes only once a year. I can't afford let this just pass

by.

But nothing in the world goes as one wants.

The lady-in-waiting behind her whispered something. Then the lady who was holding her cheeks in embarrassment quickly left.

"Ah~"
"It's not 'Ah~'."
"But her bust was large."
"You idiot! If you are looking for a bride do it more sincerely!
"I am being sincere."
"What part of you!?"

I stare dejectedly at the back of the leaving lady.
As to why this happened, it is because of the rumours that spread during the ten years I attended the ball.

I have become friendly with ladies here and sometimes even got engaged. However, when I take them back to my homeland, they refuse, saying, "let us pretend that this talk did not happen".

"You, you should search for a shrewd wife."
"I don't like such women."

While we were talking, suddenly some cries of women were heard.
When I turned my head toward the origin of the sound, there was one officer striding through the door.
Even without doing anything, that officer was soon surrounded by admiring women.

"Heh~ that's rare."
"Who's that?"
"The [Crimson Eagle]"

According to my friend's information, the person hogging the limelight was one of the more famous officers of this country. Since the war was over last year, the officer came to find a partner. Since the officer rarely appeared at balls, the women were excited.

"What, a man? I'm not int……!"

While I was staring at the [Crimson Eagle], we accidentally made eye contact.

That sharp piercing gaze reminded me of raptors.

When I made eye contact, I was convinced. That that person is a woman.

"O, oi, Richard!?" (TN: *Ritsuharudo* in raw, I couldn't really find a corresponding name. Something Germanic I guess.)

Ignoring my friend's call, I manoeuvred through the ladies like an insect drunk on honey.

The crowd surrounding that one officer was heated up.

"Sieg-sama, is it true that you are marrying!?"
"No!! Please marry me!!"
"No, what are you saying!?"
"Hey, don't push."
"Out of the way! I can't see Sieg-sama!"

About twenty women were pressing into each other trying to get closer to the [Crimson Eagle].
So much that they did not realise a man like myself waded through into the crowd.
More like, this country's women are rather tall. Also because they were wearing high-heels, they were only slightly shorter than me.

Even amongst them, the officer was quite tall.

Cutting through the crowd, I calmly stared the [Crimson Eagle] to talk to her.

Even up close, her attitude was impeccable.

Her vermilion hair was cut short and cleanly straightened up. Her dark grey eyes were looking at one uncommonly beautiful lady nearby. Military decorations adorned the uniform as proof of battles. That stature could only be described as gallant.

"Sieg-sama, please marry me!"
"You can't do that! I'm going to be happy with Sieg-sama!"
"Sieg-sama, if you come to my place there won't be any hardships."

To the simultaneous outburst of proposals, I also joined in.

“Um, please marry me!!”
“What are you saying…… huh?”

The commotion quickly died down.

It must have been the voice of a man that put them off.

“——Ugh, it’s the Snowman of the borderlands (Lappland)!!”

With that as the signal, the surrounding ladies quickly scattered and took shelter behind the officer.

“Why is the Snowman of the borderlands (Lappland) here!?”
“……”

That’s a bit harsh, calling me the Snowman of the borderlands (Lappland).

Amidst the chaos, only the [Crimson Eagle] kept her cool.

“Hildegard, who is he?”
“He is a foreign count, milady.”
“Pleased to meet you!”

As I cheerfully greeted her, she narrowed her eyes at me. Of course, as a display of vigilance.

“……Well, pleased to meet you too, hm?”
“Indeed. Pleased to meet you, [Crimson Eagle]-sama!”

One of ladies hiding behind the officer screamed again. I also heard some one insult me that it was rude for the Snowman of the borderlands (Lappland).

‘The Snowman of the borderlands (Lappland)’ is a derogatory term pointing to my uncommon silver-white hair and my homeland.

My homeland, the County of Levantret (TN:レヴァントレット/revantoretto), is a barren land covered in snow half the year.

There weren’t any women who would move to such a territory. Already there are many cases where the fiancées I brought by saying that it is a good place ran away.

The sun never rises in winter, and it is still slightly cold in summer. There is

no entertainment, and the population decreases every year.

It was not that there weren't any young men in my city. There's another reason for searching for brides in this foreign land.

Long time ago, our people were nomads leading reindeers around, marrying within the clan. However, because of that, the life expectancy shortened and there were more sickly children, that not many people could bear children.

Realising that, we recently started introducing foreign blood, half a century ago.

As the only child of the Count's family, I too needed to make more children so I was searching for a bride here.
Then, as I brought ladies back home and showed them my homeland, I gained the nickname 'the Snowman of the borderlands (Lappland)'.

"Was it *Yukiotoko*?" (TN: lit. snowman)
"N, no. My name is Richard Salonen Levantret."
"Excuse me. My name is Sieglinde von Wattin."

——N, no way, her name is so wonderful as well.

To her dazzling beauty, my eyes felt as if they were blinded.

Sieglinde was a woman full of vigour. I thought my heart was already hers from that sharp shine in her eyes that I did not have.

I don't know how long we stared at each other, but I cam to from a nearby yell.

"Get away from Sieg-sama you pervert snowman!"
"!?"

Before I knew it, some lady was approaching me with her wine glass leaning as if to pour it on me.

"Kyaa!"
"……"

A shrill scream resounded from that lady.

A red stain seeped through her dress.

Because I had grabbed her wrist to stop her, the liquid spilled on to her instead of me.

Voices of denunciation came like a ferocious barrage. Of course, I was receiving all the criticism instead of that lady.

“Oh my!”
“How dare he soil a lady’s dress!?”
“Sieg-sama, get away from him!”
“He’s dangerous!”
“……”

The lady whose dress was stained was already wailing. I also wanted to cry.

To that teary-eyed lady, Sieg gently reached her hand out for her. After she whispered something to someone who looks like a servant, and soon a maid came and took the lady away.

While I was thinking how quick she was, she also reached her hand out to me!!

Sieg-sama, to be so kind to someone who soiled a lady’s dress, I am moved.

However, only icy cold words came from her mouth.

“—Shall we talk more in another room.”
“!”

……Uh oh, am I not being treated in a businesslike manner, or rather, isn’t it more like I’m being treated as a reserve solider who committed a crime!?

Glared at with the eyes of a raptor, I silently followed Sieglinde like a livestock about to be sold at a market.

Raw link

Translator:
This is a new series. It gets really sweet just after a few chapters and continues with a mild sweetness.

<< Previous Chapter | Project Page | >>

Chapter 02: Interrogation and Situation Report

Chapter 02: Interrogation and Situation Report

We exit the dazzling hall and walk through the dark hallway for a moment. According to Crimson Eagle-sama, some invited guests are assigned private rooms.

Sieglinde confidently strides through the hallway with stealthy steps. I thought she was rather tall, but she seemed to be wearing high-heeled boots. I looked on in admiration that she could walk so quickly in such uncomfortable shoes. The distance increased while I wasn't paying attention for a moment, so I picked up my pace.

After walking for a while, we arrived at Sieglinde's room. She herself opens the door and we enter. I ended up getting surprised at a room without any servants.

Although Sieglinde may be a terrifying soldier, she is still an esteemed daughter of a noble, so I asked if she was fine, but she just laughed.

"Have I said something funny?"
"No, it is just that I never had men get concerned about me. Please do not mind it."

Since she said so, I excused myself.

A faint glow of the moon lighted the room. Somehow, I felt agitated, so I lighted the candlestick on the table.

"Alcohol?"
"No, thank you."

After I was seated, I was offered alcohol but I refused. I'm not a very strong drinker, and who knows what I might do when I get drunk.
Not caring about my choice, Sieglinde poured some for herself and quenched her thirst.

I felt a bit at ease as there was alcohol involved, as it suggested that this was

not a severe interrogation.

“About what you said before.”
“!”

While I was staring at her legs, those buxom thighs, she lobbed a question out of nowhere so I ended up flinching.
As I turned my eyes upward, my eyes locked with hers.

“Why did you say you want to marry me?”
“W, well.”

Her gaze was sharp, as if she were censuring a criminal.
So was it an interrogation after all…… Beads of sweat formed on my brows.

“As you may see, my appearance is a long way from a woman’s. Moreover, I do not know the etiquette wives of nobles should have.”

Indeed, her shoulders look broad and solid for a woman. She’s also tall, so it is hard to tell her sex on first sight.
However, I can’t really explain how I was drawn in by her in an instant. I know what this feeling is called, but it is very embarrassing to say it out loud.

Also, I did not even consider nobility here. Since our people are a race of people who hunt in a harsh environment. Survival is more important, we can’t afford the time to be elegant.

“In addition, I am not young.”
“?”
“…… Mother bore ten children starting from the age of eighteen.”

What’s the relation between age and having many siblings?

“Considering my age, I can’t bear that many children.”
“!”
“What?”
“No, you don’t have to bear that many. Even one child and the village will be in a festive mood.”

Sieglinde said that she is the youngest of ten siblings. As she was grown in family of soldiers, she did not receive any education as a noblewoman.

Noblewomen must have it tough. They are scorned if they don't marry by the age of twenty.
From a quick glance, I originally expected that she would be around my age or a little younger. Of course, in high society, where women are expected to marry, she is not that young for an unmarried woman.

"Please don't mind the age."
"I'm 31."
"Eh"
"I turned 31 last month."
"……"

— I'm sorry, I'm the younger one.

I did not expect her to be in her thirties.
Seeing me like that, she snorted.

"End of story, is it?"

She asked after she finisheed her glass of wine.

"!"

I came to by the clanging of glass on the table.

"But, I, too, have a story."
"?"

Her grey eyes widened in surprise.

Regarding all the women I brought so far, they broke their engagement as I brought them to my homeland without explaining about it.
This time, I resolved to explain beforehand, so I started talking on my own.

"Our people live a life of hunting and crafting."

Living close to the Arctic regions, our people lived a life where we coexisted with nature and reindeers.

In spring, we pick flowers for usage as spices or dyes and make dairy products from reindeers in their pregnant period. In summer, we pick the abundant berries from the forest. In autumn, we pick mushrooms from the hills, hunt wild animals and even fish for salmon. In winter we hunt the animals for their fur, and

store them in the cold underground cellar.

For anything we lack, we buy from merchants and sell traditional handicrafts for money.

A long time ago, we roamed as nomads with reindeers, but a few centuries ago we were driven to our current territory and had to settle there.
After we settled as sedentary people, reindeers became livestock living in fenced areas.

Spring passes quickly, and in summer a strange phenomenon called white night in which the sun never sets the whole day.
Autumn is almost non-existent. The beautiful autumn leaves just barely fall on white snow. In winter, just breathing in feels almost as if the lungs are freezing up, and the gale is even painful. Then for two months there is period of the polar night in which the sun never rises.

"……Well, it's this sort of place."
"……"

I also added that the birth rate is low due to the repeated endogamy.

"There is higher chance that there won't be children. The fault is all ours."
"Is, that, so."

I also told her about the animals in the forests: bears and foxes, rabbits and deers, and even wolves. And that some of them have white fur and cute. However, I also warn that they, as creatures living under harsh condition, are quite ferocious. Especially, when we encounter bears, we have to be prepared for death. It's not easy surviving in the snow country.

I can't just say 'come along with me' so carelessly.

Although it was I who explained the place, I ended up feeling depressed. No wonder that the ladies I brought disliked the place.

Worst case where I don't have any children, I am planning to concede my position as the lord to a wise person in the village. Since we are all kind of related by blood because of all the endogamy, I'm not too worried about the succession problem.

However, I’m alone.
My parents already ran away from home, saying, ‘Are we really living here!” And then they sent some people they met during their travel back to my fief.
I’m currently living with a family of a martial race from foreign lands. I don’t know where they’re from, but as we can’t communicate well yet, I couldn’t ask where.

No, it really doesn’t matter who they were.
I’m just feeling lonely. The point is, I want a family.

“Sometimes I wonder just why I am working everyday, and what I am living for. Well, it would be easy to say that it is for myself, but it’s all in vain.”

As a lord, I can hear out the complaints of the people, but everyone leads a busy life so one can only really trust and rely only on their family.

“……I get the story.”
“……”
“I’ll accompany you if it is fine with you.”
“Huh!?”

Surprising, that Sieglinde would come to the frontier lands.

“R, really?”
“Do I look like I’m lying to you?”
“Why”
“It is convenient for me, shall I say.”

She too had her circumstances.

Sieglinde von Wattin was enlisted in the army from the age of 13. Thus she pledged her loyalty to the monarch and threw herself into war as she was told, but now that it was peaceful, people suggested that she should marry and sent her to the ball.

“……I did not know how I should live from here on. My useless dignity did not allow me to just live in peace by relying on a husband.”
“……”
“However, if it is your country, I believe I can discover my new self.”

I was excited at this sudden development, but then Sieglinde imposed a

condition.

“I have one request.”
“Yes?”
“I want to us to be a temporary husband and wife for a year.”
“What might you mean……?”
“I want to live together for a year, and then if it does not trouble you I’d like to become an official wife.”
“Why would you suggest that?”
“I have to organise my thoughts. I am sure the same goes for you. There are also some aspects we may only see after we live together. Only after we know all the ups and downs of each other, will we not be able to call ourselves husband and wife?”
“……That is…… true.”

Thus I ultimately accepted her condition.
I’m just thankful that she’s coming to the frontier. She also said to hold off child making, so I’ll just be patient.

Thus we exchanged our promise, and since Sieglinde held out her hand, I also reached out and grabbed her hand.
Since it was a bit more forceful than I imagined, I became teary-eyed, but I’ll just say that these are tears of joy.

Raw link

Translator:
As the other story gets dark, this gets lighter.

Here are some more pics:

Ritzhard Salanea Revontule.

Here's Ritzhard and Sieglinde. Concept art I think.

<< | Project Page | >>

Sieglinde von Wattin

Chapter 03: A Pleasant Shopping Trip and the First Day

Chapter 03: A Pleasant Shopping Trip and the First Day
Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

Since we had an exchange of a firm handshake between men(?), I thought the talks were over, but I was stopped in an awkward posture, when I was trying to stand up. The talks were not over yet.
She told me, “Sit down,” so I did so like an obedient dog.

“Was there anything else?”
“No, I was just wondering when Levantret-kyou would be returning home.”
“Five days later.”

Since this was an opportunity to spend my time freely once a year, I took care of work in advance and was spending time here.

Others seem to think that I’m a workaholic because I’m working everyday, but that’s not true. I’m busy everyday in order to survive.
The money from the state coffers quickly disappear for fortress repairs and vermin exterminations, and to make up for the lack of funds, I have to hunt animals for their expensive fur or craft traditional figures.

Thus, the ball is the only opportunity I have to spread my wings.
However, since I could not find a woman, I was planning to just relax for the rest of the time.

Hearing my schedule, Sieglinde rested her head on her hand and made a serious expression. A moment later, she looked my way, full of determination, and made a saintly smile.

“Could you come to my home in two days’ time? I would like to introduce you to my parents.”
“!!”

Indeed. Nobles require the blessings of their parents if they are to marry regardless of age. Moreover, I’m taking her away to another country. I have to

explain properly and make them understand.

“Could you?”
“……Yes, of course.”

I pulled up an unpleasant information from the back of my mind, that House Wattin was an esteemed noble family that ruled over the region of Thüringen. (TN: Yes, I know it was House of Wettin in history, but it says Wattin not Wettin.)

“My family home is located past one state from the capital. About three hours by carriage, I suppose.”
“Thüringen?”
“Indeed.”

Beads of sweat form on my brows. Her decorations somehow seem even brighter.

I seem to have proposed to some ridiculously high-ranking noble.

“Ah, by the way.”
“Yes?”
“It is fine to talk normally around me. You may call me by my name.”
“……Thank you for your kindness. How should I call you?”
“Anything is fine. You could call me Sieg like others do.”
“Yes, Sieg-sama!”
“……You can drop the -sama.”

That night, I ended up questioning myself whether it was good enough over and over again.

◇◇◇

The next day.
A letter arrived for me at the inn. It was Sieg-sama, asking if I have some time. Of course, I replied, ‘Yes, surely!’

Outside, snow was piled up, but it was cute compared to our country’s snowstorm.
I prepared in advance that I won’t be late.

After shaving, I donned a headband as usual and quickly put on pants. I then

put on a fluffy coat made of alpaca fur.

I also tied up my long hair, which extended to my waist.
For the men of this country, it was the norm to have hair cut short, so I would be considered strange to have my long hair braided like a woman.
In balls where people of many different nationalities gather, it's not so bad, but it's not the same in the streets.

When I looked at the clock, it was about time, so I headed to our meeting place.

Located in a few minutes' distance, the clock square was bustling with people. Apparently, this place where one can see the cathedral is popular for the young people here as a meeting place.

I found the tall woman with unusual hair colour without much trouble. I waved my hands and approached her.

"Sorry, did I make you wait long?"
"No, I just arrived."

Sieg told the lady next to her, "I have company." To attract a woman in this short while, I grew somewhat envious.

A part of me knew it already, and indeed Sieg's civilian clothing was masculine. It was a bit disappointing that there was no trace of anything feminine.

When she asked what we're shopping for, I replied that we're buying necessary supplies for moving to the north.

"Ah~, but I don't think we can find winter clothing here."
"Is that so."

It's best to get clothing made out of fur, but the clothes here are for fashion. I don't think they would sell things for keeping warm.

"I should have asked beforehand. You came all the way."
"That's not true. I'm glad you invited me."

Sieg's troubled expression was surprisingly cute so I ended up staring at her, to which she turned her face away. Too bad.

"Then, let's browse around and……"

“Knives! Let’s go buy knives!”
“Knives?”
“Right. For skinning and gutting.”

We talk while walking since time is precious.

Since there was quite the crowd, I held Sieg’s hand so that we won’t be lost in the crowd. Her hand felt cold, so I put her hand in my coat pocket and started walking.

This country’s blades are well-reputed for their sharpness, so I always bought something every time.
Chatting away, we manoeuvred through the crowd.

A while later, we arrived at a funny looking store in an old alley.

“This is?”
“A store that the butcher at the main road recommended.”

I tried to open the stuck door with one hand, but since it was too hard I released Sieg’s hand from my pocket and forced the door open with both hands.

The store was unmanned. The owner was probably sleeping at the back.

Full of knives and daggers on the shelves, it was a rather disturbing store. Since the shop was recommended by those who are wrestling with meat every day, I did not had no doubts on the goods, though.

“We don’t just use one knife for skinning and gutting, there are many different kinds for different purposes.”
“Wow.”

There are specialised knives for cutting through the bones, strange-looking knives for rending the tendons, and even knives for splitting the belly. If we were to list all of them, then there would be dozens and hundreds of different types.

“Have you ever gutted an animal?”
“No.”
“Yeah? I think this might be good for beginners.”

I grab a big one that was lying around.
This beautifully curved steel knife has many applications, from finishing the prey

to butchering. Since it's big, it can also be used for cooking outdoors.

Sieg held it up in one hand and spun it around before putting it into a leather case.

"It's a good product."

She seemed to have liked it, since she decided to buy it.

Since I was also planning to buy something, I grab a knife that was on my mind, a thin knife with a curved blade at the tip.

"What is that for?"
"For scraping out the intestines of a bird."
"……"

Sieg was making an indescribable expression, but I bought it anyway since I would no longer have to dirty my hands if I had this.

After that unsettling shopping trip, we strolled through the streets for a while. On our way, Sieg stopped me to go into a toy store.

"What are we buying here?"
"A little something of a game."
"?"

Following her, I arrived at a place dealing with cards and other games.

"My count, do you see anything you like?"
"Um, nothing in particular."
"Is that so, milord."

Playing master and servant for some reason, Sieg explained each game earnestly.

"You really don't know anything."
"Mm. Well, I didn't have a playmate, or should I say I didn't have the time for it."
"……"

I then realised at the toy shop that I had barely any memories of playing.

"There weren't any kids my age, and I had to work from a young age."

When I mumbled that, I felt somewhat empty.

My first friend too was a foreigner I met in high society.

“Ritzhard Salonen Levantret.”
“?”

For some reason, Sieg bowed her head reverently and held out her hand.
While I tilted my head in confusion, the crossdressing onee-san smiled wider.
In that state, what came out of her mouth was not anything too special.

“— May I have the honour of being your first playmate?”
“!”

It was about our relation.

I finally realised that she was worried about the gap in culture and customs between people of different countries. That maybe she suggested that we be ’temporary spouses’ because of this.

It’s fine, being just playmates in a relaxed atmosphere. We can progress from there on.

I held up her outstretched hand and gripped it tightly once more before letting it go.
My eyes grew teary like last night, but I dismissed it as just bone pains.

Raw link

Translator:
Holding hands already, eh?

Chapter 04: A Tense Carriage Ride and House Wattin

Chapter 04: A Tense Carriage Ride and House Wattin

Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife It's been three days since I met with Sieg. Today I was to visit her family home.

As the whole ordeal was decided in a hurry, I had nothing but a wooden figurine of a polar bear, but since I had nothing else I decided take that along as a gift. It was originally at the village store, but since it didn't sell I retrieved it. I was planning to give it to my friend or something.

At the coach station, an exceptionally excellent carriage pulled by four horses awaited.

Since I heard that the coat of arms of House Wattin had yellow and black stripes with a crown-like streak, I was sure that the carriage in front of me was today's ride.

The coach driver then saw this bumpkin and descended from his seat, and said, "You are expected, sir." Since he opened the door so courteously, I ended up blurting out a sorry.

"Good morning."

"G, good morning, my lady!"

Sitting with her legs crossed, Sieg greeted me crisply. Because my heart wasn't ready for some reason, I spoke respectfully.

It's the second time I'm with an older woman, but I'm not yet used it. I sat askew from, a strained expression on my face.

I was agonising over how I should spend the next three hours, but I seem to have forgotten that I had quite the easy personality. As soon as the carriage started moving, we started talking.

The topic was about the frontier we were going to live in, Lappland.

There were some history and customs we needed to go over.

In the harsh environment, the people have worshipped the spirit from a long time ago. However, not many believe in the spirit today. Although young people

still pay their respects, they try to not learn bad habits.

That bad habit is ‘not helping others so that one can survive in this harsh environment.’
Because of this word of the spirit, the villagers only rely on themselves and their families, and rarely interact with others.

Though there is such a custom, the villagers become festive when a child is born.
A new life is said to be a precious blessing from the spirit.
When a child is born, the villagers bring good food to that house praying that the child will grow healthy.

There are many young people thinking, ‘aren’t these two teachings of the spirit contradictory?’ but it could not be helped since it was an ancient tradition.

Also, there is another amazing thing regarding the spirits.

It’s the family of a martial race that my parents brought ten years ago.
I don’t even know where they are from. I can’t communicate well with them, but they still work as servants at my house.
Apparently, they lost their homeland so went into exile, but my parents convinced them to come to the frontier.

They also worshipped the spirit. Though of course it was a different spirit.

Once, I tried my best to learn their language and culture, but to no avail.
They did not use language very much to communicate.

They express themselves through gestures. Pounding their chests, holding up fingers, and so on. It took a few years to understand those gestures. However, they only conveyed simple things, so I couldn’t form complex sentences.

I kept talking about such stories during the ride.
Thankfully, Sieg listened carefully without looking displeased.

Suddenly, she stared at me, so I wondered what it was.

“Ah, I was just wondering if you braided the hair yourself.”

When I affirmed it, I received praise.

“Well, this is also a part of spirit worship, should I say.”

From ancient times, they said that there is a mysterious power in the hair. By keeping it long, it supposedly protected people from disasters.

Well, there is that teaching, but it's unexpectedly warm when you wrap it around your neck.

"Have you tried growing your hair?"
"Come to think of it, I never tried it."

So I recommended that she try growing out her hair, to which she laughed refreshingly, saying that it might be a good idea.

While we were chatting like this, the three hours passed quickly.

◇◇◇

The region of Thüringen which House Wattin ruled was a serene place overflowing with greenery. The trees that surrounded the city was dyed white in snow, creating a beautiful scenery.

After walking down the lane for a while, I saw a large mansion. The mansion of House Wattin.

Sieg said that she was returning after five years. The servants also looked happy to see her.

While we were waiting in the drawing room, one of the doors opened with great force. A boy in his mid-teens entered the room.

Upon seeing Sieg, the boy was then all smiles.

But what came out of his mouth was baffling.

"Hey, granny! Is it really true that you're marrying?"
"……"
"……"

When I turned to Sieg out of worry, her eyes had the usual raptor-like glint.

Fortunately, it didn't seem like anything too bad.

"Claus, you are in front of a guest. Sit down……"
"Just what sort of rich person marries this old maid."
"Claus, behave yourself……"

“It’s that right? The guy’s remarrying or like fifty years old.”
“Claus, sit down.”
“Huh, wait, by marriage partner did you mean this girly-haired guy here!?”
“I told you to sit.”
“Why, bro. Were you threatened into…… Uwah!?”

The boy’s body leaned forward, and in an instant he went face down onto the ground.
It’s because he ignored Sieg.

Thankfully, there was a soft rug on the ground, so I don’t think the impact was too bad, but Sieg proceeded to suppress the boy with one knee and twisted his arm up.

“Ow, it’s bending, it’s going to bend, ouch, ouch!!”
“It’s not bent yet.”
“Ow, it’s going to bend!!”
“……”

Hearing the boy’s pleas, Sieg let him go.
Still lying face down, he grumbled.

“M, meathead hag……”
“Shall we talk in a private room, Claus.”
“…… No.”

“Just follow me,” said Sieg as she dragged the boy away.

Few minutes later.

“—Hello, pleased to meet you. Claus von Wattin, at your service.”
“…… H, hi.”
“I spoke thoughtlessly a while ago. I apologize.”
“…… It’s okay.”

The boy was reeducated within minutes.

He is Sieg’s older brother’s son. Apparently, he visited his grandparents’ house because he was on vacation.

While I was having small talk with Claus, I was notified that Sieg’s parents will

arrive soon.

As he left, Claus looked at me awkwardly.

“Um, Levantret-san.”
“Hm?”
“I was very rude. I’m sorry.”
“It’s alright. Don’t worry.”
“……”

The boy bowed deeply and left the room. During the conversation, he looked a little frightened of Sieg, so I was worried about what kind of education he received in the private room.

“I apologise, my nephew Claus has been rude.”

Sieg apologised for her nephew’s actions.

“There was a period where he lived in the city, so I think his behaviour is partly my fault.”
“It’s okay. Don’t mind it.”

She seemed close with her nephew.

Sieg still looked apologetic, but then her parents came in so she stopped apologising for the moment.

I was nervous about this meeting, but it turned out that Sieg’s parents were very kind-hearted.

They understood my situation and did not oppose the marriage.

Also, thankfully, they gladly accepted the polar bear figurine.

The meeting was unexpectedly uneventful. I was scared that I might be hit by her father, but everything was well.

“Then, may I head there two months later?”
“I’d like to say, ‘you’re welcome anytime,’ but I think it would be best if you came during early spring.”
“Well, if I am to live there, the seasons don’t matter that much.”
“…… Well, that is true.”

I remembered being told by a previous fiancée that this was not a place for people to live.

Still, I did not wish to force it on her.

If she says that she can't live there, I'll give up cleanly.

"What is it?"
"Nothing."

Thus it was decided that Sieg will come two months later.

◇◇◇

My time at the Wattins' mansion passed quickly.

"Then, see you in two months' time."

Saying farewell, Sieg offered her hand for a handshake.
Since it was the third time already, I ended up getting cautious.

I wanted to get back at her a little, feeling mischievous.

"I'm looking forward to our next meeting, ojou-san (fräulein).
"!?"

Holding both her hands tightly, I kissed her on the cheek and got on the carriage before she could voice a complaint.

From the window, I could see Sieg dazed, pressing her hand against her cheek.
I waved my hand in farewell.

I returned home as I looked forward to the time after two months.

Raw link

<< | Project Page | >>

Chapter 05: To Greet My Wife

Chapter 05: To Greet My Wife

Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

The first thing I did upon returning was cleaning up the room mother was using so that Sieg can use it.
Because my mother has a small frame, I thought Sieg won't be able to use mother's clothes so I moved them to another room.
Though she couldn't live a luxurious life because she married such a poor count, I at least prepared all the necessary furniture.
I bought from the village carpenter a desk, a chair, a dressing table and a bed, all painted red. Because I felt uneasy from the bright red room, I laid a white on top of the desk and put white rabbit fur on the chair. I did likewise for the other furniture, balancing it out with white things.
On the floor, I spread a carpet weaved from a foreign country. It was a product that had fine circles weaved in on a grey base.

After I finished preparing the room by changing the curtains, I started preparing the clothes.

For the coat using reindeer fur, I took the one I had at home and commissioned it to the tailor. For the shoes I made them myself using white reindeer fur. I prepared three pairs for now.

I usually wear traditional clothes made with toughened cloth by fulling wool. With cloth dyed vivid blue as the base, I sewed red cloth and yellow cloth on to embroider various patterns around the sleeves, chest, waist and the hem. Around the chest, I lined it with fluff material and fastened it with silver clips, creating an article to ward off the cold.
Women wear long skirts, and men wore hip-length ones, fastening it with a belt. One thing that was similar for both men and women was that we wore hide trousers underneath.

I hesitated about the length for Sieg, but I decided on an intermediate length

in between men’s and women’s length.

While I was preparing for her, her letters arrived quite a few times.
She wrote unexpected well. I received polite letters on her recent state about once a week.
When I sent her finished shoes and clothes, I received approving letters in response, that I carelessly ended up putting more energy into preparing.

Then two months passed in a blink.

It was finally time for Sieg to arrive in my country. I decided to go meet her with one servant.

It takes about two days to get here by boat. I have to go meet her at the only ice-free port in the country.

It takes a little longer than five hours to the port with reindeer sleighs. Since the reindeer needs to rest a day, we started moving from the day before.

When it was almost time for the boat to arrive, there were many people. I too waited with my servant while pointing towards the faraway boat.

Soon, the boat arrived and passengers who just finished the long trip disembarked.
The pier was overflowing with people within seconds, but I soon found her.

“Sieg!”
“!”

The woman wearing a mantle covering her from her shoulder to her hips saw us and waved her hand in reply.
Because of her muffler and the fluffy hat, I couldn’t see her face clearly.
However, seeing her approach me gallantly, I heaved a sigh of relief.

I offered her words of encouragement for the two days trip, and sincerely welcomed and thanked her.

Then I introduced her to my servant.

“A member of the martial race family I mentioned before. Her name’s Miruporon Ponu Rango.”
(TN: I’ll just go with rōmaji spelling here. Post any suggestions you have. Raw: ミ

ルポロン・ポヌ・ランゴ)

Sieg looked up at the servant that was taller than her.
Her light brown skin and her lustrous black hair seemed to be their racial trait, since the whole family had the same colours. Her face was chiseled like a brave lion and she had strong hands and feet, seemingly having an affinity for gaining muscle.

Miruporon was the smallest in the family, but still she was a head and a half taller than me or Sieg.
Her arms and legs were well-muscled from chopping wood everyday, and her sharp eyes were ever alert.

“She’s sixteen years old and her hobby is caring for the reindeers, I suppose?”

Because she cares for them wholeheartedly, our reindeers’ coats shine. I could even boast them as the most beautiful reindeers in the village.

Miruporon was taller than me and Sieg. She might grow even more since she’s still growing.
I somewhat realise that I might have been able to see Sieg as a woman because I was surrounded by such a tall family.

“Miruporon, this is Sieglinde.”
“……”

Instead of naming herself, she pounded her chest with her fist.
This is the gesture they use most. The meanings are consent, reply and gratitude.

“She’s my wife.”
“……”

I hold up my index finger and point at Sieg. Starting with the thumbs, it means father, mother, child.

“Meronmeron, madau? (Great king, mother?)”
“No, not madau (mother)……”

We couldn’t communicate clearly again.
I only know that Meronmeron refers to me.

I gave up on conveying the relation between Sieg and me, and started

explaining the schedule from here on.

“I know you’re tired from the long trip, but we’ll be leaving here soon.”
“Ah, I don’t particularly mind.”

Sieg said that she was okay even if we left right away.
As to why I am in such a hurry, it takes five hours, and if we go in the evening the ferocious cold will attack us. I explain that I want to finish moving by the evening.

I show her the route with a map while telling her about the rest schedule, and leave the port.

At the outskirts of the city, I pick up the reindeer that I had entrusted to a hut with a fee. They seemed to have had plenty of rest and were quite energetic.

“So this is a reindeer?”
“First time seeing them?”
“Yeah. Amazing. Very big and neat.”

Throughout the world, white reindeers are rare, and they don’t live anywhere else. Seeing the reindeer having white fur to the last strand, Sieg’s eyes glinted.

“If anything happens while on the sleigh, blow on this and the reindeer will stop.”

I gave her a small wooden whistle. I told her to have it on her mouth in case of emergencies.

“Also, there’s a bell on the railing, so if you lost the whistle ring that.”
“Roger that.”

The sleigh is made up of a single-seater driver’s section and a two-seater luggage compartment. The whistle and bell are to contact each in case of various unexpected situations like the link coming loose or falling off the sleigh.

I loaded Sieg’s luggage on the two-seater compartment fastened them tightly. Then I ordered Miruporon to get on.

“Sieg, you should sit in front of her. Then you probably won’t even fall off.”

Miruporon spread her legs apart and beckoned Sieg to sit. Sieg too saw that and sat in between her legs.

After checking one last time, I ordered the reindeer to move.

Kicking the ground, the reindeer advanced through the snow-covered fields at will.

◇◇◇

The scenery was pure white.
The roadside trees grew shorter as we proceeded to the plains.

After an hour of travelling, we stopped the sleigh for a rest.
In front of us was one of the cabins that could be found throughout this region. They provide resting spots for merchants.

After checking up on Sieg, I led the reindeer to the hay-filled hut.

I also thanked Miruporon for protecting Sieg daringly, and spoke out to rest at the cabin.

“Excuse me mister, I would like meals for three people.”
“……”

Without saying a word, the man from the cabin disappeared into the back of the room.
Since the people of this country are very wary and shy of strangers, that kind of response is normal. Talking about things like that, we sat down on the chairs in front of the fireplace.

“Riding a sleigh was quite surprising, right?”
“No, it was quite fun.”
“Really?”

In Sieg’s country, the mainstream vehicles are roofed carriages. When I asked if she were okay out of worry for riding in an exposed vehicle, I got back a positive reply.

After we chatted a while, the meal came. Of course, it was mister’s handmade meal, but paid.
I pay up and them start digging in.

In front of us, there was a modest meal of reindeer soup, black barley bread and some cheese.

Because our body tries to heat themselves in this cold weather, we use a lot of energy.
If we don’t replenish ourselves we’ll tire ourselves out quickly.

Reindeer soup is quite endearing.
Seeing Sieg sip the soup, I ask just in case.

“Is it okay? Can you eat it?”

But Sieg said that it was tasty.

It was a moment where I felt relieved that I picked such a dependable wife.

Raw link

<< | Project Page | >>

Chapter 06: The Crimson Eagle

Chapter 06: The Crimson Eagle
Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

Our trip proceeded without any any problems, rather unexpectedly. Even when we passed three forest cabins, Sieg did not show a single sign of being tired. I was in awe. She was indeed a person from the military.

At the third stop, we had a meal. Although we were only sitting, it still used a lot of energy. Even if we didn't feel hungry, the food went down quite well.

Here we asked for meals (※paid) from the old man here, but what we got were six thick slices of black barley bread and six flat round slices of cheese (※for three people). Drinks were served as well, but they were cold, so I got this indescribable feeling.
From the three cabins we stopped at, it was the most expensive, but the meal was the plainest, so yeah.

Accepting the reality, I then thought of ways to make the meal as tasty as possible.
I stuck the cheese on the skewers which were on the table, and grilled them by the fireplace. Within a few seconds, the cheese melted and the surface was glossy. Then I put that on the bread and gave it to Miruporon. I made another one for Sieg. At the second time, Sieg melted the cheese. When I told her that it tasted better because a women made it for me, she smiled bitterly. I was saying the truth, but maybe she didn't believe me because of my casual manner.

After we finished eating, I spread out the map and started explaining the route from here on.

"In about two hours, the sun will set so you might want to wear another layer underneath."
"Does the sun set that fast."
"You'll be surprised?"

In winter, the sun sets a bit past the afternoon. Furthermore, it's a scary

region where the sun won't rise for the two following months. Sieg's grey eyes open wide in surprise, as she made a serious expression.

"So when we get out of the forest soon, the temperature will fall below zero. So we'll be stopping every fifteen minutes to check."
"Check for what?"
"Hypothermia."

Hypothermia. It's a symptom that appears when people could not keep their temperatures normal in cold environments. The body temperature continues dropping, causing derangement until all vital activity stops. People call this death from exposure.

"When we ride out with reindeers in the village, people sometimes die like that……"

As I explained, I couldn't continue. Sieg looked at me worriedly, but I couldn't find the words to explain these welling emotions.

"……Sorry, Sieg."
"What are you talking about?"
"To die while moving, I just realised that this was not usual."
"……"

I grew up in the village thinking only of family, and when they left I lived in an environment thinking solely of myself.
Realising that it was the first time that I was in charge of someone's life, I realised once again the gravity of the matter.

From my arbitrary decision, I might have exposed someone's life to danger.

"I was so excited about the marriage, that I didn't realise how dangerous it might have been for Sieg's life."
"I'm fine. Don't worry about me."
"……"

Sieg says so, but there are no guarantees.

Last time I brought a fiancée over, it was from spring to summer. And it only took about one hour by reindeer from a nearby port.

That port is currently closed because the sea was frozen.

“……I really should have brought you at a warmer season.”
“——Let me tell you a story.”
“Eh?”
“It was about eleven years ago. When I was still in my teens.”
“?”

Seemingly ignoring my uneasiness, she stares far away and starts talking about her past.

◇◇◇

Five years since she enlisted, she was assigned to an elite corp that would be sent to the very front lines. They trained strictly everyday, tempering themselves everyday.

As she was doing so, it became the season for the mountaineering training that was had once a year.
They were to spend a week at the summit of a mountain that still had a thin layer of snow.
Having only meals for a week and the minimum equipment, Sieg said that it was the most avoided training.

“We silently climbed the steep slopes, but after five hours something happened.”

With a sudden downpour, a gale strong enough to prevent people from standing assaulted Sieg’s platoon.
Exposed to the elements and unable to move, the platoon commander decided on abandoning the luggage.

A short climb later, they found a mountainside cabin so the platoon headed there.

“Sooner of later the rain and the wind will stop. That’s what everyone thought.”

However, the storm did not let up for four days.

“The food ran out as well as the firewood. On the fourth day, the rain turned

to hail and started punching holes in the roof.”

In that tragic scene, some people started being unable to maintain their consciousness.

“In retrospect, it might have been hypothermia.”
“……”

Help did not come on the fourth day.
On the fifth day, the weather cleared up but only Sieg and one other person could move by them.

“A fellow soldier suggested to get some food outside. Back then, I couldn’t make calm judgements, like staying still in the cabin, or waiting for help to come while putting a noticeable white flag out, because of the hunger.”

Snow had piled up outside the cabin. However, it was not too difficult to move so they decided to traverse the snow-covered fields.

Even though they searched the mountain, winter was over so there was nothing to eat. While they were at a loss, they discovered something.

“It was a big deer. My comrade swiftly took aim and fired a bullet.”

From well-trained moves, the bullet hit the mark and the deer collapsed.
As if the fatigue he had was a lie, Sieg’s comrade ran gleefully to the deer in a straight line.

“However, the deer was not dead. When he approached, it immediately charged into his stomach.”

The deer only fell from surprise.
Sieg fought back with a knife.

Because she was really in the mood to get that deer, it was fortunate that she had that large and hard knife to mortally wound the deer on the neck and the abdomen.

“When the deer finally fell, I was covered in blood. But there was a bigger problem.”

The comrade who was attacked by the deer was bleeding from his nose and was knocked out.

“I was agonising over whether to take the deer back or my comrade back. Now, I would unhesitatingly bring the deer, but back then I was not yet fully ruthless……”

Ultimately, she carried her comrade back and gave him first aid.

“Not having the courage to go out alone, I waited for rescue to come while being exposed to the wind and snow in the dilapidated cabin.”

The rescue unit came half a day later.

“Seeing me covered in blood, they thought for a moment that I killed a comrade in confusion.”

Thanks to Sieg talking to her comrades and giving accurate treatment to the wounded, everyone managed to return home alive.

For that, Sieg received a reward from the country.
‘The Adler (Eagle) Medal’
The eagle represents courage and strength, and the medal was rewarded to people with outstanding performances.

“The story of me getting covered in deer blood and the eagle medal mixed up, that when I went out again I had already got the baseless nickname of ‘the Crimson Eagle’.”

I was curious about the origin of the nickname ‘the Crimson Eagle’, but since it might have been rude I had not yet asked. I felt satisfied that I could hear the story now.

“……Well, the story got long, but just who is the count worrying about.”
“Eh?”
“Who do you think is in danger of dying?”
“!!…… That Sieg might die from hypothermia.”
“Do I look like I’ll die?”
“…… No, not a bit.”

She stayed conscious in a snow-covered mountain in early spring when all the men collapsed, and she even fought a deer. I really couldn’t imagine Sieg blacking out while moving on a sleigh.

“I told you? I’ll be fine.”

“……”

To her very convincing words, I couldn’t help but nod.

By the way, that was the story of ‘her most terrible incident in her military practice’. When I imagined that there could be more terrible stories, I really couldn’t describe how I felt then.

Raw link

Chapter 07: Heirloom and Oath

Chapter 07: Heirloom and Oath
Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

Nothing happened during the five hour long ride and everyone arrived safely at the village, so I felt relieved.

There was a towering structure in front of our eyes, an old fortress.

The village is surrounded by a tall stone wall.
This is recorded to have been built three centuries ago using the national budget, because of the severe damage from pests.
The reason why there is such a nice fortress is not recorded, but one could tell that the lord back then was a trusted man.
However, after three hundred years, the facility deteriorated quite a bit that most of the village funds went to the maintenance of the fortress.

After thanking the reindeer for its work, I checked on the women seated behind.

“We’ve arrived. How are you feeling?”

Sieg said that she was fine very dependably. Miruporon pounded her chest, gesturing that she was fine.

“Now then, this is a problem.”
“What is it?”
“The sentry isn’t here.”

In front of the main gate, there is an outpost for the sentries, but seeing that no light came out of the building, there clearly was no one insider.

Again…… Sighing like that, I laid my hands on the steel gate. I ordered them to always bolt the gates, but to be opened without me doing anything…… my head hurts.
Pulling the reindeer along, we entered. Past the gate there was a narrow passage leading to the hallway, but even here the steel bars I ordered to be lowered at all

times was raised up.

While being dumbfounded, I exited the narrow passage and arrived at a place that had a counter and a barred hallway. And of course no one was waiting. From the room behind the counter, energetic voices flowed out.

I rang the bell on the counter, but no one came out. Since no one came out even though I waited patiently, I ended up yelling at them to come out.

The door behind the counter opened with great vigour, revealing the merry banquet inside.

"Sorry~ We're closed~"
"What do you mean you're closed you fool!!"
"Oh my, if it isn't my lord."
"……"
"Oh, that a guest of yours?"
"……My wife."
"Good gracious!"

The man announced that the lord got a new wife, to which a bunch of red-faced men turned around.

"What? Wife!? Which one!?"
"The huge one's the martial race lass, eh?"
"No, both are pretty huge."
"You can't really see her as a women on first sight."
"You can't even if you look closely."
"……"

These people running their mouths off are soldiers dispatched to this village from the city. Their usual task given by the country is gatekeeping and checking for pests from the watchtower.

However, these soldiers never worked seriously. Since only these kind of people were dispatched here from grandfather's generation, they say 'it's our loss if we get bothered by it'.
For them, getting ordered to protect this village from thieves and wolves may be tantamount to being told that they're excluded from the actual fighting. In other words, this place for them is like a place for relegation.

“M’lord~ no other good ladies, eh?”
“Hey, stop that. Isn’t he pitiful?”
“A~nyhow, she looks like one tough woman.”
“Cold and poor, all the women of this village are tough. Haah, there’s nothing good here.”

They spoke in the language of this country. It was fortunate that the meaning did not get across to Sieg.

The steel bars were still down. Since these doors were opened from inside the counter, I told them to do so so many times yet they did not open the door.

Having lost their interest, the drunkards left except one.

The reindeer was sneezing behind me.
Oh yeah, it’s quite cold here.

“Ah, my lord, can you lend me a knife? I want to cut some cheese but mine’s rusted.”
“……”

The improperly dressed man showed me his issued knife.

“See, it’s got like this. It can’t even cut cheese.”
“Okay, fine, but raise the bars first. We’re all tired.”
“Knife first~”

The man taps the desk, demanding the knife.

Since it couldn’t be helped, I drew the biggest knife on my belt and swiftly stabbed the desk with it, sticking it between the man’s index finger and middle finger.

“——Hii!!”

The sharp knife stuck right in the small gap between the fingers, even piercing the desk.
The red-faced man suddenly fell silent, as though he became sober instantly.

“So, how about now?”
“Wa, the door, I’ll open it, right away!”
“Please.”

Not much later, the door opened and we could proceed to the passage leading to the village.

I moved on, dragging along the reindeer that was puffing out white breaths as though it had a cold.
From a while back, Sieg followed without saying anything. I felt sorry for showing her these unkempt soldiers.

“Haah, I’m sorry. They’re quite the rabble.”
“No, it doesn’t really matter, but who were they?”
“Dropouts from the regulars.”
“……”

Until now, my impression of a soldier inside me was not good, but meeting Sieg it was changing. However, it was quite severe that showing her that made me feel embarrassed.

To stop thinking about depressing things, I thought up brighter topics and talked about that.

“By the way, what happened to your uniform? Back at home?”
“No, I returned it to the military, but why?”
“!?”

I turned pale with surprise at the knowledge that I could no longer see Sieg in uniform. Apparently, they are managed carefully so that no one abuses them.

“Is there anything wrong about my military uniform?”
“No, I just wanted to see you wearing it again.”
“What do you mean by me in my uniform.”
“You were handsome in it, so I wanted to see it again, more calmly this time.”
“……”

Sieg looked at me sharply. Seeing her wary eyes after a long time, I shuddered somewhat.

“Sorry for saying a stupid thing. It’s cold, so let’s get going.”

When we exited the fortress, we were greeted by a short tree that grew in these snowy fields. The ice crystals that looked like flowers still reflected light faintly in the dark.

Walking through the snow, we could see red brick houses lined up.
From some of the houses, warm light leaked out that it created a dreamlike mood to the village.

Here, there are 70 households, about 400 people.
The major industries are traditional crafts and meat and fur from hunting. We attract tourists over, but in this season the nearby port is closed so we don't earn a lot.

The people who visit are people from Sieg's country and people from the island country to the east. So in this village, in addition to our language, we learn the languages of those two countries from a young age.

"Ah, Sieg, look at that!"
"?"

At the pitch black sky, a thin streak of light appeared so I pointed at that.

"——This is!"

The faint light soon spread across the sky, drawing a sapphire coloured curtain.

Foreigners call this phenomenon 'aurora'.
Tourists come all the way to these parts just to see the auroras.

"My, how pretty."
"Really? I'm happy."
"I've heard the rumours, but this feels otherworldly."

It seemed that Sieg saw the aurora as pretty, so I felt relieved.
By the way, since auroras could be seen almost every day, they weren't too rare for the inhabitants. Frankly, I feel more thankful when the sun comes out.

"Here, we don't call it aurora, but call it a foxfire."
"Heeh. What's the reason?"
"According to old folklore, the tail of a large fox hit a hill, and that exploded, creating fires that became the aurora……"

And House Levantret has been bestowed these raiments of the sky from the king. The name means 'foxfire' in the ancient tongue.

Other nobles are bestowed various goods from the king, but House Levantret

was bestowed one that was unreachable. It was a rather pitiful story, that a poor noble family that did not even have a heirloom were forced to administer these lands.

However, Sieg said that it was a good treasure.

“This is a treasure that was protected by the people of House Levantret.”
“Really?”
“Yes, without a doubt.”

In this village, we do not have any marriage ceremonies like foreigners. There are no oaths and exchanges of rings that are done outside.

There really isn’t anything here.

“Sieg.”
“What is it?”

So, I thought it important to say something.

Though it was somewhat embarrassing, I faced her and said it.

“I vow to do my best to make Sieglinde happy,” said I.

That was the greatest oath I could say to her.

Since there weren’t any houses around, I couldn’t see Sieg’s expression in the dark, but I felt as though she was smiling.

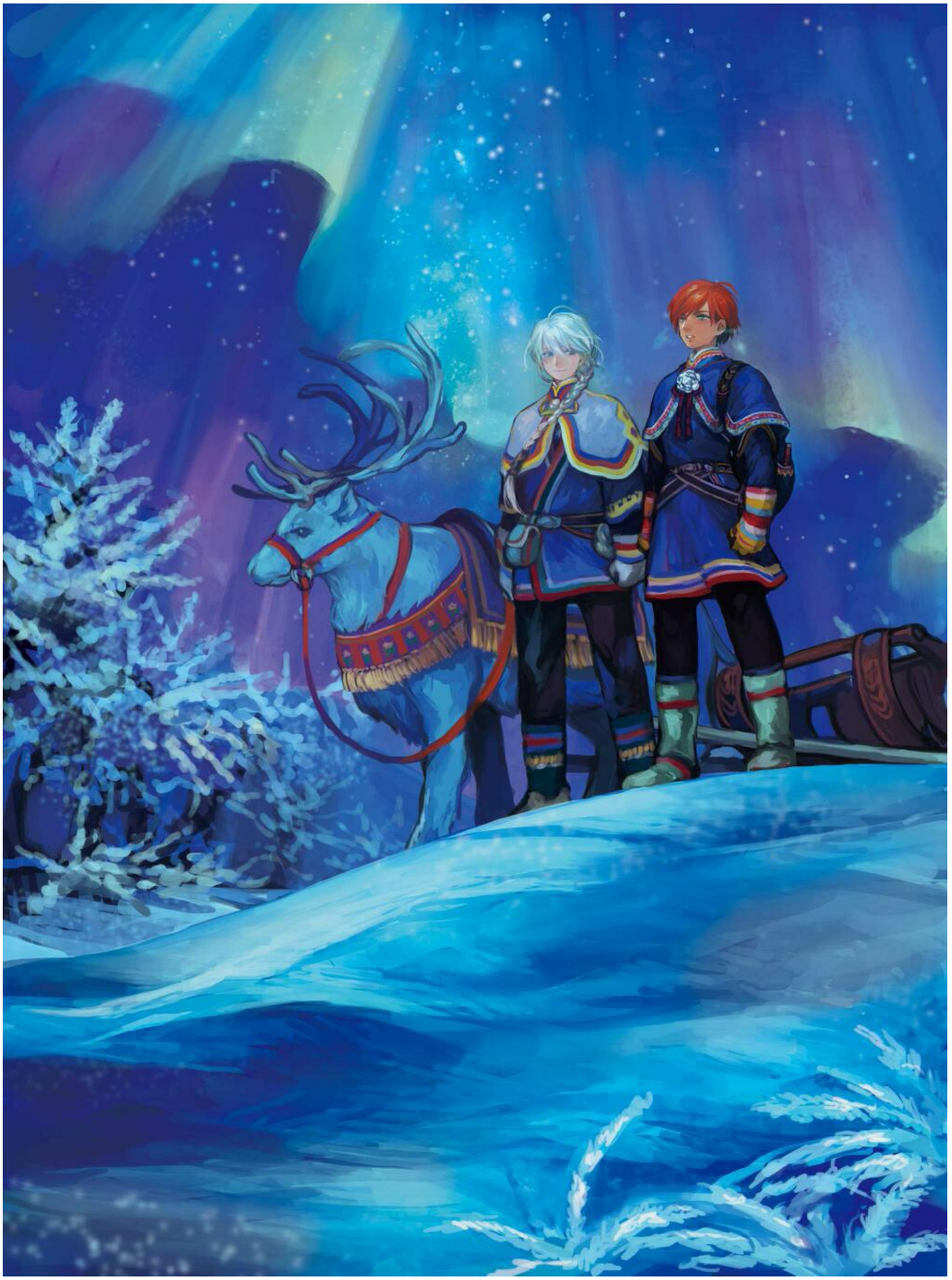
And then I came back to reality from the sneeze of a reindeer.

There’s no time to be staring at the aurora. I told her that we should hurry since it’s cold, and we arrived back home.

Raw link

Translator:
I’m doing this when I have some spare time, so I can’t promise that I’ll upload this a lot. However, I’ll try to upload some on the weekend at least. I need to finish my other work first.

Note 2:
Oh, I forgot to upload the picture for this:



Also, stupid Japanese for not specifying the number when referring to stuff, dammit. My Korean language brain accepts it perfectly but my English language

part just gets frazzled up.

<< | Project Page | >>

Chapter 08: A Warm House

Chapter 08: A Warm House Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

In the middle of the town, there is a large stone surrounded by trees.

“Sieg, this stone here is the spirit of this village.”

The surrounding snow was cleaned by the elderly people and on the spirit stone there are offerings of fur and silver jewellery.

The Spirit Shiieiti.
(TN: Any good ideas? Rōmaji for now.)
For us who were scorned as ‘the chased ones’, our indigenous faith acts as a pillar of support for many of us living in this harsh environment.

I kneeled down on one knee to give a prayer of thanks for a safe trip. Sieg to did the same to show her respect.

The name Lappland was a derogatory term meaning ‘land of the chased ones’, scorning the people here. The elderly people loathe this term, and despise outsiders for taking away their nomadic life. Then they started calling ourselves ‘Sami’.

Having been robbed of their only property the reindeers and forced out of from the land to deal with the reindeers, the villagers did not let strangers approach and lived by their own strength.

Having settled a few centuries ago, the Sami people were said to have been living by the teachings of the Spirit.

However, two generations ago, my grandfather realised that this closed society was not good, so he argued for a new way of life, leading to our current lifestyle.
The elderly people dislike this change, but there are many in the village tired of the old customs.

My grandfather said that if we were to continue this secluded life, we would eventually face extinction.

There were such circumstances, and also there was the thing that we must prioritise accepting foreigners.

When we passed the village, the scenery changed to a white snow-covered forest of pine trees again. As we walked while lighting the way with a lantern, we could see a two-storey mansion made of red bricks.

It's small compared to Sieg's, but it is my proud house.

Opening the fence gate, I showed the way to Sieg.

"Welcome to my house!"
"Aa, I'll be in your care."

After we finished our little exchange, I led the reindeer to the hut and filled the feeders with clean water and dry moss.

"This is the hut for the reindeer. Further inside, I slaughter live animals or gut hunted animals——"

While I was explaining the hut to Sieg, the slaughterhouse doors opened vigourously.

"!!"
"……"

A large shadow appeared in the dark.
Seeing Sieg hold her breath, I hurriedly explained.

"Sieg, it's alright."

When I directed the lantern towards the object that appeared in front of us, the shape of a person was revealed. Well, it's not too surprising that Sieg became wary. He was wearing the hide of a white bear on his head.

"He's Teoporon Ponu Rango. Miruporon's padau (father)"
"Is that so……"

He cut out the head part and wore it on his head, while the forelegs extended to his arms. Around his waist, a white hide flapped like a cloak, while he was naked except for a thin layer of black trousers. It was a sight that one would definitely say 'that definitely looks cold'. His body is very big. He is tall, and it was as if he were boasting his muscles.

In addition, the fur he is wearing is one he got from the forest five years ago, when we encountered a bear that was acting as the king of the forest. He took it down with only a spear. At that moment, I really was prepared for death.

This person lives by taking care of the weapons in this house, as well as cleaning and hunting. When I'm hunting large animals, I can't do it without Teoporon's help.

"Teoporon, she's Sieglinde. Wife, not madau (mother)."
"?"
"A cherished woman."
"?"

It was futile trying to convey that she was my wife with just actions. I thought was embracing her and kissing her on the cheek, but since there might be fundamental differences in showing affection I decided not to.

Meanwhile, Sieg named herself and pounded her chest with a fist. Teoporon did the same.

As expected of Sieg, should I say. It's an interesting scene. Even with Teoporon in front of her, she did not look fazed.

Then Teoporon looked this way and spoke.

"Great king. I am happy that you returned safely."
"……Yeah. Thank you."

I couldn't understand what he said, but imagining it to be words of welcome I responded half-heartedly and pounded my chest with a fist. Teoporon nodded with satisfaction.

"And Sieglinde. I give you my welcome as the warrior protecting the great king!!"
"……"
"……"

It felt as though he was saying whatever he wanted, but since I don't know the language I just smiled meekly and went inside.

In front of the entrance, we brushed the snow off ourselves and I opened the

doors for Sieg and Miruporon. Then I gave her slippers to put on.

In the carpeted room, I felt calm surrounded by the warm atmosphere. I took Sieg to the living room and offered her a chair.

I sighed in relaxation as I settled in.

In the living room, there was a table and chairs for four people, a large fireplace, a large white deer hide on the floor, and mounted trophies of hunted deer heads.

Sieg spent the time silently, looking tired.

A while later, warm drinks were served.
Served in ceramic cups, the red liquid is a drink called glögi, a type of berry juice with spices. It's an exotic drink, but it warms the body quickly.

I also introduced the person who served the glögi.

"Sieg, she's Ruruporon. Teoporon's wife and Miruporon's mother."

When I introduced her, she was making a motherly smile.

She's in charge of cooking, serving great food every day.

But her size is bigger than mine. Still, even with those big arms, she makes the finest food in the town.

"Ruruporon, Sieg is my wife."
"A special woman."
"Hm. Got through maybe."

Ruruporon pounded her chest and held up a finger, telling us that the meal would be ready soon.

"They're a cheerful and lively family."
"Indeed."

It was a series of hardships, interacting with a familt whose lifestyle was completely different from mine. However, they're all hard workers, and though it's a little hard to feel, a warm feeling could be felt.

I didn't want Sieg to suffer to much from the difference in culture. Because I was thinking of that, I handed to her two books that I had prepared in advance.

“These are?”
“This book has information on the customs and the way of life in this village. The other book is for you to write if there’s anything you think of.”

I told her write things that are too hard to say to my face, or things that she got curious of.

Though my interaction with her was short, I could tell that she was somewhat quiet, having the personality to not say her thoughts out loud.

“An exchange diary, huh.”
“If there’s anything, please don’t hold back.”
“Okay.”

While we were talking, Ruruporon came back with food.

She has wild looks as though she might just serve raw meat, but her cooking is exquisite. Furthermore, she prepared the traditional food of this village.

Few carved round wooden bowls were arranged on the table.
A thick reindeer milk soup with smoked salmon, with plenty of spices. It could be said that it’s an extravagant food in this season where we can’t get reindeer milk. We need to buy the milk from merchants for an expensive price.
There were also reindeer skewers with sour sauce made from strawberries picked in summer. The boiled potatoes are served unpeeled, and the tough black barley bread are thinly sliced. We eat them with bird liver kneaded in spices.
The warm cheese was stretchy and tasty. The meat went well with the vegetables as well.

“Sieg, how is it?”

I asked Sieg who was taking a bite out of reindeer meat.
Of the tourists who visited, there were many who disliked reindeer meat.

“Very delicious.”

She slowly chewed on the meat and wiped her mouth elegantly with a napkin. Afterwards, she told me her thoughts.

The first night passed pleasantly and merrily.

[Raw link]

Translator:

I really love these kinds of slow-paced slice of life novels. I just love how it builds up so slowly.

Here is a picture of the Ponu Rango family:

Brrrr that looks cold.

<< | Project Page | >>

Chapter 09: Snow Country Life Day One

Chapter 09: Snow Country Life Day One

Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife The morning of the Snow Country begins in the dark hours like that of night.

Maybe because I was tired from all the moving yesterday, I slept soundly. Rising from my bed, I put on a coat before I lit the lantern using the fire from the fireplace. I put out the remaining fire with a poker.

I changed and moved to the washing basin.
The house is surprisingly warm. It's thanks to the special fireplace in the kitchen. Adjoined to the wall, it acts as a stove while it warms the house through corridors of heat that penetrate the house. It uses a lot of coal, but it is necessary to overcome the arctic weather.

I wash my face and brush my teeth. I also combed my unkempt hair and tied it. In the mirror, I saw a sleepy face, so I slapped myself to psych up.

When I went to the living room-cum-dining room, Sieg was already there.

"Good morning, my husband."
"Good morning, my wife."

I'm happy that I could have normal greetings in the morning. Unfortunately, the martial race family has no custom on morning greetings.

I really am happy that I married.

Sieg was apparently spending time with the book I gave her yesterday. She asked some questions about things she was curious about.

Since I sat next to her, I stared directly at Sieg.
It's the first time I examined her clothing calmly. The deep blue clothes complemented her orange-red air. I wanted to see the length too, but since she was sitting now I couldn't.

"What does this mean?"
"Ah, that's."

Sieg's face was drawing in closer, but since she was focused on the book she did not mind me a little bit.
I was a little depressed at the fact that she did not noticed me, but there were good things.

Her nose has faint traces of freckles. One would not be able to notice them without examining up close, so I felt strangely happy.

"——So, about the ownership marks on reindeers."
"……"
"Is there something?"
"!"

Because I was looking at her clean earlobes and was not paying attention, I reacted late. To disguise that, I let my eyes to dart.
Sieg did not point out my suspicious behaviour and asked again.

"Ah, sorry. What was it?"
"I want to know more about the marks on the reindeers."
"Ah~ the ear markings."

To protect them from pests, reindeers are grown in one large fenced area. Since all the reindeers of the village are there, we mark their ears to show ownership.
We carve markings with out own knives. Every family has their own distinctive pattern, so that everyone could tell whose reindeer it is.

"All the reindeers?"
"Right. If someone finds one that doesn't have a mark, then the finder can mark it and keep it."
"I see."

Listening to me carefully, she wrote down notes neatly.

While we were talking like that, breakfast was served.

Glutenous potato pancake, a simple soup of root vegetables, spices and venison, milk soup wrapped in thin black barley, and roast boar with spices. A heavy meal for the start of a day.
Since this was natural for me, I was quite surprised when I only got bread and

coffee for breakfast.

Other women I brought were displeased that they did not need that much food in the morning, but Sieg did not complain, saying, “looks delicious” and started eating.

A woman from the military indeed. Seeing her eat so well, I ended up falling for her once more.

After breakfast, there is a little break.
I decided to tell Sieg today’s schedule.

“Today, I’ll lead you around the village, and we’ll end the day with a hunt in the forest.”

It was a pretty hectic schedule for the first day, but here we need to work like slaves everyday.

A bit later, we went out.
First, we headed to the village, which now looked very different from yesterday as it was bright now.

At the town square, kids were playing. It’s a game where one person bends and puts a reindeer antler on the head, while others try to capture that using ropes.

Sieg looked perplexed when she saw that.
Well, of course. That is indeed an exercise for capturing reindeers, not a normal game.

“Ah, it’s the lord~~!!”
“What is it? Did you come to play with us again!?”

Having noticed us, they ran over here. I hug and lift them up to check their growth. When I said that I didn’t come to play today they looked disappointed.

“Huh~ there’s someone we didn’t see before~”
“Oh yeah~”

Seeing Sieg, the kids looked fascinated.

“She’s my wife. Trying talking to her in the foreign language you learned.”

The kids as lovely as fairies hung back, staring at Sieg.

Sieg squatted down and spoke.

“Hello, aren’t you cold?”
“H, hello!”
“It’s not cold!”
“That’s a relief.”

Everyone spoke and looked happy that they could communicate with her.

I then led her to the only store in the town and introduced her to the owner lady, also from Sieg’s country. I told Sieg that she could rely on the owner if there’s anything she’s troubled about.
There’s also the inn and the restaurant, but since tourists don’t visit in this season they’re closed.

Afterwards, I brought a dog sled, equipped a knife on my belt, got some ropes and a hunting rifle and went out.

Since the snow piled up heavily in the forest, I equipped wooden boards on my feet and glided across the snow using poles.

After we travelled through the forest for a while, we arrived at a wooden fence.

“This is the forest of the reindeers.”

This fence extends across a very large area. This too was built by our ancestors, with carvings of the Spirit’s words to ward off pests.

There are feeders where the forest ends. Here the villagers put feed in every day.

Reindeers can dig up moss under the snow using their hooves. But since there weren’t enough from the wild, we were giving them extra food.

As we walked, we came across a reindeer.
Since there is some distance, it was way of us.

“Let’s try catching it.”

Sticking the poles to the ground, I hand the rifle over to Sieg and get the ropes.

I spun the rope, aiming for the antlers, and threw it.
The reindeer was caught without much resistance. However, not all reindeers are this docile. Some are very aggressive, so ropes are always necessary.

I pulled the rope and beckoned the reindeer over.

“Ah, this one has an owner.”

I could see a mark.

“This one is marked quite conspicuously.”
“Yeah. But the reindeers don’t feel much pain.”

We strolled a little more in the fenced area and left.

Finally, we stopped by the forest to hunt.
I only took one dog to pull the sled, and ordered the other one to wait.

In the forest, there are rabbits, lynxes, boars, deers, foxes and even bears. Since there aren’t that many that have white fur, we put a restriction on them so one has to report if they caught one.

“We have to be careful of bears, but they don’t appear in these parts.”

The animals with white fur don’t usually hibernate. They’re said to be living in places with streams of water, but for some reason they can be found here as well.
Being omnivores, they sometimes hunt medium-sized animals like deers and boars, but they also eat fish, barks and berries.

While I was talking about bears, an animal jumped out from the shade.

“Ah, a rabbit.”

Murmuring that, I lifted the gun up and pulled the trigger.
The two bullets hit its head.

The rabbit wasn’t white. It was one that had brown fur, but had white spots on its belly.
Rabbits are the tastiest in winter. The fur is soft too, so it gets used for hats and gloves.

I put the dead rabbit in my leather sack.

It takes about four days to let it ferment. If I am not careful about it, the gas will gather inside, spoiling the taste.

Then I searched the forest for more, but since the sun started setting we decided to go back home.

Translator:
“Ah, a rabbit.”
pulls trigger
=> dead rabbit

Quite good with the gun, eh?

Chapter 10: The Couple’s First Work Together

Chapter 10: The Couple’s First Work Together

By the time I arrived home, the sun already set that it already felt like night, but the time was still afternoon.

I brought the dog back in to the hut, and left the tools to Teoporon who happened to be passing by.

I then took the rabbit from Sieg’s hand and placed it in a dry bowl. Then I gathered some snow using the leather bag, and placed that on the rabbit’s belly.

The rabbit is then left for about three days in this state, after which we finally butcher it.

“You are not removing the blood?”
“Yeah. In winter, rabbit blood tastes good.”

In this season, rabbit blood smell especially nice. Since we cook using it, we do not necessarily drain the blood. However, if it’s left without removing the blood, gas builds up inside so we use snow to keep it at a suitable temperature for the first stage of preserving.

Since Sieg said that she will go in the house, I finally could go to the storeroom.

Inside the hut, there are unbutchered animals stored. I need to butcher the rabbit I hunted the day before yesterday today. On that day, I had hunted five animals.

Soon, the days when the sun does not rise will come. Since it’s dangerous to hunt in the dark, we have to hunt as much as possible to make more preserved food and earn more money, so things will get much busier from here on.

The hunt today was not too good, but sometimes there are days where the hunt fails altogether so I did not mind it too much.

When I came back out, Sieg was still waiting for me. She said that she can’t go

into someplace warm on her own. She's really chivalrous.

Upon entering my house, Ruruporon serves food as if she had been waiting for us.

There was quite an amount for lunch as well.
Braised and spiced rabbit meat on top of mashed potatoes. Served in a deep wooden plate, meatballs in berry sauce. Bread is black barley bread as always. Maybe because it was toasted this time, the slices were thicker than usual. Baked to a beautiful brown shade, the mushroom soup pie was something that provided bliss when one bites into the crunchy crust and thick cream. Baked in cheese, the white fish melted delightfully in the mouth.

Sieg highly praised the food, that it was tastier than her country's.
Since my house's food was the only source of pride, a grin formed on my face.

Though they're made from expensive ingredients acquired from merchants, I decided that I will not spare money to make tasty meals.

"What will we do in the afternoon?"
"I'm thinking of butchering the rabbit I hunted three days ago."

Since it felt bad to teach her how to butcher when she just came yesterday, I told her that she can do anything she wants.

"Then, I'd like to see you butcher."
"Ah, is that how it works?"
"Free time does not sit well with me. If there's something else that need to be done, you can tell me."
"No no, nothing else."

Miruporon takes care of chopping the firewood, grooming the animals and cleaning, and Teoporon takes care of the tools and the storerooms. Since the kitchen is Ruruporon's sanctuary, even I, the master of the house can't enter. Even if she asked for other work, there really isn't any work that she could do.

In the end, she accompanied me.

After digesting the food, we went out.
I took out a rabbit that had been fermenting for three days in the storeroom to the butchery.

“Today, I’ll be butchering the rabbit I caught the day before yesterday.”
“Okay.”

I thought it might have been nauseating for her to see me butchering a four-legged animal so suddenly, but since there was no other suitable animal, I decided to it sincerely to respect her wish.

On the wall, there are almost a hundred knives. Most of them are from my grandfather’s collection. Since Teoporon cleans them regularly, they all glint brightly.

“This one maybe~”

I picked out a small knife.

It’s enough to use just a knife to butcher a rabbit. I took a familiar knife from the wall hook and put it on the worktable.

When I turned around to face Sieg, I saw her remaining composed.

Though the room is kept clean, the smell of blood does not go away quickly. On top of that, Teoporon had just taken care of a big one yesterday so the smell lingered.
When I asked her if she would be fine, she nodded and replied that she will be fine.

Since I had finished the final checks, I decided to start processing the rabbit.

“First we rend around the calcaneal tendons……”

I carved both parts and grab the hind legs while sticking the knife in preparation for skinning.. From there on, I slid the knife in the thigh and continue to the buttocks. Once I reach the buttocks, I carefully started removing the skin.

“Here you have to be careful to not touch the testicles.”

If one ends up touching the testicles, the smell will permeate the meat, ruining it.

After that, I boldly remove the skin using strength and technique. The navel has barely any meat, so I have to take care not to ruin the blade. Finally, the skin is easily removed by pulling the skin while holding on to the waist.

“……Well, this is it.”
“Looks easy, but it must be actually be hard.”
“Hmm, I wonder. I think it depends on how dextrous one is.”

Butchering animals is a skill I learned when I was young. When I was shown how they processed birds, I was so shocked that it haunted me in my dreams. It’s a bitter memory.

“As for the skin, I have to let it boil in herb water, but that’s for later.”

Skinning is the most important part. Pelts are important for daily lives, so failure is not acceptable.

After I retrieved the pelt, I continued on to gutting.
I disembowel the naked rabbit, taking care to not slash the urethra. The blood doesn’t get washed away easily so cleaning doesn’t matter. I took out the internal organs and sorted them out.
Then I knifed many different parts to cut off the head.
Once I cut off the two forelegs and the two hind legs from the body, the butchering is over.

“Once we ferment this for one more week, we can then eat.”
“That is quite long.”
“Yeah.”

As she watched me butcher three rabbits, Sieg said that she wanted to try butchering the last one, so we carefully took care of the last one together.

Realising that our first work together was butchering, I regretted that I should have done something more monumental.

◇◇◇

Nighttime.
I slowly dipped into the bath Miruporon prepared.

Eating and bathing might have been the only joy in life.

But now it’s different.
I couldn’t wait to talk with Sieg.
I had been eating alone until now. It’s strange that food tastes better when

there’s someone to share it with.

After I finished bathing, I had dinner, then Sieg would invite me over for games. Of course I accepted, since I did not have anything more to do.

On the living room table was the product we bought at the toy shop.

The game was to be played with black and white pieces on a square-shaped board.
The players take turns placing the black and white pieces on the board, surrounding the opponent’s colour and ultimately the person with more of their colour wins.
{TN: Reversi (or Othello)}

I played many times with Sieg, but I couldn’t win even once.

“One more time!”

I started off casually, but I soon started getting serious. Even then, I couldn’t win.

“……I lost again.”
“Well, there’s the difference in the playing time.”

The game is from Sieg’s country. Since she played it from a young age, she knows all the tactics too.

Since Sieg started yawning, I decided to stop here for today.

“……I’ll win tomorrow.”
“Challenge accepted.”

Sieg did not let up even in games.

Translator:
I wonder where the author learned these facts.

Chapter 11: Sieglinde’s Activity Report No. 1

Chapter 11: Sieglinde’s Activity Report No. 1
Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

Eighteen years of military service.
Who knew that I would marry one day.

I was forced make this fateful decision a few months ago.

◇◇◇

After the long war ended, I spent time being chased by work. One day, I was called by my superior.

Albert von Hertling.
The man who happened to be my uncle, my mother’s younger brother, was waiting with a mysterious expression.

He was the one who summoned me, yet he was continuing to hesitate. When I was wondering what he wanted with me, he said the unexpected.

He asked that if I have considered marriage.

I was dumbfounded at those words. As marriage meant retirement for a female soldier.

Most female soldiers in my country retire by their mid-twenties. Most find their partners early on and leave the army.

When I asked why, he replied that he wanted me to know the happiness of women.
However, I persisted for more details, that I successfully made him tell me everything.

He whispered that the reason was that his two daughters were infatuated with me.

My cousins Hildegard and Anna-Maria were attached to me from a young age. Hildegard is already twenty one. An age well past the suitable age for marriage in

high society. Anna-Maria is still fifteen, but it seemed that she was insistent on marrying me.

Having an old father's face, my superior bowed his head. He pleaded me to marry and have a peaceful life, to follow the path that his daughters seemed to have given up on.

Frankly, I was never that attached to the army. If you asked me why I was in service, I would have replied that it was because I liked moving about and that my whole family were in the military. A simple reason.

Since I had no attachment to this work, there was no reason to not agree when my uncle was bowing his head to me.

In the case I could not find a marriage partner, he said that a place as a teacher in a military academy would be guaranteed.

The summon that day ended with me thinking that I would be reemployed at a military academy since I would not find a marriage partner.

When I sent a letter asking my family to look for suitable partners, I received an enthusiastic reply that I should go to the ball in the palace this season. Thinking that they may have been still resentful at me for rejecting a marriage interview in the past, I briskly gave up on any hopes of support from my family.

Instead, I received a frilled dress that fit perfectly. However, when I imagined myself in it, I got the chills.

I realised it when I saw that lady's outfit. I do not have the capacity to become the lady of a house.

Someone said it once. That a female partner should be docile and obedient. An ideal lady would assist one's husband to her fullest.
She would drink tea with other ladies, and for hobbies she would embroider or appreciate art. She would spend time and money on beautifying herself, while perfectly handling social exchanges in high society.

However, having grown among male siblings, I did not hold back when it came to pointing out faults, and I was not very talkative. Embroidery and art was an unknown world, since I never did it. I did not feel like going to a fancy ball.

I never thought I would be able to perform such an impossible feat called marriage.

Then, the evening of the ball arrived.
I passed up the deep ocean blue dress that mother picked for me and put on my military uniform.
Talks of my marriage already turned into a rumour and had spread in high society. Since it would be troublesome if someone gets the wrong idea that I would be a docile wife from me wearing a dress, so I armed myself to a certain extent.
Also, I put on decorations and medals that I have never worn before.
This was to threaten anyone who was related with the military.

I had no confidence that people would not get furious or envious at me. I could not guarantee that there would not be anyone that would wish to feel prideful from dominating me.
I at least thought that people would not approach me from my decorations.

Men are proud creatures.
It is disgraceful for them to bend their knees to someone with more decorations than themselves.

I rarely tidied my hair, but since it was a ball in a long time I trimmed my hair and combed my fringe to let it down to the side.

I felt perfect, that no men would dare court me.

……However, ultimately, I failed miserably.

I was surrounded by many people the moment I set foot into the hall. Most were women asking for my hand in marriage.

Well, it was completely my fault though.

I was surrounded and had no idea what to do. To avoid reality, when I turned my eyes away from the ladies, I coincidentally made eye contact with someone a little farther away.

That person had an otherworldly appearance.

Under the chandelier, the white hair shone beautifully in silver, and the eyes

were blue and clear like sapphires. The long hair had been braided. It was like the illustration of ‘the snow fairy of happiness’ that I saw in a fairytale.

As my cousin tugged at my clothes, I looked down momentarily. I looked back at that place again, but that person was already gone.

I had thought that it may have been an illusion I saw.

However, that was not an illusion.

The snow fairy had for some reason came up to me, and even asked my hand in marriage.

The surrounding ladies shouted that he was ‘yukiotoko’.

My blank head could not process the meaning.
The suitor that had an appearance like an imitation was, on closer examination, a man.
He was properly wearing this country’s men’s evening dress, but because of the mood I did not realise it earlier.

He was a count from another country.

His name was Ritzhard Salonen Levantret.

To escape this unfortunate commotion, I decided to use Ritzhard.

◇◇◇

After we went into a private room, Ritzhard was truly docile.
I was also interested in him being called a snowman, but since he did not have an appearance matching that name, I ended up staring at him.

From his story, it really seemed that he really wanted to marry me.
However, I could not possibly become the lady of a foreign count.
From a rough estimate, I saw him to be in his mid-twenties. On the other hand, I am already thirty one years old. I was called as ‘a mutton dressed as a lamb’ by my nephew some time ago, so maybe he saw me as a young woman.

To keep the talk short, I told him my age from the beginning. However, he did not look as though he gave up on the marriage talk.
I also told him that I may not be suitable as a wife, but he did not mind a single bit.

While I was thinking of ways to make him give up, he unexpectedly started telling me his story.

That Ritzhard Salonen Levantret is an impoverished noble from a snow country.

Originally, his people led nomadic lives, but because of invaders they were driven out to a land where people would normally not live in. They are the last remaining natives of their country.

He told me that they were a people that hunted and crafted, living in harmony with the land.

He did not expect anyone to come to such a harsh land, and he confessed that he proposed out of hope that I would be able to endure it.

I accepted his strange behaviour as coming from his upbringing, from living somewhere so close to death.

While I was listening, a strange change of emotions visited me.

I started thinking that those remote lands that he was talking about may be the only place to live as I am, without having to force myself to change.

I agreed on a conditional marriage. On the condition that we are to be temporary spouses for a year.

Translator:
I tried changing up the site a bit, once again!
However, I am a poor aesthete, so I appreciate any feedback.

I

Chapter 12: Sieglinde’s Activity Report No. 2

Chapter 12: Sieglinde’s Activity Report No. 2
Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

As to why I suggested to be temporary spouses for a year, I did so thinking that even Ritzhard would realise it.

My body, personality and even my appearance is very different from normal women.
Once we started living together as husband and wife, I had expected that he would realise that ‘something is not right’.

I did not mind what he said, but for now I needed a place to hide until my cousins married.
In addition, if the land fits me I can settle there.

Although I may not be able to become a good wife, I could become a reliable inhabitant.

But before that, we parted ways for a while since I needed to meet my parents first to discuss the schedule.

After I returned home.
I had thought that the problems I had were solved, but I could not relax well for some reason.

Although it was on a tentative contract, I still did decide on marrying rather hastily.

I realised that even I had some sensitive parts.

I hear that there are many loveless marriages in the world. There also seemed to be many couples that maintained a friendly relationship even without love, but I was not sure if I could manage such a feat.

I kept questioning myself whether everything would go well just because our interests coincided.

Furthermore, we grew up in different countries, in different environments. The knowledge I learned from my service in the army may not do me ay good in the Snow Country.

When I thought of those things, I felt somewhat sorry for him.

In the end, I greeted the next morning without getting a wink of sleep. I wanted to get rid of the anxiety by meeting Ritzhard before I left, so I sent a letter to the place he was staying at.

Even though it was a sudden call, the snow fairy gladly accepted my request.

When I waited at the meeting place, he appeared right on time.

Even in the streets, Ritzhard stands out. For better or for worse. His kind-natured smiles were very elegant, but in this country where people do not smile often it made him look rather frivolous.

Since he said that he wanted to shop for necessary goods for his life in the Snow Country, we left the square.

There was quite a crowd. When I was about to speak out, he took my hands and put in it his pocket without saying a word.

I did not know how to react to his sudden action, but his intent was soon revealed.

He turned back while saying," There's an amazing crowd of people here," with a troubled expression. Then he said, "Your hands, weren't they cold?"

He was wading through the crowd as if to protect me,and he let me in first saying that it was cold.

He was treating me like a princess.

As I spent the day with him, my anxiety was almost gone. I felt that this marriage could work.

However, just in case, I told him that we should start with being 'friends'. I was not used to being treated like a woman, that it was a strange feeling when I was treated like that.

The next day, his introduction to my parents ended without much trouble, and

it was decided that he would spend the rest of his days in this country until he returned home.

While he was staying in my family's house, I heard many stories from him. Ritzhard's fief's environment, culture, history and daily life. They were all very interesting stories, that our time together passed by quickly.

On the morning of the last day, I greeted Ritzhard goodbye.
When I stretched out my hands for a handshake, the man in front of me said something unexpected.

——"I'm looking forward to our next meeting, ojou-san," he said.

Where is this 'ojou-san'. That was the first time I was called like that.

I could not believe what I heard. Meanwhile, my outstretched hand was enveloped in his hands.
While my attention was diverted to those warm hands, something was forced on my cheek the next moment.

Believe it or not, Ritzhard kissed me on the cheek.

.

Without out a doubt, he was making a face like a kid who successfully pulled off a prank. "This insolent man!" when I looked at him with such thoughts, his face was dyed lightly in red, as he smiled shyly.

I was as a loss for words.

Ritzhard dashed into the carriage, and waved goodbye as he departed.

I will be meeting him in two months. Now marked the start of long days.

◇◇◇

Since my marriage was settled, mother started making unnecessary preparations.
She called over my second oldest brother's wife, who was strict about decorum.

I told them I did not need to prepare for anything since they were hunters, but no one listened.

Starting from that day, I underwent a hellish training.

Embroidery, etiquettes for tea and dining. Making baked desserts for guests and wearing dresses.
Until I could get everything perfectly, the studying did not end.

Unexpectedly, I had quite the talent for handicrafts.
The handkerchiefs I embroidered, one handkerchief a day, all received passing marks.
I made about thirty of those. I was told that I should gift them to his relatives as a show of appreciation. The handkerchiefs I made became a part of my bridal gifts.

The day I became free from my sister-in-law's sessions, my nephew Claus came again, during his vacation.

As soon as he saw me, he said, "male crossdressing granny". As usual.

Just a month ago, I told him to do something about that mouth of his, but as soon as I took my eyes off him he went back to how he was.

However, since it was that I was crossdressing, I did not say anything.

The next day.
Since I was to marry, I was told that I should stop dressing like a man from my father, so I decided to put on the dress my mother gave me.

When I asked my parents how I looked, my mother replied, "You tried your best," while averting her gaze. Father said, "I acknowledge the effort you put in," while averting his gaze as well.
Really, what rude parents. My brother and his wife had the same reactions. I did know that dresses did not look good on me, but my family still took care to not hurt my feelings.

However, I felt even more hurt from those easily readable attitudes.

Then, my badmouthed nephew Claus marked the highlight.

He called me "female crossdressing granny".

I did not mind 'male crossdressing granny'. It still made sense.
However, 'female crossdressing granny' made no sense. Not at all.

I grabbed Claus by the nape and lectured him for about an hour.

Soon afterwards, it returned to being ‘male crossdressing granny’.

◇◇◇

During the following month, I felt restless.
Even though I went out shopping with mother and my sister-in-law, and went out for tea with other ladies, nothing stirred my heart.

My only joy was the letters I received from Ritzhard.
His sentences were bland, but he sent over the clothes he made and even fur shoes.

Meanwhile, my former colleague from the army proposed to me, and was pleaded by my cousins to not go, but there were no changes to my plans.

I arranged for the luggage to arrive before me, so I left with only one bag with me.

Two days since I left my homeland, I finally arrived at my husband’s place.

As I heard from the stories, it was a very cold place. Since there were so many people at the pier that it blocked the way out, I took the time to change into the fur coat Ritzhard sent me.
Animal hair is unexpectedly warm. I was surprised by the difference.

Ritzhard, whom I was meeting after a long time, was still looking like a fairy without any worries.
Seeing him welcome, I felt somewhat happy.

The cold in the Snow Country that was rumoured to kill was milder than I imagined it would be.
When the wind blew, my exposed face did hurt a little, but it was not unbearable.

Like so, my Snow Country life started. Unlike what I feared, the days were rather pleasant.

I felt weird every time Ritzhard called me ‘my wife’, but I was spending my days happily.

Although the temporary couple life was just beginning, I was excited over what new experiences I would have.

Every day passed smoothly with each day being filled with new experiences.

Edit: Translator:

Remind me to never translate on my phone again, I made so many mistakes in this chapter.

Chapter 13: Reindeer Hunt

Chapter 13: Reindeer Hunt

Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

I roved through the white snow-covered plains with my reindeer.
Today was a bad day, with a strong headwind. The wind was especially more sharp.

Pulling the sleigh, my reindeer was chasing a wild one.
A merchant who visited the village told me, so I came out on a hunt.

There were three reindeers. While being wary of us, they were striding through the snow-covered plains.

I urged the reindeer pulling the sleigh to go faster. After accelerating for a while, I finally was at the same speed as the wild reindeers.

Seated on the sleigh, I aimed my rifle to the wild reindeer's head.

However, because of the cold, I could not get a proper grip.
The hand supporting the barrel was shaky, and the trigger finger was also trembling in the cold.

To stop the gun from shaking, I drew the gun closer to my body and concentrated on the target.

The first bullet pierced a reindeers back.

I unconsciously clicked my tongue as I took the empty cartridge out and reloaded the gun.

Surprised at the gunshot, the wild reindeers sped up.
We were still moving at the same speed, but the placed I aimed at before had shifted to the position of the reindeer's belly button.

I took aim once more. The target this time is the heart.

I was concentrating more than the last time, but the second shot was misguided.

I shot a third shot in desperation, but it only pierced empty space.
The reindeers escaped us at full sprint.

“Damnit!”

I had confidence in my proud reindeer’s legs, but it still lost the the stamina and leg strength of wild animals.
However, if I attempted to approach them to shoot them from the get-go, the cautious reindeers would run away at full speed from the beginning. There also aren’t any that would charge this way.

Eventually, my reindeer seemed to be getting tired, because the sleigh was gradually slowing down.
When I was about to blow the whistle to give it some rest, the sleigh suddenly tilted.

“!?”

Because the sleigh collided with a chunk of ice that was like a rock, the sleigh bounced, which caused my body to be flung out.

It was good that I managed to throw away my gun in a momentary decision, but I failed to put my body into a better posture.
Worst of all, the snow piled up only a little, that the ground greeted me with hard and cold sheets of ice.

When I stopped tumbling, I was lying on the snowy plains.
The smart reindeer had already stopped its movements before I ordered it to.

I failed my hunt, and I fell out from the sleigh. It also hurt. It was the worst possible mood I could feel. Cursing, I punched the ground.

“Ritzhard!”

I heard Sieg shouting from afar.
To signal that I was fine, I waved my hand wildly.

My waist still hurt as if a nail was driven through it, but since I would just end up worrying her if I stayed lying on the ground, I slowly stood up.

Sieg was riding a sled pulled by four dogs. Just as she came close, she jumped off before the sled came to a halt. Because of the remaining force, she rolled

gracefully on the ground before she ran up here.
I greeted my wife in a sitting position.

“Are you alright!?”
“Yeah, I’m alright.”
“You’re bleeding on the face.”
“Eh, really?”

I thought my face hurt because of the wind, but it seems that I hurt my face while I was tumbling on the ground.
Sieg took out a small bag from her coat pocket, and took out some cotton balls and wiped the blood from my face.
As some first aid, she cut some soft cloth and fastened it to my cheek with some medical tape.

“Let’s return for today.”
“……”

I hesitated at Sieg’s suggestion.
I did not hunt a thing today. It was unsettling to return empty-handed.

“There are days like these.”
“Ye~ah”
“Do as I say!”
“……Yes.”

Because she insisted so strongly, I decided to return for today.

◇◇◇

Even after I returned home, I still felt clouded.
In this period of the year, I easily grow anxious for results.

As to why I was like this, it’s because the period when the sun does not rise was approaching.

This period lasts approximately two months, but last year it lasted 72 days. The year before, it lasted 57 days, and the year before that, it lasted 40 days. It changed every year.

We called this phenomenon where the sun did not come out the polar night.

During the polar nights, it gets dark everyday, so we could not hunt.
The only food sources we could rely on become merchants and the preserved food that were made during the bright season.

Thus, the villagers spent the still bright hours securing food to last through the polar nights.

I too was not exempt from that, so I was anxious that I could not hunt enough today.

While I was cleaning my gun, Sieg suddenly muttered something.

“Are you going to stop chasing reindeers then?”
“Eh?”

Today was the first time I tried chasing a wild reindeer. I expected that the migratory herd would move on by tomorrow. I was expecting tomorrow to be the last day, when Sieg said something.

“Why?”
“It’s dangerous to hunt while moving on the sleigh.”
“No, it’s alright. I used that method to hunt for ten years, all alone. It’s not like I fell over for the first time.”
“……”

There was only one opportunity a year to hunt for reindeers, when they came around to eat moss hidden under the snow.

I attempted it every year, but I never could hunt a reindeer.

This hunt was grandfather’s pride and joy.
I witnessed him controlling his reindeer deftly and take down wild reindeers with a bullet to the head many times when I was little.

When grandfather passed away, I went out on reindeer hunts with father, but even father could not shoot a reindeer down from a moving sleigh.

Grandfather was an expert marksman, it was not a feat that anyone could do.

However, since I remembered those moments, I attempted those reckless acts out of curiosity.

Besides, wild reindeers are tasty.

Since they move over long distances in search of food, wild reindeers are well-built. The flavour condensed from eating a wide variety of food from the forest defied comparison the flavour from domesticated reindeers.
Normally, it is said that meat tastes bad if the animal was killed while it's thrashing, but even so wild reindeers were desirable.

I passionately preached about the greatness of wild reindeer meat, but Sieg was expressionless as though she was uninterested.
Maybe she was unsatisfied that I could not hunt anything. Her eyes narrowed more.

"Tomorrow's the last."
"Is it worth risking your life?"
"Well, not really."
"……"

It might be better to go steady and hunt birds and rabbits. I have Sieg with me this year. Though I thought that she would be unforgiving to selfish desires, my wife who was crossing her arms and glowering at me said something splendid.

"If you really want."
"?"
"I'll give you an advice."
"Eh!?"
"It's about handling guns."
"!"

From my slouching posture, I instantly straightened my back.

"Eh, what is it!? Is there a secret!? Tell me!"
"!?"

Sieg's serious expression turned into a surprised on.

"What's wrong?"
"……No, it was just unexpected."
"?"
"From my experiences, my impression of men were that men are prideful creatures that disliked getting orders or advice from women."
"I see. In my case, I would love to hear any advice Sieg has for me."

“……”

When I hurried her saying that anything is fine, Sieg first pointed out the way I was handling the gun. She told me the right way to hold the gun and the right way to shoot, teaching me the method she learned in the army, although she added that it might not be good for hunting.

Normally, I would just aim from experience, by observing how the prey moved. However, shooting while moving was still an unchartered land for me.

Since Sieg learned how to shoot on horseback, she knew the right way.

Estimating time until the bullet arrived at the target, reading the wind and calculating the trajectory. She knew many things.

“……Well, these are the technical theories, but it indeed is hard to sharpshoot when you and the target are both moving.”
“I thought so.”
“When you shoot, you should put the target’s movement into consideration and aim in front of the moving target.”
“Sounds hard.”

Hearing Sieg’s advice, I concluded that it would currently be impossible for me to shoot them in the head.
I usually just aimed for the head since it was bothersome to remove the bullet when I processed the animals.

“Hey, Sieg, will you help me tomorrow?”
“Do you want me to drive the sleigh?”
“No, I can’t ask you to do that.”

Driving a sleigh is dangerous. There was no way I would make Sieg do it.

“I thought up a plan, but you are free to decline.”

I told Sieg about the plan I thought up.
When I looked to her for confirmation, she accepted the request.

◇◇◇

The next day.
The second day of the reindeer hunt began under a clear sky.

We soon came across wild reindeers. I slowly approached at first, and once they were within range I sped up.

A short distance away, Sieg was driving a dog sled.
She had a pivotal role in this plan.

My reindeer quickly outran the wild reindeer.

Using the knowledge I learned from Sieg last night, I aimed to where the wild reindeer would move to.

For one shot, I concentrated my strength and pulled the trigger.
The bullet grazed an antler.

Don’t rush. My reindeer and I still have stamina.
With a trembling hand, I pulled the trigger.

The bullet hit the thigh of a reindeer.

Struck and unbalanced, the reindeer collapsed on the ground.

I stopped the sleigh and ran towards the fallen reindeer. Sieg followed behind me.

I wrestled with the fallen reindeer and managed to overpower it, exposing its belly.

“Sieg!”

I signalled her, to which she raised a knife high above her head and stabbed it through the chest, aiming for the heart.

At that moment, we quickly evacuated the area around the reindeer.

A while later, the reindeer finally stopped moving.

“——!”

I felt an indescribable feeling of delight.

“Sieg, we did it!”

I was so happy that I grabbed her hands and kissed her cheek in gratitude.
I wanted to hug right there, but since the knife was still in the reindeer we split to take care of it.

Like so, our reindeer hunt ended.

Translator:

Ritzhard…… he’s a natural. Did you see what he just did at the end?

Oh, and, I’m back in school now so I might not be able to upload new chapters as much.

Chapter 14: The Hunting Life Continues Even Today

Chapter 14: The Hunting Life Continues Even Today.
Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

It has been a month since Sieg has arrived.
The temporary life was not by any means sweet, but the time with her was joyous enough just from the fact that I had someone to talk to.

In that life, I knew that Sieg was trying her best in a new environment.
She was learning the language of this country, was socialising with the villagers, and was learning hunting techniques. She barely had any free time.

I felt sorry for making her struggle so much, but her appearance as she tried was beautiful, that I just watched her from the sidelines.

Already welded into daily life, we were hunting everyday, taking plenty of time, as preparation for polar nights.
Though she was a novice hunter, as expected of a woman from the military, her sharpshooting skills were superb. The time she took to calculate the time it took the bullet to impact and the time she took to reload the gun were both fast.

Like always, we went out hunting today.
Searching for prey in the snowy forest and leading the prey into the guns' range is the job of the hunting dogs.

To hunting dogs, we give them ears of freshly hunted animals to make them remember the smell. We raised the dogs like for generations.

We followed the tracks of those dogs into the forest.

On our way, we came across a thin, brown-haired animal, which had white fur on its face.

"Ritz, what's that?"
"Black marten."

Black marten pelts were loved as luxury goods by noble madams, but because their numbers dwindled from excessive hunting, the country banned the hunting

of these animals.

Even in this village of hunters, since it was ruled by nobles, the law applied here too. However, martens were never really hunted that much for meat nor for fur. The reason being that the creature had a bad stench. There is a method to remove the smell, but to create one hat it took many martens so it was bothersome to process too.

Having seen us, it jumped a little and escaped to safety.

To such a lovely creature, I waved it goodbye as we proceeded.

"Ah, we can't go here."
"?"

As we walked through the forest, I found something.
In front of us, there was a tree slashed open, lightly chewed up inside.

I blew the dog whistle and turned around.

"What's that?"
"A bear claw mark. This is a bear's sphere of action."
"!"

I told Sieg to remember the mark. After I confirmed that the dogs had returned, I quickly left that place.

Bears are the most dangerous creatures in the forest.
Many people in the village lost their lives to bears. The catastrophe three centuries ago was caused by a bear.
A bear who remembered how humans tasted attacked the village, creating tens of victims.

Was it five years ago? The first time I met a bear when I went hunting with Teoporon.
Teoporon used his wild senses(?) to find prey. Back then, I thought it was interesting so I followed him on hunts many times.

Walking a short distance behind Teoporon, we would always find animals. Rabbits, deers, boars and foxes. Teoporon did not use a gun, but just a spear.

Still, back then, I thought I would learn a lot just from watching.

However, we finally came across the worst possible opponent, a white bear.

The bear charged towards us. I quickly lifted up my gun, but because of Teoporon's sudden shout, I lost my timing to shoot.

As expected, the bear changed course towards Teoporon who shouted.

The bear knocked Teoporon over in a blink.

The bear was even bigger than that big man. I had thought that all hope was lost.

While I was considering whether I should shoot the bear or not, the big white beast was attacked by him. In its chest, a spear was impaled deeply through it.

I realised that he fell over on purpose only after the bear died.
However I imagined it, it was an impossible hunting method for me. At the same time, I decided that I should stop following someone on hunts when I couldn't even understand him.

"Bears truly are dangerous."

I taught Sieg about its sphere of action and its behaviour.
I explained about the scratched trees, the excrements that had whole heads, characteristic of carnivores, and the footprints. I also told her that the holes with branches, that were shaped like a big bird's nest, were holes that bears made after they spat up berries.

"Though it was tasty. The bear."
"……It doesn't really look nice."
"If it's on sale, I would gladly buy it up. Though no one would dare try hunting it to sell the meat."

Really, bear meat tastes great.
Most of its body consists of fat, but once the smell is removed and the meat is cooked, every part of the meat is top-quality. The organs are sold at a high price to pharmacists to be made into medicine, and its paws are treated as delicacies.

As I went back, I carved a cross mark on a tree.
This was to tell others that bears are in the area in front.

Although the villagers don't communicate much outside of their family

members, in the hunting grounds we have a custom to share as much information.
Crosses for bears, triangles for lynxes, stars for wolves, and squares for wolverines. We have set marks for different species.

We returned home as we chatted about those things.

After we returned, we butchered some animals for a few hours, and then we bathed. Since there was only one bath, I always told Sieg to go in first. In our house, the ladies always went first.

After dinner, we usually spent the time playing.
Today, we had a board game, consisting of a checkered board and little pieces that were carved in the shapes of a queen, a king, bishops, knights, and castles. Strategy was important in this game, and it took a lot of concentration. I soon got hooked up on the game.
{TN: Chess I suppose}

As always, my territory was trampled over, and my king faced an ultimatum.

“A~a”
“One more round?”
“No, tomorrow. I want to analyse why I lost.”

After I remembered the positions of the pieces, I stored the game back into its box.

Then, I opened the exchange diary that was on the edge of the table. As always, ‘Nothing out of the ordinary’ was written.
I told her that it’s not a military report, but she replied that she had nothing special to write about since she asked verbally about anything she was wondering about.

Although she was in front of me, I started writing in it.

‘What’s your favourite colour?’ I wrote.

Now that it came to this, I need to lead her to write something in.
So I wrote in a question in the diary.

“I never really thought about what colour I like.”

“It’s meaningless if you answer now! And please think about it a little!”
“What will you do with such information?”
“I want to know more about Sieg and get closer.”
“……”

Because there was no response, I unconsciously looked at her face, but sadly, she was expressionless.

She was my wife, yet she was full of mysteries. She was taciturn, and her feelings did not show on her face.
Even though I calmly observed her, I still did not know what she liked and disliked. That was my tentative wife, Sieglinde.

“Really, from the bottom of my heart, I am happy to spend every day with Sieg. I really want you to stay here, and if possible extend the contract to two years.”

Although, at the second time, instead of a tentative contract, I want to make a full contract.

“But still, it’s this kind of environment, so I won’t stop you from leaving.”

Since I should not pressure her, I said that in show. Though when I thought about the other person that came before, I had a strange hurting feeling in my chest, but I tried to hide it from showing on my face.

Sieg grabbed a pen and the exchange diary, and started writing something down. Then it was shown to me.

This was what was written:

——I will try finding out what colour I like this time. Also, the life here is very exciting and immensely pleasant.

After reading it, my frozen face loosened up.

“You mean, it’s not too bad here?”
“Was it not meaningless to answer now?”
“!”

Saying that, Sieg smiled playfully.

From the sudden ambush, I ended up clutching my heart.

Like so, our temporary life continued.

Chapter 15: Coexistence

Chapter 15: Coexistence
Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

Because the polar nights were approaching, sunlight duration was getting shorter too. During those times, I spent time by selling processed meat and fur to merchants or by making more preserved food.

I usually make preserved foods in bottles.
I processed the food at the worktable outside at the back of the house. This is a place to spiritedly process wild animals, and it can be used freely because it's not a Ruruporon's sanctuary.

Today's course is a bottle of ptarmigan liver spread. It's a seasonal dish.
I carefully cleaned the blood and fat off many livers, and then marinated them in milk to get rid of the smell.
The morning after that, I boiled the livers down with vegetables and soy sauce, and added spices, alcohol and powdered bird bones to season it. I then boiled the paste until all the moisture evaporated away, and then added butter. Finally, I put it in a clean leather sack and battered it with all my might.
Good with bread or biscuits, the ptarmigan liver spread was completed.
I then put in in a bottle, and deaerated and sterilised the bottle to enable storage for long periods.

Under the cold, after finishing up the making of the liver spread, Sieg came back from helping Miruporon in the forest to see what I was doing.

"What were you doing?"
"Preserving ptarmigans. Are you fine with livers?"

I heard that many women did not like it, but Sieg said that she enjoyed it. So I scooped up a bit of the liver spread I just made onto the back of my wife's hand.

Sieg then brought it to her mouth and tasted it.
Then she said one word.

“Delicious.”
“Really?”
“Mm-hm. You cook well.”

Thanks to the unexpected praise, my cheeks loosened. Since only I ate it, it was exciting hear someone else’s opinion.

Next up is curing duck meat in fat.
First, the meat is thoroughly seasoned with salt and sugar. Then, after setting some spices, it is left to sit for a day.
{TN: Cloves?}
Then it is boiled in oil at a low temperature and put in a bottle. Afterwards, the fat from ducks is used to fill up the bottle.
It uses a lot of fat, but the meat has an unexpected clean taste. It also goes well with sour or salty berry sauces, that it is a delicacy in the daily life during polar nights.

The food are stored in the underground cellar. Seeing the bottles lined up, I thought to myself how good they looked for self-satisfaction. Since I put more effort in compared to last year, I relaxed at the thought that the polar nights this year will also pass without any problems.

But this was not all we had to prepare for the polar nights.

During our rest in the evening, I told Sieg of tomorrow’s schedule.

“I’d like to you to help Miruporon again tomorrow.”
“Understood.”
“As for me, tomorrow……”

Because I did not really want to do it, I ended up sighing shortly before I continued.

“What’s wrong?”
“No, tomorrow, I’ll be going around the village to check if everyone is prepared for the polar nights.”

Even if I don’t check on the villagers, most households are perfectly prepared. However, there are rare cases where the men of the house get injured or come down with a sickness before the preparations. Since our people do not like to

rely on others, even if that happens not many know of it.

I hear of the news of the village from travelling merchants, but even they do not know everything that goes on in the village, so for this I have to go.

If there is a troubled household, we are to aid them financially as well as share food. We also go around to other houses to plead them to share some food. This was decided by my grandfather when he was the lord.

It's not hard to bow down, but the work's still hard.

It's a depressing event that happens every year.

When I explained it to Sieg, she made an unexpected proposal.

"Can I tag along for that?"
"Eh!? ……No, I don't think that's a good idea."
"Why not?"
"The villagers are unfriendly even towards me who is from this village, so if a foreigner visits they might get unnecessarily adverse."
"……"

As to why I am disliked, I think it's because I have foreign blood mixed in. Also, there are a few more things.

My father was an adventurer travelling around the world.
He met different peoples around the world, and had a mysterious courage, with the spirit of an adventurer.
He grew up in foreign lands and had poor marksmanship that never improved. In the end, he went on a trip around the world with mother. He was a troublesome man, always having a boyish heart.

Well, though it was thanks to his background that I could get connections to foreign high society.

"Hmm."

Although I put on a troubled expression, she still was tilting her head in question.

I tried telling her how terrible the elderly people were, but Sieg still wanted to follow me on the patrol.

I also want to boast Sieglinde. However, what awaits are not blessings but curses from old, xenophobic villagers.

“I want to remember at least one more face from the village.”
“Even if you say that.”
“Please.”
“……”

If she asks with such an earnest expression, I can’t possibly refuse.

“Alright. But you have stay behind me.”
“Thank you.”
“……”

What’s with this superior and subordinate like conversation.
I want more sweet talk!

After we discussed about tomorrow’s schedule, we started talking about boars.

……This isn’t it. This isn’t what I want. I want something more couple-like.

“What should I do if a boar charges at me?”
“For that, you should jump to the side moments just a little before it might hit you. Boars can’t instantly turn.”
“I see.”
“……”

I was pondering how I should turn this into a sweet mood, but because Sieg started talking about butchering I gave up on it.

“Recently, male boar meat seems to smell a bit stronger, is there a reason for that?”
“Ah, they might be in heat.”
“Is that so?”
“We should stop hunting boars for now.”
“Alright.”
“……”

I questioned myself many times as to how it came to this.

◇◇◇

The next day.
To patrol the village, I left early. Sieg followed closely behind.

Should I go to a house that dislikes me first? Or instead getting demoralised from the beginning, should I go to a relatively friendly house?

I mulled over what to do, but I ended up going to the first house I saw.

The first time.

“Ah, right~. Preparations for the polar nights”

They closed the door immediately. This means that they have no problems and that I should go.
I turned around and shrugged, to which Sieg silently patted my back.

The second time.

“Aahh, we don’t have even a tiny bit of problem, so go already!”
“Ah, yes.”
“……”

Again, they shut the door coldly. The same happened the third time and the fourth time.

There are about seventy houses in all. Since it’s too much to do in one day, I ended it for the day.

“Sieg, sorry.”
“……No”

There were some people who hurled abuses at Sieg. This was the reason why I did not want to bring her along, but she still said that she’ll follow me tomorrow.

“Please, won’t you stay home tomorrow?”
“……”

Though I pleaded her not to, she did not respond.

I was eing serious, but Sieg just crossed her arms, and not a single muscle on her faced twitched.

I thought of acting cute to convince her, but just by imagining myself doing

that I got disgusted so I didn't do that. I'm almost thirty now, about to become an oji-san. I have to be more mindful of how I act or speak.

"Okay, Sieg. I can't win against you."
"!"

That night, we did not play together as usual and parted early.

It wasn't as though I was angry at Sieg, but I was exhausted from hearing insults all day.

When I dived into my bed, my consciousness soon drifted into sleep.

The next morning.
Because I woke up early, I went to the living room, but Sieg who always woke up earlier was not there.

As I was thinking that it was rare occurrence, I saw the exchange diary lying on the table.

Yet again, I expected it to have 'nothing out of the ordinary' again, but when I opened to the latest page it was filled with sentences.

Sieg was surprised by the attitude of the villagers we visited yesterday, but she was not uncomfortable.
However, she wrote that it felt something indescribable when she saw me, the lord, being chastised and getting depressed.
Still, she was relieved to see that I came back to life when she talked to me. So she wrote in polite words that she would like to accompany me again the day after.

—— I am still inexperienced to help out with the village, but I at least want to support you from behind the scenes.

From that, I was moved to tears.

While I was reading the diary over and over again, Sieg woke up.
Her eyes looked tired. She might have been up late to write this. From that thought, my heart calmed down and warmed up.

"Sieg, thank you."

When I showed her my gratitude while holding up the diary, my curt wife just

returned a short reply.

That morning, I wanted to hug her.

I

Chapter 16: Forewarned is Forearmed

Chapter 16: Forewarned is Forearmed.
Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife
{TN: The original Japanese title says ‘Well prepared means no worries.’}

Now that I’m done with securing food and hearing out my people, I have to start preparing light, water, and materials for traditional crafting.

In this village, we use candles.
We use animal fat to make them, with herbs to remove the smell.

“I never imagined that we would be making our own candles.”
“Well, we have to be self-sufficient. The goods merchants bring have shipping costs included so they’re wasteful too.”

Today, we are making candles together.
Since Sieg had been going out to the forest with Miruporon these days, it’s been a while since we worked together.

“……”
“Hm?”

Sieg looked at me strangely.

“No, you look rather happy, so I was wondering if you liked making candles.”

Looks like I wore my heart on my sleeve. I could tell her that I am happy to work with her, but it would be bad if she got put off from that so I just smiled it off.

For making candles, we use sow intestinal fat. Hog fat smell is too strong to be erased with herbs.

The fat, which was set aside during the butchering process, is cut into equal sizes and thrown into a pot of boiling water. Then powdered herbs are added to remove the smell.

As we boil this, white foams of fat form. Once that’s processed many times and

the water is cleaned off, we can get boar oil.

From this boar oil, once we add some herbs, we could make ointment or soap from it. Ancient people's wisdom is great, I said as I continued working with Sieg.

Now that the fat has turned semisolid, wicks, made from twisting a few strings, are hung on a long wooden stick. It is then dipped in the fat and then taken out to dry for a while. Once we repeat that a few more times, a candle is made. It takes a lot of time and effort to make just one, but since it's the only source of life other than the fireplace during the polar nights, I can't afford to cut any corners.

For the water, we draw it from the forest behind the village.
For some strange reason, the spring does not freeze even in winter. They say that it's the Spirit's power working. Since the river in the forest was frozen, even Sieg was surprised.

In preparation for the polar nights, we filled the containers up and carried them back home. Of course, since they can't be kept for that long, we have to go out in the dark sometimes. However, around that area, no beasts appear so it's safe. I would just need a lamp.

As additional sources, for purposes other than drinking, we use groundwater or melted snow. There is plenty of water, so there are no problems with that.

Finally, we are going out to get materials for crafting. We are getting them to prepare for crafting during the long polar nights.

A symbolic good of our village's tradition is a wooden cup called kuksa.
It's made from birch burls, which are formed by trees to cover up after an animal damages the bark.

These lumps are slowly dried for two months before we get to crafting. Although I already have some prepared, I have to go out for some now since we can't go into the forests during the polar nights.

Other than the wooden cups, we have bags and bracelets made out of reindeer leather, baskets made out of softened tree roots, scabbards made out of reindeer horns, among many other goods.
Since they're all handmade, they're usually very expensive, but after the polar

nights they're sold at a relatively affordable price at cities. Since all the villagers have many of the same goods, the value falls.

After the polar night is over, at the nearby port, an icebreaker comes cutting through the frozen sea.

During that season, the port becomes full of people, and a flea market opens everyday.
The polar nights were a fitting period to make traditional crafts.

◇◇◇

"——And, well, this is it!"

The storeroom is full of preserved goods and containers filled with water. There are also meat that are finished with fermenting under the snow, and also yet unprocessed fur.

I reported to Sieg that we are fully prepared.

Indeed, the motivation is different when there's family involved. I could really feel it every day.

◇◇◇

One afternoon, Sieg brought out a wooden box she brought from her house.

"What's this?"
"I thought we might be able to sell these to supplement living expenses."

When she unravelled the cloth and opened the box, there were embroidered handkerchiefs. There were also quite a lot.

"Sieg, what's this?"
"These are things I made back home to kill some time."
"Wait, you mean you made all these!?"

I had a preconception that she was not good with womanly work, so I was surprised at her unexpectedly good craftsmanship.

"Ah~, but this is too much."
"?"
"The merchants around here probably won't buy these unless they're cheap.

People around here don’t use these beautiful silk handkerchiefs.”

I thought that they would sell at a high price in cities.
However, it took a few days to go there even by reindeer. It cost money to get to cities, so it was not economical.

“It might be a good idea to put it up on the gift shop from spring to early autumn. The visitors are either nobles or the rich.”
“Is that so. Well, I’ll leave that to you.”
“Thank you.”
“No, well, it didn’t really help that much though.”
“But I am really happy.”
“……”

When I said that, Sieg made a troubled expression. Recently, she had these kinds of expression on often, so I made sure to not say anything unnecessary.

Then, the polar nights came. With a blizzard.

“That’s an amazing amount of snow.”
“This doesn’t look like it’ll let up anytime soon.”

The windows rattled, and the wind hit the house with a ferocious noise.
It was harsh outside, but inside, it was warm and peaceful.

Since the martial race family are resting today, we are doing everything by ourselves.

I hung a pot over the fire.
I brought some suitable ingredients from the pantry and started cooking.

Today’s soup is something from Sieg’s homeland. I’m sort of doing this off the top of my head.
Although she said that she can’t cook, she peeled the vegetables with commendable skill. She was a trusty assistant indeed.

The ingredients: large amounts of potatoes, root vegetables, and smoke boar meat. The soup is made by adding spices and boiling the soup until the ingredients turned mushy. While boiling, the ingredients are mashed using the spatula.

In Sieg’s country, potatoes make up most of their meals.
In her country, it is said that women can’t marry unless they know how to two hundred different potato dishes. Of course, it’s not guaranteed that women who cook well marry well. But it’s an allegory to show that women need to be able to cook that much to marry.

I skewered a reindeer sausage, spiced it and grilled it by the fireplace. Once the fat starts rising on the surface and the juice starts dripping, it’s done.

Consisting of black barley bread Ruruporon baked yesterday, some cheese, sausages and soup, the breakfast is complete.

I was complimented that the soup was cook. Since I wanted to cook more dishes from Sieg’s country, I asked her about them.

“Oh yeah, I liked mashed potato dumplings. They’re chewy, and go well with meat.”
“Wow, sounds delicious!”
“There’s also a dish of sausages and potatoes fried with spices, sausages made from meat minced with rhubarbs, bread with berries in them……”

However, the recipe was still a mystery so they will have to be cooked according to Sieg’s tastes.

After we finished eating, as always, it’s time to let our stomaches recover.

“By the way, how are the Rangos doing with their own preparations?”
“They’ll be fine. Teoporon still goes out hunting even in the dark, and both Ruruporon and Miruporon understand the polar nights and have prepared for it.”
“Is that so. Then that’s good.”

Recently, I checked up on their storage, but there were more food there than here.

As I married, I gifted them with a house a short distance from the village. Teoporon processes the hunted animals at the hut by the mansion, but for other tasks he was doing it back home.
They too were preparing for the polar nights.

After this, we will be making traditional crafts at the workshop.

Since I learned that Sieg’s craftsmanship was good, I asked her to make some with me as I taught her how.

In this season, there’s no use feeling agitated, so it’s good to be relaxed. While talking about things like that, we calmly passed the time.

I

Chapter 17: Polar Night (Kaamos)

Chapter 17: Polar Night (Kaamos)
Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

In the snowstorm, Sieg and I fed the dogs. The reindeers are in the fenced area of the forest. If the wind recedes, we will be able to take them out on walks, but because of the weather today we sent them back home and told them to stay there.

I want to say that I then relaxed with Sieg, but a poor noble cannot afford such elegance.

There was a mountain of work back home.
When I said that, Sieg said that she will help as much as she can.
She really is a dependable wife. I was moved to tears.

First, we started off by processing the furs that we had been neglecting.
Fur can't be washed in water. So, it is cleaned by using a special powdered soap with herbs.

"First, we sprinkle this special powder over the fur."

Today, I am working with a student. Wearing an apron, Sieg was an earnest student who wrote down the method on her note.

I sprinkled the powder all over the fur and rubbed it with painstaking care.

"Once the colour of the powder turns, we shake it off.

"Although it's hard to see just from looking, fur easily becomes dirty," I muttered as I continued working.

I continued to rub the fur. I made sure to scrub off any stains.

"If the powder's colour stops turning, we remove it."

With swift movements, I brushed along the grain.
For the finish, a cloth soaked in soap water is used to scrub the fur.

Now that I was done with explanations, it was now Sieg's turn. I supervised her

to see if there weren't any mistakes.

"Yeah, you're doing well."

Having good senses, she cleaned the fur with a nimbleness unexpected from a novice.
When I wondered about that, she told me that it was similar to taking care of leather equipments when she was in the army. Then it makes sense.

Coats, shoes, hats and gloves. With both of us working, it only took a while to finish.

"It's fortunate that Sieg is here with me. I was alone every year."

There are double the amount of goods because of Sieg, but it was fun to work while chatting. Since I was the type to work slower when alone, it was really nice that I had Sieg.

Next, we cleaned the house.
Though she was an esteemed daughter of a powerful noble family, she was still a woman from the army. She did the cleaning perfectly.

"We did our own cleaning ourselves."
"I see."
"Aa. Since no one liked cleaning, we took out games in our break times and made the losers do the cleaning……"

When she just enlisted in the army, only thirteen, Sieg lost a lot so much that she became good at cleaning. However, being the type to hate losing, she bought books and studied strategies to win.

"Now I see why can't win."
"But you have potential."
"Eh, really? I wonder if I'll start winning soon~"
"I wonder about that?"
"Then, won't you just lose once for me?"

As we chatted playfully, it soon became time for lunch.
For lunch, I heated the rest of the soup and roasted reindeer meat on a skewer with some herbs on the fireplace.

Today’s reindeer was one that was recently caught by sieg.
Unable to hold back anymore, I took a bite. The texture was amazing, and the delicious juices flowed in my mouth. The herbs did not interfere with the mean and mixed in with the juices.

Even Sieg made a surprised expression from how different the taste was from the usual reindeers.

“This is amazing.”
“Isn’t it?”
“Really delicious.”
“I’m glad. I wanted you to taste it. Rather, it’s thanks to you that we can have this.”

To that, Sieg made neither a modest look nor an approving look, but just wore a warm smile.

To such a precious expression, I unconsciously fell for her.

However, that smile quickly disappeared and was replaced by a stern look.

“It’s dangerous to reindeers alone.”
“……Yes.”

I was also deredere because I got to see Sieg’s rare smile, but she soon turned back to being a soldier. I felt strongly that not everything in the world is so sweet.

“However.”
“?”

The talk was not yet over. Holding a spoonful of soup in the air, I stopped and stared at my wife.

“I might be able to help next year. Then, let’s hunt together.”
“……Eh!? O, ow, hot!”

From her words, I ended up spilling the soup over the back of my hand which was resting on the table.

While I was still in confusion from her words, Sieg wiped the soup off with a napkin. Then she opened the windows to get some snow, putting them in a cloth

and placing it over the back of my hand.

“……What are you doing.”
“S-So~rry.”

I can’t tell her that it was because she said something about next year. If I looked expectant here, I thought that I might end up burdening her.

For now, she will stay by my side for a year. That’s still good enough, I told myself.

◇◇◇

After lunch, we started working in the workshop.
Again, I was with my diligent student Sieglinde.

“Today, we are making kuksas”

A traditional craft of the Sami people.
It’s small drinking cup, made through a vexatious process.

The ingredient is a dried birch burl that was harvested two months ago.
It’s to be made with one that is sturdy and is fine-grained. However, in this area, there are only birches here, so I think it just might have been that we had no choice but to use them.

“First, we carve off the barks, turning it into a wooden lump.”

The barks are carved off with a specially designed chisel.
Since the wood is hard, I thought it might be hard for women, but even here Sieg was strong and had dexterity.

The round birch lump is carved into a square shape, and a round hole is carved in the middle.
Taking time, Sieg made one, and I made three.

“Sieg, your hands, are they alright?”

Birch wood is really tough. Recalling how I got blisters at first, I asked out of worry.

“It’s fine. The skin on my hands are already tough.”
“I see. I’m glad to hear that.”

“Rather,”
“?”
“Ritz’s hand is much worse.”
“……Aa, since we don’t really apply medicine afterwards.”
“……”

I muttered as I stared at my scarred hand. Hardships are unending here in this snow country.

In this village, people just rinse the wound with fresh water and rub it carefully to cure the wounds.

Some time ago, at a foreign ball, there was one time when I fell over because I was drunk. There, they applied medicine on the wound and wrapped it in bandage, so I was very surprised.
By using medicine, the pain quickly goes away and it leaves barely any scars. Thus, I made the village shop import medicine, but since the villagers still believed in the old methods there are always some medicine in the stock.

Of course, if we receive a severe injury or a serious disease, we do call doctors. It’s because my grandfather advocated that the Spirit’s teachings were mostly wrong.

When I told her about things like that, Sieg also understood.

As I sighed while sipping warm mulled wine, more work awaited me.

The fourth carving. It’s not up to the point it can be scraped out cleanly.

“Once it’s done up to this, we bury it in the snow.”

There was still a snowstorm, but I went out anyway. I buried ones I just made, dug up the birch wood that I buried yesterday.

“This isn’t finished yet.”

After letting it sit in the snow for a day, the wood is then boiled in salt water, with it’s concentration being the same as sea water. If that’s done, the wood gets barely any cracks.

“After boiling it, we have to dry it to make it clean. Well, this takes time as well.”

It takes even more time to fashion the cup.

After it’s boiled, it needs about seven days to dry.

I carved a little bit off the dried wood from a week ago. Thinking that it was enough for one day, I cleaned up and left the workshop.

It was the start of the long polar nights.

I

Chapter 18: Season of Change

Chapter 18: Season of Change

Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

Yet again, the sun did not rise today.

At the first day of the polar nights, the snow stopped falling. But soon afterwards, there was a stormy weather.
After a few days of that, the wind finally stopped and the sky became clear.

Today, we have to feed and clean the reindeers in the forest. Even if I am the lord, I have to take care of precious property.

After breakfast, I fed the dogs and took them out. The destination is of course the reindeers' forest. Because they were going out after a long time, the dogs rushed out without holding back.
When I was about to tell Sieg, who was cleaning up the tableware, that I was going out, I soon heard a reply from outside the door.

"Hey, Sieg, watch your step…… hm?"

For some reason, Sieg was staring vacantly ahead.

"Sieglinde?"
"This is……"
"?"
"Beautiful."
"!"

What Sieg was bewildered at was the world of faint light that could be seen only during the polar nights. In the whole day, only during this time we can see clearly. Furthermore, it can only be seen for a short while.

It was not the darkness but a clear blue silence that spread out before our eyes. This was the short moment between morning and evening, a fantastical world. I recall my father saying that.
For me, it was a sight I had been seeing all my life, so it was nothing special like

auroras.

I wanted to let Sieg calmly watch the scenery, but the dogs did not let us wait. They were just running around me, urging me on, but ultimately they ended up running up to Sieg as well.

“Ah, sorry. Shall we go?”
“Sorry about that. The dogs disturbed you.”
“No, we don’t have much time. Let’s hurry.”

Taking a lantern, feed, cleaning tools, as well as a gun and a knife just in case, we started walking.

◇◇◇

The reindeer feed is a solid feed bought from a merchant. It’s round, and I mix berries, barks and moss in them as well.
Because of that, we have those foods stored in the village storehouse. We took all those to the fenced area.

Since the feed is packed tightly, it’s quite hard. The too was rather big, just a little bigger than a seven-year-old child, so we had to roll it to the forest.

I ordered the dogs to stay outside the fence and play, and Sieg and I rolled the feed in and entered.

There are four feed boxes. We have make two round-trips. But that’s not all the work.
Though it was being stored inside, as it was stored in a room without heating, the lump of herbage was frozen solid. We had to crack that apart with an axe.

“We can’t just pound it. We have make sure that the blade cuts in through the cracks.”

I passed some feed over to Sieg.
While beads of sweat formed on our brows, we finished putting the feed in the feed boxes. Then we cleaned up their excrements and went back home, calling the dogs by whistling.

On returning home, I took off my clothes and wiped my body with a cloth soaked in medicinal water. If I do this carelessly here, I’ll end up catching a cold.

When I went to the living, there was Sieg boiling some water.

“That, is that coffee?”
“I just remembered that I brought some from my house.”
“Ooh!”

In this country too, coffee is a loved drink. Us northern people might even have the highest coffee consumption rate. However, here we like to drink things that warm up our body. So we drink spiced strawberry juice or mulled wine, or tea from herbs in the forest. They’re all drinks made from ingredients harvested from mother nature from spring, the beginning of thawing, to autumn.

Our people, being a fundamentally self-sufficient people, try to not spend anything wastefully.
So even though it’s a drink that people of our country love we do not have many opportunities to try it.

Sieg started preparing the coffee.
She put some coffee beans in the grinder in grounded them finely. On a deep spoon with very fine holes, she laid on a wet cloth and put the ground coffee over it.
Then she placed the spoon on a bottle, fixing it in place so that it will not spill. She then slowly poured hot water over it.

That cotton fabric seemed to be something specially made for making coffee. Since it was the first time I saw such a method, I ended up observing it a lot.

The coffee slowly dripped into the bottle, making a plop plop sound.
{TN: The Japanese word here for the onomatopoeia is potari potari.}

I stared at Sieg who was paying attention to the bottle. Her eyelashes pointing upwards through her hair was lovely. In this sunless season, her red hair shined like the sun.

I stared at my wife who was making coffee earnestly.

“Sugar?”
“……”
“Ritzhard”
“!”

I flinched at having my name called. I was staring at Sieg's hands, so I was distracted. When I asked her what it was, she asked about what she should do about sugar.

"What should I do"
"?"
"No, I did drink coffee before."

As he disliked the sweet spiced drinks, my father frequently enjoyed coffee, but he stopped drinking them when my grandfather said that it's wasteful. The last time I had coffee was a long time ago when I was little. I can somewhat recall putting in lots of reindeer milk and sugar in them. In retrospect, it really was an extravagant drink as grandfather said.

The sugar Sieg brought from her house were cubical. They were in a ceramic container, and I was surprised from the fact that it even had its own utensil for grabbing sugar.

"Sieg, how much do you put in?"
"About three cubes."
"Then I'll also have three."

Sieg stirred the sugar in. When I got my cup of coffee, I was surprised by the aromatic smell.
She said that by using the cloth, it gets filtered well that one can enjoy a purer taste and smell.

I calmly enjoyed the scent and then took a sip.

"Wow, delicious!"

It went down smoothly, and the taste was rich. I could say that it was the best coffee I ever had.

Sieg too must have been satisfied.
From one sip, her frown slightly loosened.

I continued observing her without ever tiring.

Seeing that she put in three cubes of sugar, I can assume that she likes sweet things. Here, there are no sweet confectionaries though. There are not enough

leftover sugar, flour, eggs and butter to bake confectionaries.

I was forcing an inconvenient lifestyle on her. That thought crossed my head.

To relieve myself of that worry, I asked a question to Sieg.

"Hey, is there anything that you wish for?"
"Why so suddenly?"
"No, well, in this village, there is no custom to hold a large celebration for a marriage, and there is no custom to gift rings like in other countries. I was wondering if there was anything you wanted in lieu."
"……"

I knew already that even if I asked, she would reply "Nothing really".

Sieg said that she wanted us to be a temporary couple for a year.
In other words, it meant not expecting not anything from each other.

"Sorry, talking about something like this suddenly……"
"Please teach me the language of this country."
"Pardon?"
"If possible, I'd like to be able to converse about daily life in this country's language."
"……"

From an unexpectedly modest wish, I was at a loss for words.
Seeing me like that, Sieg examined me worriedly.

"You don't want to?"
"N-no, it's not, that I don't want to."
"Then please teach."
"Yes, I'll be glad to."

After that, she silently spent the time sipping coffee.

The silent space was somehow pleasant.

◇◇◇

The busy days continued.
Fermenting, butchering, processing fur and crafting.

In between times I worked, I also taught Sieg the language of this country.

As I taught a smart student, it wasn't all that hard.

It's already been a month since the days when the sun did not rise start.
I was worried because it was the first time, but Sieg remained unchanged.

The darkness makes people depressed.
I too also had that in the past.
Not wanting to wake up in the morning, spending too much time on just one cup, and not wanting to eat.
My father, who is a scholar, said that people start behaving strange if they do not receive enough sunlight.

However, this year, I did not feel at all depressed. It was all thanks to Sieg.

During that time, a letter, delivered once a week, arrived.
It was for Sieg.

Upon seeing the envelope, Sieg's grey eyes went wide in surprise. I wanted to ask what happened, but I did not want to stick my nose in so I kept still.

A short silent moment later, Sieg talked to me.

"Ritz."
"Hm?"
"My old comrade-in-arms wants to come out here for a trip……"
"Eh, really!?"

It seemed that it was a letter telling her about the schedule. Since it did not herald anything bad, I sighed in relief but ended up murmuring, "Really, Sieg's country's people really do like auroras."

"It says that the trip will be a month later. It also says that the route is the same as the one I took."
"Then I'll have to go out."

From the ice-free port Sieg disembarked at, there is no transport to my village. So I have to go out with a reindeer sleigh.

"……Sorry"
"No, tourists are always welcome."
"But aren't the inns closed at this time of the year?"

“It’s alright. Staying at our house is fine, right? We do have some empty rooms to share.”
“……Sorry, I’m at a loss for words.”
“Don’t worry. I also want to meet Sieg’s friend.”
“No, I don’t have that kind of relationship with him……”
“Hm?”

……Huh? Her comrade is a man.

And what do you mean ‘that kind of relationship’!? Hey, Sieg!!

But I couldn’t possibly say that, so I just said, “How interesting,” and left.

You know what, I’m gutless.

Chapter 19: A Special Gift and Preparations for the Guest

Chapter 19: A Special Gift and Preparations for the Guest

As we continued working, Sieg's wooden cup (kuksa) started taking shape.

"It's a bit warped."
"No, it's good for a beginner."

The neat semi-circular cup is completed by glazing it wax.
The first completed product tilted slightly when placed on the table.
I told her that it can still be used if it's filled with drinks, but Sieg only made a bitter expression.

"Since this is made by you, let's gift this to your parents. I'll make another one."
"Is that okay? Isn't this an important source of income?"
"Sieg, this is said to bring happiness. So I want your parents to have it."
"……"
"Let's send it with a letter."

I patted Sieg, who was still looking worried, and went to my room to get a letter paper and a pen.

When I came back to the living room, Sieg was comparing the usual kuksa that we use and the kuksa she just made.

"Bringing happiness, huh."
"Yup. Ah, the one you're using is also carved after our marriage was decided."
"!!"
"It was made from a neatly grained birch burl kept for……"
"Was, that so. I didn't know."
"It's well made, right?"
"Yeah, thank you…… Erm, I don't know what I should say."

“Why?”
“I also know the difficulty of making a kuksa.”

Ah, maybe I shouldn’t have told her about that.

I instantly regretted it. I cursed my own loose tongue.

In the end, I did not know what to say, so my face continued to stay pale.

It might have been a poor attempt to cover up for my miserable expression, but I said to her the thing that I had always been thinking.

“I want to do anything possible for your happiness, and this little work is nothing.”
“……”

Sieg made a rare expression, the troubled expression.
I didn’t mean to make her like that, I thought.

I don’t like depressing moods. So to change the atmosphere, I suggested something.

“Let’s write a letter to your parents, Sieg.”
“Ah, right.”

We wrapped our kuksas in soft cloth and decided to put letters in them.

◇◇◇

Gradually, the time where there is faint light grew longer. The polar nights were almost over.

Also, the time for Sieg’s colleague to visit came closer.
“Sieg, Teoporon and I will go and meet him.”
“Is that alright?”
“Yeah. Dogs and reindeer can’t run at the same speed.”

To go and meet him, I borrowed a reindeer from a neighbour I’m close to. If there are three grown men, there needs to be more reindeer.
Sieg can drive dog sleds, but does not yet know how to handle reindeer sleighs. Dogs and reindeer run at different speeds, and have different stamina. Thus, it was not practical for Sieg and I to go together.

“Alright. Then, I’ll write a message telling him to find a cute white bear.”
“Uwa, won’t he faint from that?”
“If he faints from just seeing the head of the Rango family, he’ll be having a hard time here.”
“Really?”
“That’s how it is.”

While saying that, Sieg smiled mischievously.

I laughed at how her former colleague was being treated so poorly, but at the same time I was envious of how close they seemed.

Once the polar nights are over, the hunting life will start again.

Soon, guests will be visiting, so I was putting more effort into hunting. We’re having a guest in a long time. Moreover, the guest time is an acquaintance of Sieg.

The target today is an elk, quite possibly the largest kind of hoofed animals around this area. It does not smell, so it’s a popular game for foreigners that visit this area.
Because of the season, there is little food so they are a little thinner than usual. Still, to prepare something that tasty for him, Sieg and I struggled.

It is said that the meat is tastier when the prey is caught before it’s blood gets hot. Thus, I set many traps around the forest, but there were no catches there. While petting a dog, I told Sieg that now that we have to hunt now that it came to this.

I signalled the dogs and the two of us hid in the shade.

It’s cold trying to not move from the spot in any case.
Sieg too knew that she can’t move because she had to stay silent, so she said that she couldn’t even rub her back.

Unable to endure the cold, I took a sip from the flask of alcohol I had on my breast pocket. The strong drink damaged my gums and my tongue, and gave a burning heat to my throat.
This alcohol that I bought from a merchant for its effect of warming someone up was a failure. Rather than warmth, I was more bothered by the pain.

I was staying silent for a reason, yet I ended up coughing violently. To such a lame me, Sieg just softly patted my back.

I told Sieg that it was a strong drink. After receiving it, she hesitated for a moment and took a sip. Without coughing, she drank it. She murmured that it indeed was a strong drink and returned the flask.

An hour later. Somewhere far away, I could hear dogs barking. It seemed that they were chasing after a deer.

I ordered Sieg to move a little back and then waited for the dogs, while holding my gun up.
After I waited for a while, two dogs appeared, chasing a deer.

I blew my whistle for the next order. Then, one dog circled the deer and stopped it in its tracks.

Now was the chance to shoot. Sieglinde took her shot first.

One shot.
The bullet pierced the deer's neck. It was also a spot that killed the creature in one shot.

The moment the deer collapsed, I ordered the dogs to disperse, then approached the fallen prey.

"Sieg, you did it."
"Yeah."

I went closer and confirmed the kill. The caught deer was a female one, about a year old.
The tastiest meat comes from small female ones. Male ones had uneven clumps of tasteless fat.

There was no time to just at the prey in admiration.
Because it is better to drain the blood and butcher the deer quickly.
Using the slope in the forest, we let it bleed from its neck as we took it home.

When we arrived home, we took it to the hut and asked Teoporon for help. We tied its hind legs and hung it up on a hook hanging from the ceiling.

The female deer's fur shined beautifully. For later use, I skinned from the legs.

Thanks to Sieg, I was able to do it in half the usual time.

After skinning it together, we then tore its belly with a big knife and gutted it. During that process, I checked if there were any parasites in is liver and bile duct, then threw it out. With a wet cloth, we cleaned the meat. Then a pouch full of snow was placed inside it, and it was left for a night.

The day after, I carved the meat by the parts.
Roughly by its body, behind, legs, and neck. It is then matured for about then days, then it is divided into more parts.
Normally, it needs to be aged for about a month to be perfect, but unfortunately our guest is arriving in two weeks.

“Well, like this, there’s no worry over meat.”
“Yeah.”

Other than that, we hunted rabbits and birds and froze them under the snow. I suggested to hunt one more reindeer, but Sieg stopped me from doing that.

In two weeks, I will be going out to meet Sieg’s acquaintance.
I took five hours to get to the port the before his arrival, then spent an awkward night with Teoporon.

The next day.
It was almost time for the ferry to arrive, so I waited at the pier.
Since he already knew who to look for, I told Teoporon that he will come for us and continued to wait.

A few minutes later.
Finally one man came and talked to us.

“——Er, erm, might you be, Count, Levantret?”

The man who spoke in our language, albeit rather poorly, was a tall, blond-haired and blue-eyed man of a refreshing disposition.

Author:
Next chapter will be in Sieg’s colleague’s perspective.

Chapter 20: Emmerich David’s Activity Report

Chapter 20: Emmerich David’s Activity Report
Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

It started on the first day when I was assigned to the elite contingent.

There was one person that had a slender figure in the unit full of burly men, so I felt curiosity at this disharmony. When I heard the story, it seemed that that person was from a powerful noble family. That moment, my question disappeared.

The army is merit-based, but it is also easy to advance in position from one’s family’s influence.

When I talked to that fair-faced noble, I found out that the boy also was assigned to the unit on the same day. Though it was a little, we started chatting in between our drills.

That was the meeting with Sieglinde von Wattin.

I want to go back in time and hit myself back then who thought of her as a noble boy.
She, Sieglinde, is an honourable and clever noblewoman.

Through some sort of fate, Sieglinde and I spent along time together in the same unit.

There were also many times when she saved my life…… though there were some vexing occasions.
The most embarrassing time was when we were stranded in the snowy mountains. When I went with Sieglinde to hunt for food, I was rammed by a deer and fell unconscious.
She killed the deer on the spot, but after weighing the values, she decided to save my life.

Well, since there were many dying soldiers even if she went back, it was a wrong choice she made to have abandoned the food and take a fallen man back.

However, her decision to haul me back and treat my wounds saved my life.

I realised that I had feelings for her when I heard rumours that she was looking for a marriage partner.
From my overflowing newfound feelings, I was in confusion.

Sieglinde is older than me. She also is from a good family.
Though she refused promotion and stayed in the same rank as myself, but she had more decorations than me.

I had been giving up the idea of proposing to such a woman.

But even for a man like me, an opportunity came. I heard from her uncle and superior that Sieglinde is participating in a ball to find a marriage partner.

“No one is going propose to me anyway,” she had been saying, so I was betting my chances on that.
Also, it might have been hard to propose to her in her military uniform, but if I saw her in a dress, I was confident that I could find the courage to propose to her.

The ball came. I met with the worst possible situation.

Sieglinde appeared in her military uniform, and even wore her decorations that she did not usually wear.

—— She was shining brilliantly. Really, she felt like someone that someone like me should approach.

I don’t know if it was the glint from her medals or her brilliance that blinded me then.

Being surrounded by women, Sieg was quickly separated from others.
When I went outside to take a breather and came back in, she was nowhere to be seen.

I then heard that Sieglinde was proposed to by ‘the Yeti of the Borderlands (Lappland)’ and that her marriage was concluded.
{TN: Sorry, 雪人 meant yeti rather than snowman in Japanese. Or should I keep snowman as in ‘abominable snowman’?}

I demanded to know what kind of man he was, and he turned out to a count

from another country. He is from an old house, and his status was fitting for her.

I felt at a big loss. She did not even look at me and was taken away, or so I was assaulted by this arbitrary anxiety.

However, it was too late. I don't know much about this Yeti who sounded like a bear, but I got the impression that Sieglinde will be spending a barbaric life in the borderlands.

However, I was surprisingly persistent.

Thinking of the land she will be going, I thought of it as the worst possible choice.
I felt worried for her.

Also, there was the fact that I wouldn't be able to see her soon. Finally, I went to her house and proposed to her.

As expected, her answer started with "I'm happy that you see me that way," but ended tragically with "but I have a fiancé."

That was how I parted with her.

Some months after that shock, I disembarked on that foreign land.

This was the country Sieg married away to.
I came here to see if she was living happily here.

I already did expect it to some degree when I came out of the ship cabin, but it wass quite cold. Rather, it was biting.
I wonder if this what it means to feel pain from gales? ……No, this doesn't seem to be it. I thought I as I disembarked.

On Sieglinde's letter, she told me to look for a white bear. Her husband and her servant will come and get me.

However, I was mistaken about the method of transport. Who could have imagined that reindeer sleighs were still important in an age in which steam cars were being invented.

What do you mean by white bear, I want more details Sieglinde! I thought as I wandered about.

Then I realised it. That her husband's nickname is definitely 'the Bear of the Borderlands'.

Sieglinde's husband must have been as big as a bear and must have been bulging with muscles. I imagined that she must have fallen for a man that was stronger than her.

I was adequately tall, but I was thin for a man of the military. When I heard from my grandfather that our genes made it hard to gain muscles, I felt despair.

I was not fit to her taste so I was rejected, or so I consoled myself as I walked on foreign lands.
As I waded through the crowd, I noticed something.

—— It was a white bear.

For a moment, I really thought it was bear and dropped my luggage. But on a closer look, it was a giant wearing bear fur.

Th-that's Sieglinde's husband!?

Thick arms, great chest muscles, and a ripped belly that was almost disgusting to look at. That appearance had a wildness that my instinct appealed me to not approach hi.

He wasn't wearing anything other than the bear fur (though he did have trousers on). Was that force a proof of his life in this arctic land.

——S-scary.

Pathetically, such emotions formed.

When I looked to the side of Sieglinde's bearish husband, there was a man that looked like a servant so I looked to him for help.
Unlike the man-bear that had brown skin, that man, as though he lacked pigments, had white skin, white hair and blue eyes that had a beautiful shade like a gem. I felt sure that this was the servant that Sieg mentioned in her letter.

Unable to face the lionesque man-bear, I talked while looking at the servant.

Might you be Count Levantret I asked.
I then presented myself as Emmerich David in the language spoken here that I learned before I came.

“Ah, it’s alright. I can speak David-san’s country’s language!”

Oo, thank goodness. The servant can translate. He also kindly took my bags. I relaxed at seeing this friendly servant.

As we talked, I felt that the man was good, so I told him that he didn’t have to speak politely.

“He’s Teoporon. We can’t communicate well with him, but he’s a good man.”
“——Pardon?”

Because I was wearing the earmuffs the servant gave me, I didn’t hear him well, but strode on regardless.

I followed him, taking care to not look at the bearish husband.

Thankfully, unlike my fears, the sleigh was wider than I thought.
Of course, there was no roof, and the reindeer was too big. Moreover——.

“Then, sit in between Teoporon’s legs.”
“……”

This ‘Teoporon’ he’s been speaking of, is this a word in his language? I wanted to know the meaning, but I wasn’t able to speak because of the cold.

The servant smiled nicely and asked me to sit in between Sieglinde’s bear-like husband’s legs.

“The sleigh is quite fast.”
“……”

The servant explained that he’ll be controlling the reins, and that I’ll sitting with the bear, on top of that in between his legs, on a linked sleigh.

Thus, as I entrusted myself to this middle-aged man, the sleigh started moving.

The long trip was miserable.
First, the sleigh was scary. It was fast, and I was scared that I might get thrown off any moment. If I didn’t have my body secured by the bear, I imagined that I would have had myself hurled onto the snow already.

We proceeded while resting on the way, but the food did not fit my taste. The deer meat was sinewy and hard, and the herbs that probably were used to get

rid of the smell were also exotic. The bread was black, made from barley, and was as hard as rocks. Even in their drinks, the wine was spiced. I wondered why they would do such a thing, but feeling my body warm up soon I somewhat understood.

Sieglinde's husband never said a word. The only comfort was the young man who consoled me on this hard trip.

He had a thin line that suggested that facial hair might not even grow on him, and for a man there was an ephemeral mood to him.
While I was thinking that, the sleigh suddenly stopped. The servant suddenly took out his gun and shot something, then squinted. He got off the sleigh, apologising, and brought something back.

In the servant's hand was a white rabbit. Apparently, it was a rare species, so he was happy to be able to gift this.

The rabbit carcass was placed by my feet. I could feel its legs go hard from rigor mortis. I murmured, "sorry, sorry" for some reason.

The man did not look very dependable, but he was still a proper hunter.

The sunlight slowly went away. When I checked the clock, it was still the afternoon.

Anyway, travelling in the dark was frightening. There was only a small lantern to light the way.

Even as I felt nerve-wracked, we somehow arrived at the village.
At the end, I couldn't even walk properly, that Sieglinde's husband carried me on his back.

White bear hair, it's warm.

Like so, while I was entrusting my legs to someone else's waist, we arrive.

"I'm back! Sieg, Sieglinde!"
"……?"

For some reason the servant called Sieglinde. And he even skipped the honorifics.

The husband took away the reindeers and the sleighs, and there was only the

servant, myself and Sieglinde who just came out.

“Welcome.”

From meeting each other after a long time, Sieglinde greetly with a smile. I wondered if I should dare sharing a hug while her husband was away, but the next word was completely unexpected.

“——Did you really think I would say that?!”
“H-hii~~!!”

From the sudden loud noise, I flinched.

“——?”

Narrowing her eyes and staring at me with scary eyes, my old colleague did something unexpectedly.

She hopped lightly on the spot, and then raised her knees, running over here. Without dropping her speed, she spun and kicked me.

“Gueffu!!”

Of course I didn’t expect an attack, so I ended up collapsing on the spot. Even here, the kind-hearted servant ran up to me and lent me a hand.

“……Wattin, why”
“Wattin is my old surname. Call me Countess Levantret now.”
“……H-how harsh.”
“You’re the one that’s being harsh on us. Coming at this season!”
“……”

I was definitely not welcome. I felt a little sad.

“Let’s go inside.”
“……”

Still supporting me up, the servant brought me inside.

I glared at Sieglinde, because I could not accept how someone I met today was being kinder to me than someone I knew from many years ago.

“Ritz, you don’t need to feel sympathy for this man.”

So this man’s name was Ritz.

Ritz, you really are a good person.

But then I found out something absurd inside.

This kind Ritz-kun was Sieglinde's husband.

"Why did you have such a misunderstanding?"
"No, the Count was nicknamed as 'the Man-bear of the Borderlands'!"
"It's not man-bear, but yeti."
"Ah, well, really??"

When I said that, Sieglinde scowled at me.
I said that I could make a mistake in an attempt to calm her down, but she would not listen.

"Well, since he came a long way, it would be nice if he has good time here."
"Th-thank-"
"……Indeed. We'll have him enjoy life here!"
"!?"

I was happy that Ritz-kun welcomed me, but I only got bad vibes from what Sieglinde said.

The next day, I was sentenced to harsh work by Sieglinde.
Ritz-kun tried to not make me work stating that I am a guest, but because Sieglinde strongly argued that people here need to work, he just left the words, "……Sorry" and disappeared.
I did not even have the time to think that she was in the dominant position in their relationship before I was given a new task.

Walking dogs, digging, drawing water.
The worst was butchering animals. Even here, I ended up saying "Sorry, sorry" as I cut them.

Still, meals after working tasted better. The cook in this house was great, all the food was really tasty.
Even the deer meat that my body rejected on the way here was tasty in this house. Food just kept going down my neck.

Also, Sieglinde looked happy.
The colour of her face looked better than when she was in the army. Her

expressions seemed to be brighter as well.

Ritz-kun was treating her well too. As if she were the world's sole treasure.

There were no cracks in between the two of them. Anyone could see that they were a great couple.

Like so, my stay at this faraway village ended.
As for my return trip, there coincidentally was a merchant going to the port so I paid him to take me there.

"Thanks for your kindness."
"Yeah."
"Come and visit us again!"

Upon hearing Ritz-kun's request, Sieglinde shut his mouth. I laughed at how harsh she was.

I did not have any more business in this village. Or so I thought, but there was an unexpected meeting.
I fell in love at first sight with a woman I met on my way back. I decided to visit the village again after it thawed.

While traveling from country to country close to her, I eventually retired from the military and settled at the village, but that is a story for another time.

Translator:
Too… long…

Chapter 21: Goddess Worship

Chapter 21: Goddess Worship

Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

Once we finished receiving our guest Sieg's acquaintance, our life returned to its normal cycle.
I was worried about what kind of relationship they had, but they simply were just friends.

Emmerich said that Ruruporon's food was delicious, and even the hunted deer meat seemed to fit his taste so it was a relief.

It was also nice to my usually handsome wife's unexpected side. That even Sieg would sometimes rush out and assault someone so hard.

"Sorry about making you worry."
"No no, it was fun. However, I was surprised to hear that Emmerich once proposed to you."
"……"

Sieg's former colleague Emmerich David said that he had something to talk about the night he arrived and confessed.

That he proposed to Sieg.

He started softly speaking while the three of us were having a meal, so I had no idea how I should react.

Emmerich said that after he received that kick he realised that it was not love that he felt for Sieg.

"He didn't really have to say that during our mealtime."
"Yeah? But I felt relieved."
"Why"
"Frankly, I was worried. Our guest, your former colleague was man, but neither a friend, so I was worrying over what kind of relationship you had."
"It's just a nasty relationship we have."

“Right, I’m glad. I mean it.”
“……”

The feelings Emmerich had for Sieg was admiration, and it seemed that he proposed to her while he did not understand his feelings well enough.
I was bothered about that all the time, so I was really glad that he told the story himself.

Just that, I felt that my open personality did not help at these times.
Since this sort of thing happened, I resolved to ask questions whenever I have something I am curious about.

Sieg’s friend Emmerich was a great man.
He helped with work during his stay, and he even furtively told tales of Sieg’s heroics.

“He was an interesting person. I wonder when he’ll visit next?”
“Well, he even cried tears because of the cold, he might not visit anymore.”
“I see~”

“He is a sensitive person,” laughed Sieg. I was jealous of how close they were, but they became like that after spending a long time together. I also hope that I can quickly become like that with Sieg.

Emmerich and I also agreed on a cultural exchange. He took an interest in the folklore and crafts of this land.

While looking forward to our next meeting, our guest reception went well without any big accidents.

“Now then, let’s get to work.”
“Alright.”

Another busy day awaited us today.

◇◇◇

Once the polar nights are over, the villagers get restless about preparing for the flea market. There, one can garner a lot of wealth.

In this village, wealth was represented by one’s reindeers, but nowadays silver is preferred to flaunt one’s wealth. Usually used as accessories for clothes, or as

decorations for hats.

Most of the money people earn at the market is used to buy silver.

“Interesting culture.”
“Well, I suppose it’s possible because we are self-sufficient.”
“Yeah…… by the way, what’s this?”

Touching the flower shaped decoration on her coat, she asked.

“That was something my mother told me to give to my wife.”
“I see. It’s good.”
“Though it was hard to maintain it.”

Even though I am a Sami, I have no interest in silver. The money I earn from the market is saved up for emergencies.
The only product I am using might be just a flask for holding alcohol. That was something my rich paternal grandfather gave me as a gift when I became the lord.

If silver is not cleaned frequently, it quickly turns. It really made me respect people who had many silver things. The accessories on the clothes I use are made from carving antlers, so there’s only the flask I am cleaning.

We talked about the goods as we headed to the front door.

Sieg will be learning how to craft traditional bracelets from the women at the souvenir store. Since the table for lining up goods are empty in this season, they seem to be using that.

As to why this happened, it all started from when Sieg got closer to the women when she went out on her strolls. Her special ability to charm women also worked in many countries.

Thanks to Sieg attracting people even here, miraculously, our house would finally learn how to make bracelets.

Carving things out of hard birch, like cups, dishes and spoons are the men’s job, but making bracelets and accesories are the women’s job. There are many crafters in this village. The mothers and fathers of the households have been succeeding the traditional crafting over generations.

“Then, see you later.”
“Have a safe trip…… be careful of the elderly people.”
“Understood.”

After advising that there are some xenophobic elderly people who sometimes get violent, I let Sieg go. After that, I also started working.

Today, I will be making wooden dolls.
It’s not a traditional craft, but something I started on my own. After hearing on the flea market that dolls of small animals are popular, I tried making it.
The first work, an adult white bear, did not sell well, but the baby bears sold well so now the shopkeeper lady is even urging me to make more quickly.

While I was carving more baby bears since the tourist season was coming around, Miruporon brought brought a lantern into the room.

“Oh, it’s already dark.”

Before I realised it, it had gotten dark. It seems that I was working only from the light from the fireplace.

“Hey, Miruporon, where’s Sieg?”

Holding up my index finger, which meant mother, I asked about Sieg’s whereabouts. Miruporon shook her head. Sieg’s not back yet.

Here in this village we normally stay outside only until sunset.
I was worried, so I picked up the lantern and decided to go get Sieg.

From the store that usually closed when it got dark, light was flowing out of he windows.
Since the lady here usually closes up and goes home after dark, I thought it rare and peeked in.

“——H-huh?”

In the store, there were many women ranging from teenagers to women in their fifties. In the centre, there was Sieg. It was like the concubine’s hall I once saw in an old picture.

‘How did it come to this,’ I thought as I was about to open the doors. Suddenly a hand was placed on my shoulder, so I let out a yelp.

When I calmed down and turned around, there was a girl reputed as ‘the village’s prettiest girl’.

Her name is Aina Salonen Bergholm.
She’s also famous for having the strongest personality among the village girls.
She had white hair and blue eyes, which was not rare around these parts, but a passing merchant said that her facial features were unlike anyone here.

By the way, the name ‘Salonen’ between our first name and surname means ‘people of the forest’. As proof that we are from this village, people here all call themselves Salonen.

I tilted my head at this situation wondering why she was grabbing my shoulder.

“Eh, what?”
“——Right!?”
“Heh?”

Aina is sixteen years old. She is quite tall and looks mature, but she is still at an age where she could be called a girl.
Looking somewhat hurried, she tightly squeezed my shoulder with her right hand.

“Erm, Aina? Can you say that again?”
“……”
“Come on, it’s cold.”

I had no coats on. Aina too had earmuffs, but no hats, gloves and coats.

A while later, she made up her mind and said it.

——You’re here to become a member of people who like Sieglinde-sama, right?

“Eh, what’s that?”
“You were peeking inside without even knowing that?”
“Ha?”
“That’s the meeting of people who like Sieglinde-sama.”
“……”
“Like that, while she is being taught about traditional crafting, we spend some time talking.”

“H-heh~”

I was at a loss for such an organisation springing up.

“So, to talk with Sieglinde-sama, you have to pay a membership fee to the owner here.
“W-why?”
“I-if you are caught talking with a foreigner, you’ll be scolded by old people, right? So the lady is charging a rental fee? or something like that.”
“Aa, I see.”

Being run by a foreign lady, elderly people with old ideas don’t approach here. I was impressed at how she money off that fact.

“……So?”
“……”

I sort of already knew, but I asked nonetheless.
Her grandparents hate foreigners. So I guessed that there was something about Sieg.

“Stop chatting about and o it! I’ll go in together with you!”
“Hey, wait, Sieg is my wife.”

I was forced inside.

“This is a rare sight.”
“Hello.”
“……”
“My lord, are the baby bears completed yet?”
“N-not yet.”
“Please hurry up.”
“Yes.”

Hiding behind me, Aina was grabbing my arm and stayed silent. Because of her grandparents, she never came to this store before.

As if she was threatening me, she rolled a fist in my side. It hurt.

“Ah, sorry. Erm, she wants to go in that Sieglinde club.”
“Ah, right!”

Inside, with Sieg at the centre, there was a strange mood.
From a drawer under the counter, she took out a wooden bracelet with flower patterns.

“Five markkas.”

The bracelets usually cost about four markkas. I stared at the owner lady for an explanation.

“There’s also the danger money for when we’re caught.”
“Ah, I see.”

If this secret meeting is found out by the elderly people, it seems that the owner lady here is taking all the blame.

“Aina, it’s five markkas.”
“……”

While using me as a shield, she placed a bracelet and a small patch of fur on the counter. It seems she’s bartering because she doesn’t have money. After she received the flower-patterned bracelet, my side was finally liberated from her fist.

The owner lady was about to close up, so she went inside to tell that it was time to disperse.
I was about to say to Aina, ‘It’s unfortunate that you couldn’t speak with Sieg today,’ but she was looking at the bracelet joyfully so I decided not to.

“Ah, that’s right!”
“Hm?”

While I was staring at Sieg who was soothing a girl who started crying, Aina spoke to me.

“Did you have a foreign guest some time ago?”
“Are you talking about Emmerich?”
“I don’t know his name!”
“Was there something?”
“……He suddenly asked for name in poor language so I ignored.”
“……I-I see.”

So he tried to pick up a pretty girl? As expected of someone who came this far out just for Sieg. Well, I can understand him though. I also proposed because I fell in love at first sight.

“If it’s someone you know, tell him to not speak to me again.”
“Why not?”
“He’s a foreigner!”
“Hehh.”
“What!”
“What’s that in your hand then?”
“!”

Aina looked at the flower-patterned bracelet in surprise, then put it in her pocket.

“R-remember this!”

With a mysterious line, Aina left the store.

After stopping the child’s crying, Sieg and I took her home and then returned home.

Translator:
Oh where is this Sieglinde-ism club let me join please.

That aside, those who guessed it was Miruporn, gotcha! It was a new character!

Here are the pictures of Aina and Emmerich:

And I was able to upload this since I had no morning classes today!

I

Chapter 22: Not Alone

Chapter 22: Not Alone
Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

After we returned home, I asked how she got so close with the women of the village. She replied that they got friendly while they were talking.
However, leaving aside the young women who were used to foreigners, I couldn't help but wonder at how older women at her mother's age easily opened up to her.

Also, we started the tourism business only a few decades ago.

It's something that can't be helped, so the topic was over then.

The next day, when I turned in the completed baby bear figures after the wax dried, the owner lady told me the story of how Sieglinde-ism formed.

Sieg's hobby is taking strolls every morning.
Meanwhile, it seems that many things happened.

"The lady at Holm-san's place, her husband hurt his back."

When the lady was trying to remove the snow from the roof, Sieg passed by. She then offered to remove the snow herself. She even did so until the husband's back healed.

"She came everyday to remove the snow, and when the lady asked her name to thank her, she just said, 'I'm not anyone great to name myself' and valiantly left."

Other than that, she helped people with chopping wood, drawing water, and even walked dogs for others. Though Sieg was being humble, she did help all the working ladies on her stroll.

"I see. So that's why everyone's her follower."
"This is what happened. Plus she's a hunk."
"Though she's a woman."
"Everyone knows, I think everyone's just feeling yearnful."

“Hmm.”

Indeed, work in the morning is tough. Most men do not work in the morning, so women do the work in the morning. Sieg might have been a healing factor for them.

“By the way, I wonder what happened between the daughter from Bergholm-san’s place and Sieglinde-san.”
“……”

I could somewhat guess how Sieg and Aina met. Some time ago, Sieg mentioned at breakfast that she helped a woman that was being chased by a boar. Isn’t that Aina? I guessed.
In addition, Sieg did not say that she was there, and was thinking about telling her or not.

In this village, women can assist with catching reindeers, and although it’s limited to small animals they sometimes hunt as well. However, that is usually only done during emergencies, such as when the head of the house has collapsed from illness or injury.

I did not hear any news of Bergholm family’s head falling from illness or injury. I usually keep hearing such news from visiting merchants.

In that house, there are no men in the prime of their life. Aina’s father died early, and she is living with her mother and her grandparents.
She is the only daughter, but because of her strong personality she did not care much about marriage. From their circumstances, I feel that it’s better if she married quickly, but since the person in question has no plans to I can’t help it.

Though there is only an elderly man there, her grandfather is the best hunter in the village. Thus, there is no need for Aina for hunt, but since he might have gotten injured or sick so I decided to visit them out of worry.

However, it turned out that I was unduly worried.
I coincidentally saw Aina’s grandfather haul back a large boar back on his reindeer sleigh.

“——Ah!”

Found Aina!

Seeing her sneak about, I talked to her from behind her.

“What are you doing there?”
“Hii!”

In her hands, there were an old-looking bow and handmade arrows. It was certain that Aina was using old hunting goods.

“Aina, your grandfather’s healthy, why are you trying to go out hunting?”
“I-it’s not like you need to know, right!?”
“It’s dangerous.”
“……”
“Just a while ago, I saw your grandfather hauling back a nice boar, you know?”

When I said those things, Aina shot a ferocious glare at me.
And then she vented out her anger on me.

“As if the lord would know my feelings!”

Aina threw the bow and arrows on the ground and ran off.

I couldn’t chase after her. Teenage girls are difficult. She wouldn’t listen even if I tried to persuade her.

Even though I still felt clouded, I returned home.

◇◇◇

“I was thinking of going out to get you.”
“Sorry.”

Sieg was waiting for my return on the porch. Since I normally return straight away after turning in the goods at the store, she was worried that I was late.

“It started snowing.”
“Yeah.”

Sieg gently brushed off the snow off the shoulders.

“……What’s wrong?”
“Nothing, I just thought that it is an impossible hope to want to be happy without taking everyone else into consideration.”
“That can’t be helped.”

“……”

The elderly people staunchly reject changing their way of life. However, the young people wish for change.

Sieg said that time will solve it.

“If there are any families having trouble, I want to support them.”
“Yes, of course. But don’t overexert yourself.”
“Thank you.”
“It’s not a matter that you should take it all on yourself.”
“……Yup.”

After that, Sieg brewed me some coffee.
Even my heart warmed back up, so I thanked her giving me the strength to work again.

◇◇◇

The seasons changed, and even here spring visited.
Sadly, even though it’s spring, the snow didn’t melt yet.

The women of the village all go out to the flea market in the nearby port city. There you can find processed goods made out of reindeer antlers, fur hats, shoes and coats, and also smoked meat.
Even among those, the relatively cheap birch cups and the crafts made out of reindeer leather are popular among the tourists who crossed the sea to come here.

Since it was the first time Sieg came to the market, we decided that we should sell goods together.
We’re selling wooden cups, spoons, and even a wooden carving of an eagle I made. I also laid out the bracelets Sieg made and the embroidered handkerchiefs.

When I attracted customers and Sieg faintly smiled, the goods sold quickly. A little after lunchtime, most of the goods sold out.

“Amazing, we only have three left.”
“This is a surprise. Normally it takes about two days to sell everything.”

Was it all Sieglinde effect, or was it because we worked together?
Either way, I felt relieved that I did not have to pay the fee for setting up stall on the second day.

“I’m getting a bit hungry. I’ll go buy something to eat.”

I said and went to food carts.

This year there were many more people. Rather, it almost felt like it was the most I’ve ever seen here.

Wading through the crowd, I arrived at the street where there were food carts.
I first headed to the stall that sold pork sausage (makkara). The direct fired sausage on skewer is not slit open, so the skin was crisp and bouncy.
I ordered two, and received them, wrapped in paper with mustard on them.

Next, I headed to a food cart that sold bread.
When I was thinking of buying something that we didn’t usually eat, I saw something piled.
Named ‘a slap on the ear (korvapuusti)’, this bread is made by applying plenty of butter on the surface and sprinkling sugar and spices. The outside is crispy, and its unique sweet spice smell tickles the nose. Thinking of buying some as souvenir for the Rangos, I bought about twenty nice sized loaves.

Finally, I bought salmon soup (Lohikeitto). We always had smoked fish. So when the shopkeeper said that it’s made from fresh salmon, I was immensely attracted.
The shopkeeper said that it’s made using milk. Since milk is hard to get in the village, it’s a luxury. The stock is made using seasonal root vegetables and fresh salmon, with plenty of cheese and spices. The soup was being boiled slowly while steam was rising. I bought enough for two people.

From buying food, both my hands were full. I decided to buy the drinks later and returned through a less crowded route.

“Oh, it’s sold out.”
“It just sold out.”

Even the spoons that weren’t selling sold out. On the now empty table, I laid out the food I bought.

“I’ll go buy the drinks.”

Without waiting for my reply, she went out. A few minutes later, she returned holding coffee for two.
Sold in bottles, the coffee was full of milk and sugar. It warmed the body soothingly.

All the food we bought were tasty. I thought for a moment that it’s quite nice going out together with Sieg to eat, but since tourists will start coming for auroras we will be getting busy. There is no time to laze around.

After resting, when I stood up, Sieg grabbed my wrist.

“What is it?”

Sieg was searching for something in her pocket. When I wondered what was up, she started coiling something up on my wrist.

“Ah!”

It was a traditional ornament made with reindeer leather, embedded with tin. For the clamp, it was made out of a reindeer antler.

“Sieg, this is?”
“My first good product.”
“Handmade?”
“Yeah.”

Sieg gifted me with a handmade bracelet.

I was overwhelmed by joy, and I ended up standing there without being able to say anything.
Seeing me like that, Sieg explained that she was still poor at it, so I shook my head in denial.

“Sieg, thank you so much. I’m happy.”
“Is that so.”
“……”
“……”

To give her a kiss of thanks, I brought my face closer, but I remembered that she made a troubled face just before the lips touched.

So I stopped, and paid a visit to her ear.

“Erm, Sieg, can I kiss you?”
“……”

Wonderfully ignored. As I thought, it’s not possible. I hung my head. When I was about to look up and laugh it off, she opened her mouth.

“——It’s fine if it’s back home.”
“!?”

From her unexpected permission, I was shaken up.

I ended up going back home in this restless state.

I

Chapter 23: Closer Distance

Chapter 23: Closer Distance

“Then, shall we go back.”

After preparing the reindeer sleigh, I told Sieg that the preparations for going back were done.
When we were coming here with luggage, the two sleighs were connected, but during the long polar nights I made a sleigh with a bed that the two of us could ride.
I got on first, and then stretched out my hand to Sieg.

“What’s wrong?”
“Eh? No, nothing.”

It must have raised her suspicion when I turned around immediately after I checked up on her. To not see my wife’s face, I turned my head.

Unlike the previous sleighs, this one has backrests so our bodies aren’t touching each other, but because Sieg’s words of “It’s fine if it’s back home” did not leave my head, I moved awkwardly.

“……”
“We’re departing.”
“I’m in your care.”
“Yes.”

……Oh no. I’m being too conscious of it.

I regretted that I should have just ended it with a kiss on the cheek.
Of course, if Sieg says yes, I would gladly do so. However, the regret was from my own state right now.

When I stared up at the sky, there was a clear blue sky. To get back before the sun set, I ordered the reindeers to move.

The scenery is still wintry. The forest is still dyed in white.

“Ah, deers.”

A few ways from the sleigh’s route, there were deers running on the snow-covered plains.

Having the same colour as the snow, there was a herd of seven deers. Normally, I would gladly pursue them, but since in this period I didn’t hunt I moved alongside the deers.

When the sun was draping over the horizon, we arrived home. I relaxed at the fact that we were able to return before dark. Miruporon came out to greet me. I gave her the spiced bread I brought as souvenir, to which she pounded her chest as a sign of gratitude. Though her facial muscles did not twitch a bit. To my ever unchanging servant, I said, “I’m back,” and went inside.

Since the bath was prepared, I offered Sieg the bath first.
As I waited in the living room, Ruruporon brought me a warm berry drink.

“Thank you.”

Ruruporon smiled refreshingly and pounded her chest as she went away.
It’s hardly necessary to say, but Miruporon really did take after her father.

When I was left alone again, I rolled up my sleeves and felt the exquisite tin ornament with my fingers.
I remembered that my father boasted about his bracelet that he got from mother a long time ago.
Mother was a good crafter in the village, and made a tin ornament in the shape of snow flakes.

I was envious of that, so I asked him many times to give it to me, but father’s reply would always be, “Ask your wife when you marry,” a cold rejection. He definitely must have been unpopular.

While I was deep in thought, Sieg finished her bath.

“Sieg.”
“What.”

For the person of merit today, I offered her my seat. When I gestured, she put a hand on her chest, bent her knees slightly and then sat down.

“Thank you for today. Making goods, looking after the stall.”
“Not really, it’s something expected of a wife.”
“……”
“You don’t need to thank me every time.”
“……Okay.”

From Sieg’s blunt but warm words, I felt much calmer.

As for her, she might just be holding up her contract as a temporary wife. However, that did not stop me from hoping that she might be seriously become my wife through her efforts.

I had so many things going on in my head, but what came out of my mouth was something ridiculous.

“——Hey, Sieg, remember what you said at the market?”

The moment she heard that, Sieg’s face froze. There was only regret in my head.
I was anxious that she might call it out as a breach of contract.

However, her response was completely unexpected.

“Of course I do.”
“……Yes?”
“Didn’t you hear me?”
“No.”

D-does this mean kissing is fine!?

When I slowly extended my hand and touched her cheeks, which were soft and tender from just coming out the bath, I was stared by those raptor-like eyes. However, now, even that gaze excited me.

Well, if she didn’t like it, wouldn’t I have been kicked away like Emmerich. As if my weak state just then was a lie, I sprung into action.

“Sieg, please close your eyes.”
“……”

Today, my wife was obedient.

After confirming that she closed her eyes, I approached. Since it would be

dismal if I got hated from kissing her on the lips, I kissed right next to them.

When I pulled back, Sieg too opened her eyes.
Her beautiful grey eyes were dyed in a mysterious shade.

“Sorry.”
“No, no need for an apology.”
“……”
“……”

I couldn’t even laugh off this awkward mood.

When I came back to the living room after taking a bath, Sieg behaved as usual, so I felt deeply relieved that we could return to our usual enjoyable life tomorrow.

◇◇◇

It was a refreshing morning where the clear sky laid itself out. After finishing our meals I went out to the forest with Sieg.
Even deep inside the forest, the snow started melting. The silver world was thinning away.

This time, the purpose is not hunting. Since it’s a season when most animals give birth, there’s an unspoken rule that we do not hunt in this period.

“Ah, this is the tree.”

At the birch tree I was looking for, we stopped.

“Is there something different about this?”
“Yeah. It’s thicker than the other trees.”

Today we are here to tap tree saps.
Considered as a gift of the forest, the precious saps are created from trees absorbing water from melted snow. These saps can only be tapped in this season, during only one month.

The method is simple. The surface is cut, and a pipe connected to a container is put on that cut. Just by leaving it for a night, quite a large amount can be gathered.

“How are these saps used?”

“The women use it for beauty. It’s also used as an ingredient for creating powder for brushing teeth, and it’s sometimes boiled and used instead of sugar.”
“Hehh. So it’s a panacea.”
“Yeah.”

What was that, I remember father researching the substances in the birch saps.
Ah, xylitol! I think that was it. It had an effect of killing the germs in the mouth, and it is also used as a sweetener in foreign countries. Considering that people of old times did not realise that there were such substances, I thought that ancient wisdom was amazing.

After setting up many containers to collect tree sap, we left.

The next morning, when we went back to that birch tree the containers were filled with sap. Trying to not spill, we carefully returned.

Of course, sap can’t be used as is. With a fine cloth, the impurities have to be filtered out.

I spent a day filtering saps.
As saps aren’t preserved for long, we have to work fast.
The saps can be used as beauty wash for only a few days. Thus, they are combined into soap, drank as is, or used for cooking.

“Can I get some?”
“Of course.”

I handed over a small bottle full of birch sap.

“Beauty wash?”
“Aa. I was thinking that my freckles might disappear.”
“Eh!? You’re getting rid of your freckles!? Why!? They’re cute!”
“……”

Sieg narrowed her eyes. It was as though she was denouncing me.

“……Your freckles, it’s very light that you have to get close to see it, so I don’t think you need to erase them.”
“……”
“Hey, Sieg, is drinking sap tasty?”

“……”

Sieg still looked at me with a stern gaze.
I couldn’t say that Sieg worrying over freckles was cute even if mouth was to be torn.

“When did you check my skin?”
“I wonder when~”

Slowly backing away, I planned my escape.

“Then, I’ll be taking my leave.”
“Wait!”

I turned around and was about to exit, but I was seized by the scruff of my neck.

And then I received a strict interrogation from Sieg who returned to being a soldier.

I

Chapter 24: Work in Spring

Chapter 24: Work in Spring

Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

Today, I went out with Sieg early in the morning. Riding on a reindeer sleigh, we went to a nearby lake.

The lake was still faintly covered with snow.

“Is it okay?”

Sieg was worried about walking on top of the lake. Although the ice did thin from the temperature rising, it’s not yet thin enough for it to crack from a person walking on it.
However, just in case, took one step and checked if it was safe. Since it was the thawing season, the snow on the surface was wet now. This was something I experienced every year.

“It’s okay.”
“……”

I took my still worried wife’s hands and started walking on the frozen lake.

“Ritz, what about the reindeer?”
“It’s a smart one, so don’t worry.”
“Is that so.”

I separated the reindeer from the sleigh to let it move freely. It won’t be going too far off, and bears, lynxes and wolverines don’t live around this area, I explained to Sieg.

Sieg was at first worried about the ice, but once she started walking on it, she strode confidently. However, she kept holding my hand. Though it was over the gloves, my face became loose from the fact that I could touch her.

Because she was looking at my profile interestedly, I quickly brought up a new topic.

“Have you ever done ice fishing?”
“It’s the first time.”

Ice fishing is done by punching a hole through the ice and fishing there. In winter, the ice too thick to break to it’s done in early spring.

“In the cold season, arctic chars are the best.”

They have a pink shade, and taste nice. Now, their fat has risen so it’s tastiest now. Because I also wanted to salt and smoke some, I hoped to catch many of them as I prepared to drill a hole in the middle of the lake.

While I was bringing out the tools from the bag, Sieg wiped away the snow from the surface.
I’m using an ice pick. Aiming the blade at the ice, I softly struck down to create a hole. If I did it too hard, there is a possibility that all the ice in the surrounding area will collapse, so I must be careful.

The ice was thicker than I expected. Taking shifts with Sieg, we finally made a round hole in the ice.
I made a hole big enough for a large arctic char to pass through, and made another hole some distance away.

Now that the preparations were over, all that was left was to fish.
The lures are handmade fake baits. I put that on the string and lowered them in.

“Sieg, are you faring fine against the cold?”
“Aa, I’m fine.”
“I see.”

Though the extremely cold season was past, white breath still comes out and the exposed face feels pain.
However, the sky was clear and blue so I did not feel depressed.

Sieg caught the first one. The best fisher in the village indeed, I praised her in my mind.

“What’s this?”
“A perch. Be careful of the spike on its tail fin.”

Sieg caught one that had black stripes. Since there is a sharp spike on its tail

fin, it has to be cut with scissors. Though it's past its tasty season, it still is very tasty if it's grilled with spices until its surface is crispy.

Then, for an hour, nothing was caught.
I offered Sieg alcohol (that I couldn't drink) to keep her body warm.

"Sieg, I don't think we can catch more~. Shall we go back?"
"Let's stay for a while longer."
"Really? Are you fine with that?"
"Aa. I feel that I can catch some if I do it a little more."

While we were talking like that, my body protested that it was hungry.
Checking the time with my pocket watch, it was already well past noon.

Lunch was the black barley bread Ruruporon made with smoked meat and cheese.
While we were eating, Sieg suggested that we use bits of bread as bait, and that worked great.

Right after that, I was able to fish up five arctic chars.

"It really doesn't catch well sometimes. It's hard to keep watch sometimes."
"I see."

Sieg caught a small perch, a loach and an arctic char. It was great for being her first try.
I filled the bag with snow to keep the fish fresh and returned home.

When I blew the whistle, the reindeer trotted back here.

When I gave the fish to Ruruporon upon returning, she gladly received it. I could somehow convey to her that she should take three arctic chars back to her hom and that we will be using the rest for dinner.

Dinner. The dish today was made using fresh fishing, signalling that spring has come.
The perch and the loach are filled with herbs and grilled with salt. A char is served in a soup of reindeer milk, potato and herbs. There is also a grilled one, that we sprayed citrus juice over. They all went well with bread.

"I'm want to smoke some fish tomorrow, so can I go out again tomorrow?"

“Aa, I don’t mind.”

Thanks to my magnanimous lady, tomorrow’s schedule was decided on.

The next day, maybe because we lowered the strings on top a school of fish, we had a big haul of eighteen fish with just two people.

However, since we can’t take of all that fish by ourselves, we sold half in the village before we smoked the rest.

First, the fish is gutted and cleaned, then split into two pieces. Then salt is applied all over them and then they’re left. After that, it’s left to sit in a soup of herbs and alcohol. The fish is then left to dry before they’re smoked.

I’m using a method called cold smoking to preserve them for a long time. I’m using a handmade smoking racks. Since the temperature has to be controlled, it’s done at a separate smokehouse.
Using birch chips and herbs that have been dried for half a year, it’s smoked for a month.

“Sounds like it will take a long time.”
“Yeah. We’re doing this to get food over the winter.”

Since we don’t hunt in spring, this is the kind of work we usually do.

Now that the ground has thawed, we now have to get to farming.
We usually grow root vegetables like potatoes, turnips and carrots, along with onions, rapeseeds, rye and barley.
The crops are planted in spring, then are harvested in summer or autumn. They’re then put in snow in winter. There was the fact that it allowed for long-term preservation, but the cold snow also sweetened the vegetables.

After the thawing, all the men in the village help in the fields. The fields outside the walls become a terrible sight after winter, so there is hard work waiting for us to till the field from the beginning.

It’s not as though we planned on it beforehand, but we villagers naturally gathered around to wipe of the snow and till the fields. From the pressure from the piled up snow, the soil became hard so it’s hard manual labour.

We silently continued to remove the stones, roots and caterpillars from the

soil.
While I was working, an inquisitive village boy talked to me.

“Hey, my lord, you’re not with the big wife today?”
“Big wife, that’s harsh.”
“But she is about the same height as you.”
“Yeah, indeed.”

My big wife Siegnlinde working in the village to prepare for tourists. While men work in the fields, the women are preparing to greet the foreigners.
They clean the inn, wash the beddings, make snacks and craft souvenirs.

Sieg said that she wanted to help with work in the field because she thought she wouldn’t be of much help in the village. However, since farming blisters one’s hands unlike hunting, I persuaded her to help the village women.

“What about my wife?”
“No, my mum was being envious.”
“Of what?”
“That you’re always together.”
“Ah, stuff like that.”

In the village, men and women’s work are divided. Usually, men work outside and while women work inside or in the village. Since I have servants taking care of household chores, I had the fortune to work together with Sieg.

“Ah, speak of the devil.”
“Hm?”

The boy pointed to the village entrance. There, Sieg was coming over this way.

My wife brought me lunch.

It was afternoon now. Since I was planning on returning home about now, I was surprised at this sudden turn of events.

The surrounding villagers were quietly eating bread they brought form their homes. Since the village women are busy, they eat in the fields to not disturb them.

“Thank you, Sieg!”

Sieg wanted to eat with me too. To not get her wet, I laid down a leather bag for her to sit on.

I enjoyed warm bean soup, freshly baked bread and freshly brewed coffee as I chatted joyfully with Sieg.

As I was having my second cup of coffee after finishing my meal, Sieg said something while flashing her eyes sharply.

"By the way,"
"Hm?"
"I can feel gazes."
"Well, that's……"

There were no women in the village that came to visit like Sieg. Without a doubt, the men were munching on the cold breads while thinking, 'This guy, I hope he explodes.' Thinking that, I smiled wryly.

"Are women forbidden here?"
"No, no. They're just envious."
"Of what?"
"That I'm having a meal with my wife."

After that, we resumed work.

It was a very exhausting work, but surprisingly after lunch all my fatigue had gone.

I spent the days contently, thinking that spring this time was much warmer than usual.

I

Chapter 25: The Taste of Chocolate

Chapter 25: The Taste of Chocolate

Now that we loosened the frozen soil, it was now time to put nutrients in the field for the vegetables to grow.
We put fallen leaves that we collected in autumn, weeds, and reindeer droppings in the soil.

Those are then left for a month.
If it's left for three months, they rot fully, but here in this region the period in which it does not snow is not long. So we can't afford to wait longer.

Returning home later than me, Sieg looked tired, a state she did not usually show.

"Welcome back."
"It got late. I am sorry."
"No, good work today."

Sieg flopped down on a chair by the window, and frowned.

"Tired?"
"Aa, yeah……"
"It's the first time you're doing it, that's why."
"There's that too, but,"
"?"
"It's tough working with strangers."

If Sieg said that, it must have been a tough work. I felt sorry for her.

"Are you okay?"
"Don't worry. I'm just not used to the women."
"Mm."

I really don't know what I should say at these moments. If mother was here, she might have said good words of encouragement. It's unfortunate that she's

not here.

I had nothing I could do for her.
Even if I hugged her, only I would feel better.

“What’s wrong?”
“Eh?”
“You suddenly fell silent.”
“……I was just wondering where my parents are.”

It’s already been ten years since they started travelling. Mother sells traditional crafts all over the world, and father is working day jobs as the middle-aged couple enjoy their travels. A letter comes every half year, and sometimes they want to know how I am faring.

As I was deep in thought, I felt Sieg’s gaze, so I told her that there was nothing to worry about.
But she did not look satisfied.

“If it does not trouble you too much……”
“Hm?”

Sieg looked like she was conflicted.
There might not have been any need to pry, but my curiosity won.

“Sieg, what?”
“……No, nothing.”
“There’s nothing Sieg can do that will trouble me.”

Indeed. I would even gladly receive a roundhouse kick…… probably.

“Then let me say it.”
“Okay.”
“I like this village.”
“!?”
“So I am planning to spend the rest of my life here.”
“Really!?”
“I don’t lie.”

Excited from Sieg’s reply, the stifling feeling I had got blown away instantly.
Regardless of what happens with the marriage contract, Sieg will be here. I felt

happy that she will not disappear like my parents.

“You look better.”
“Thank you, Sieg!”
“Did you think I’ll be going anywhere?”
“Well, we are a temporary couple.”
“……”

Maybe because she was dumbfounded at my excitement, this time Sieg fell silent.
To change the mood, I brought out a special alcohol. However, even that did not help.

◇◇◇

And finally, the long-awaited tourist season came.
From what I heard in between work, everyone was talking about what silver ornaments they will buy.

Even the auroras, the objective of the tourists, seemed to have read the mood, appearing every night and entertaining those who were looking up.

Before this busy period came, we managed to finish sowing. Now watering, fertilising and weeding were up to the children.

Then, in an unexpected place, the Sieglinde effect showed up.

“Sieglinde-sama! I’m glad I could meet you!”
“I didn’t expect you to come out all the way here.”
“But of course!”

Sieglinde’s girl fans heard the rumours and came here. On top of that in droves.
Sieg felt sorry that she could not accompany them because of work. She was so busy that she did not have even the leisure to eat with me.

Though I complained about that, I also am spending very busy days.

“My lord! The baby bears sold out, can you do something about it?”
“What, really!? I delivered more just yesterday……”

And the dreaded souvenir shortage happened.

“I’m drying them now, I think they’ll be done by tomorrow.”
“Aa, that’s a relief.”

Even the birch tableware that are rip-offs were almost sold out. Since this wasn’t something that was to be made anytime soon, even the shop lady gave up on them. The wooden baby bears can be completed in half a day if I hurry, and with applying colour and drying the wax it takes about a day to finish. It could be made quicker compared to other traditional crafts.

“I wanted that too.”
“I wonder if it will be replenished soon~. How unfortunate.”

The crimson eagle carving that I modelled after Sieg even received requests from her fans. Even if the tourist season is over, the shop lady will probably put in orders.

“Sieglinde-san’s effect is quite unbelievable, all the villagers are surprised.”
“Somehow, I’m sorry.”
“No, it’s a joyful scream.”

We were standing and talking, but since another lady came in to deliver bracelets, I left the shop. I want to return home and quietly make more baby bears, but there are still many things to do in the village.

Meanwhile, the only restaurant in town looked like they were in distress. I peeked in from the back window, and then sneaked in to help wash the piled up dishes.

“Hey, once you’re done with dishwashing, peel the vegetables!”
“!”

On the table which had used dishes just then, a basket full of vegetables was placed with a thud. It seemed like they didn’t even notice that I was an outsider. Inside the basket, there were root vegetables like potatoes and turnips. Since I they need to be put in water after peeling, I looked for a large bowl but unfortunately they were all in use. Left without a choice, I washed a pot that had burn stains to get a bowl.

Even after that, more work was forced on me. I think they lady might never notice that I am the lord.

Well, everyone's eyes were bloodshot that it was scary, and it was no atmosphere to decline errands or announce that I am the lord.

After the lunch hours, when it was time for the restaurant workers' meals, I managed to sneak out.

As for what the men did, they were butchering reindeers. In this period where hunting is banned, the meat of the season is reindeer meat.
There also people who went to the lake to fish. There are people who dislike the strong taste of reindeer meat, so there is also demand for fish.

There was more work at night. I guided people to the observation platform in the fortress, served warm drinks to keep their bodies warm and sometimes even lent fur clothing to customers who complained that it was cold.

However, work is not over yet. After returning home, I now have to carve more wooden figures.

Having worked like that for a long time, my body now felt shaky.
However, I could not possibly say that out loud so I worked while putting on a facade.

◇◇◇

Today, when I was about to go to the restaurant to help again, I was dragged into a narrow alley by someone.

When I looked at who it was, it was someone I knew.

"H-huh?"
"Finally caught you."
"Sieglinde……"

Sieglinde leaned against the wall and heaved a sigh.
I wondered when the last time we saw each other was as we faced each other.

"You look unwell."
"Really?"

Well, I can't deny that my condition is not normal.
Today again, there was bear-san, bear-san, bear-san, and though didn't stay up all night, I did stay up late to work on the wooden carvings. I do think that my

young body that has not seen thirty years is screaming in agony.

“Sieg, are you doing alright?”
“Well, it’s as you can see.”

Like she said, there was an atmosphere suggesting that she was tired, but her complexion was fine so I was relieved.

We spent the time quietly for a while. Then, remembering something, Sieg handed me something from her pocket.

“What’s this?”
“Chocolate.”
“Where did you get it?”
“I got it from someone I know.”
“Did you have any yet?”
“……”

What Sieg gave me was a small box containing chocolate.

Contained in a small box that fit on my palms, there weren’t many pieces. Since I was hungry, I unravelled the ribbons that were wrapped around the box finely. I then took out a piece of chocolate that was beautifully decorated like a jewel and held it in front of Sieg’s mouth.

“Please open your mouth.”
“……”

Because she obediently complied, I pushed a piece of chocolate into her mouth with my thumb.

Then I also had one for myself.

“Delicious.”
“……”
“Want one more?”
“……No.”
“Can I really have this?”
“I got two of the same thing.”
“I see. Thank you.”

Because my brain and mouth weren't working normally, I tried to smile in gratitude but I don't know if I did that well. Sieg was expressionless.

When I asked what her business was, she said that she was worried because she saw me wobbling in the middle of town.

"Don't overexert yourself."
"Yes."
"Go to sleep at night."
"Indeed."
"We don't need more money, so don't take unnecessary jobs."
"Got it."
"Also……!?"

It realised that I was not at full condition because I was separated from Sieg for too long, and felt my heart healing as we talked.
However, since I thought that this busy period will continue for some time, I thought I would need to stock up for few days. In spite of myself, I was pressing my lips to Sieg's.

I pressed her body against the wall, fixed her in place by holding her cheeks with my hands and was locking my lips with hers as though I coveted them.

My head was empty, I could not think. I could only feel pleasure.

Strangely, there were no people passing by in this narrow alley.

A while later, the bell signalling noon tolled. With that, I separated myself from her.

"Thank you. It really helped a lot."
"……"

Since I had to go help the restaurant, I gave her a farewell kiss on her cheek and left the alley.

Then I spent more time working busily. I finally came to when I was exposed to the cold breeze under darkened night sky.

——Huh, wait, what did I just do to Sieg!?

Translator:

Why do I taste chocolate in my mouth when I didn’t have any…… Can someone please explain……?

I

Chapter 26: Great Self-Reflection

Chapter 26: Great Self-Reflection
Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife Having realised my sin, I headed home with heavy footsteps.

Just for days like this, my wife greeted my return on the porch.

"……Er, erm"
"You're late."
"Yes. I, just arrived. I'm sorry it became this late."
"……"

This time, even Sieg did not feign ignorance. Her grey eyes pierced me with a denouncing gaze.

She told me to come to the living room since it was cold outside. The water that was being boiled on the fireplace seemed to be done, with the cap rattling. Sieg brewed some coffee. She put three sugar cubes in and handed it to me.

Sieg's coffee is the best in the world. Even though I told her my usual impression, she replied, "I see," with a cold voice as if she were talking to a stranger.

I was afraid that Sieg was going to scold me for the incident at noon, but Sieg did not say anything.
When I stole a glance, she too seemed to be looking at me too so I turned my eyes away.

"Sieglinde."
"……"

Nothing came out after that.
Even though it was a meal that we were having together after a long time, we ate in silence. I felt like I would suffocate from the heavy atmosphere.

But since I couldn't let it go like this, I uttered out an excuse.

"Sieg, about that thing during daytime."

Sieg was still ignoring me, but I proceeded anyway.

“I think I behaved weirdly because I did not spend enough time with you.”
“……”

If I were to name this phenomenon, it would be ‘Sieglinde deficiency’. It occurs from not having enough Sieglinde.

When I said that, she looked dumbfounded.

“How stupid.”
“It’s as you say.”

As Sieg said, it really was a stupid thought. I admitted that.

“I admit that it was done on impulse, but I was not doing it casually.”
“……”

Still, one-sided love is only annoying for the partner. I apologised for that.

“Hey, can I tell you something that’s on my mind?”
“Things like that, it’s a problem that you’re keeping it all in.”
“Thank you, Sieg.”

If I stopped here, I would just end up as a flippant man, so I said what was on my mind.

“……”
“……”

My heart was quaking like it never did before.
I breathed in and out deeply, and said it.

“Sieglinde-san, please become my true wife.”
“!?”

Ah, should I have said that I love her? No, actually, adding that sounds more flippant.

Regretting it immediately, I simpered. I agonised that it might even be worse than my first proposal.

When I slowly turned my gaze toward Sieg, I found her making a surprised expression.

“Why……?”
“Sorry, I couldn’t wait until the appointed date.”

The contract was that we will get to know each other well for a year then think about marriage.

Even as I broke our promise, I proposed to her.

I am conscious of the fact that I did it arbitrarily. It’s been a few months since Sieg came. I felt sorry that there were times when she couldn’t rest properly.

However, she already became an existence that I could not live without.
Just by being separated for a while, I longed for her.

If someone asked what part of her I liked, or how I fell for her, there are so many things, but for some reason I don’t think I can reply.

Sieglinde, I really love you. Or so I want to say honestly, but because I was afraid of getting rejected my heart shut itself up tightly.

When I looked at Sieg again, she was making a troubled expression.
It was the face she had when I showed her affection.

“——I”
“Wait, Sieg!”
“!?”

I stopped her, wanting her to reply later.

“Unlike at the ball, I want you to think this thoroughly.”
“……”
“I still want to spend the rest of the time pleasantly.”

The spring that turned everything green did not come yet.
Neither the refreshing summer nor the short autumn did not come yet.

If possible, I want to spend those seasons pleasantly with Sieg as a temporary couple.

So I wanted her to reply later.

“……Alright.”
“Thank you, and,”

“Do you still have something?”
“Yes, sorry.”

I asked her to hit me at full force if I did anything she didn’t like.

I am trying to be as gentlemanly as possible in front of her, but living with the person I like, there’s no telling what might happen. I can’t say with confidence that things like today will not happen.

Fortunately, Sieg knows how to protect herself. I predict that it will be very easy for her to beat up a grown man.

“I got that too.”
“Sorry. Thank you.”
“But still, I don’t think I’ll be raising my fists anytime.”

……So it’s the legs instead of the fists, Sieglinde-san.

Recalling her roundhouse kick, I shivered.
Emmerich, being a soldier, might have been able to reduce the impact from taking a defensive action, but I might never be able to stand up again if I received Sieg’s kick.

I decided on that day that I will create the right mood before touching Sieg.

◇◇◇

Somehow, we were able to survive the tourist season. Since aurora’s have the highest chance of appearing during that period, there are tourists more during that season.

This year, thanks to Sieglinde effect, there were many more tourists so the days were unpredictable.

However, that did not mean guests stopped coming.

And today a special guest visited us.

“Long time no see! Hasn’t been that long actually, has it?”
“……Yeah.”
“I didn’t think you’d be back so soon, I’m happy, Emmerich.”

The guest is Sieg’s former colleague from the army, Emmerich David.

While we were exchanging letters, a letter that he'll be coming came two weeks ago. The letter telling that he will be arriving today came just yesterday. It was an amazing speed.

I offered him a room in my house, but this time he declined saying that he already booked a place.

And since he had said on his letter that he had something he wanted to talk about, we gathered at my house to talk.

Well, though I'm not sure what it is he wants to talk about.

I thought it was something between men, but he coolly let Sieg sit in.

Emmerich looked nervous as Sieg and I looked at him.

"——So, what is it that you want to talk about?"
"……"

Since he showed no signs of speaking, I ended up asking him.
Urged to speak, Emmerich started talking slowly in the foreign language.

"What I wanted to talk about is——"

He started off by saying that it was embarrassing to ask over the letter, and ended by saying that he has someone he likes in the village. That was the end.

"……"
"……"
"……"

Since Emmerich did not say anything more, silence fell.

"No, isn't it more embarrassing to say it in person?"

Sieg carelessly pointed that out.

Hearing that, Emmerich hung his head down.

He, Emmerich David, looks as though he has a refreshing and friendly personality, but in truth he is gentle and sensitive. Though Sieg, being used to him, can talk casually with him, I can't yet talk to him like that.

From the words before, young man Emmerich became teary-eyed, but I pretended to have not seen it.

To that crestfallen man, it was again Sieg that delivered the final blow.

“I’ll tell you this in advance, but the women in this village cannot move out. If you want to fulfill that love, you have to move into this village.”
“!?”

Emmerich turned pale with surprise.

“Just who is it that you like.”
“……”
“We won’t know unless you tell us.”
“……White hair, blue eyes.”

Sieg looked at me. No, it’s not me. I shook my head.
Most of the villagers here, regardless of sex or age, had white hair and blue eyes.

“Tell me more details.”
“……Braided hair.”

Sieg looked at me again. No no, really, it’s not me. I shook my hand in denial.
Most of the villagers braid their hair. It’s a part of the Spirit worship.

“Anything else?”
“……Very cute.”

Sieg looked over here again…… wait what. I told her that I’m not applicable because I’m not cute. To that, Sieg frowned and murmured, “Is that so.”

There was surprisingly little information on the girl Emmerich liked.

“Unfortunately, you’ll have to give up.”
“!?”
“……”

I did have an idea of who Emmerich was looking for, but I wasn’t sure whether it was a good idea or a bad idea to tell him.

Chapter 27: Aina’s Circumstances

Chapter 27: Aina’s Circumstances

Having been rebuked by Sieg, Emmerich’s eyes were welling up with even more tears. He was kind of pitiful, so I decided to provide information on that person.

“The person Emmerich likes, I think I know her.”
“!?”

After rummaging through my memories, I talked about a girl who came into contact with a foreigner (Emmerich).

“Her name is Aina.”
“A-Aina, chan.”
“She has a strong personality.”
“It’s alright.”
“……”

Emmerich became assertive the moment I started talking about Aina. It was quite heartwarming.

However, to fulfill his love with her, there are mountains of problems to solve.

“How did you come to like Aina?”

It is a touchy topic, but I have to hear it because it’s important. If I don’t hear a satisfactory answer I won’t help.

I also was thinking that I should listen before I decide anything hastily. However, young man Emmerich started speaking without hesitation unlike his behaviour just moments ago.

“——That day, though there were many villagers, only she came into my sight. The reason was that she had a very sad expression.”

Emmerich said that he saw Aina walking through with a despaired expression, so he was worried. He tried talking to her, but he was strongly spurned.

“Even when I went back to my country, she did not leave my head. Then, I realised that I fell in love with her at first sight.”

He also said that wishes to help her in any way.

“Emmerich, you’ve already heard it from Sieg, but as she explained Aina can’t leave the village.”
“……”
“If you can promise that you’ll be taking up permanent residence here, I might be able to help.”
“……”
“Well, it’s not something to be hastily decided on, so take your time.

I also told him that there are other problems.
Even among the villagers, Aina’s family’s hate for foreigners is strong. I told him that there is a possibility for him to be rejected even before he could approach.

“……Thank goodness.”
“Eh?”
“I wasn’t being hated personally.”

What an enthusiastic man.

However, because that’s how Emmerich is, I believe he might be able to save Aina.

I can somewhat imagine what sort of problem she is having, but since I didn’t hear it from her own mouth, I can’t say it here.

“Alright. I’ll try talking to Aina about Emmerich as much as possible during your stay.”
“!”
“Ah, don’t get your hopes up too much though.”
“Don’t say that! Thank you so much, really, how can I ever repay you.”
“No, no.”

Like so, the counselling session for the tormented young man was over.

On his way back, I saw him banging his head into the front door, so I was worried if he could go back safely. However, Sieg said, “He’s always a bit like that,” telling that it was okay to leave him alone.

◇◇◇

Now I acted out my plan to capture Aina.
As I walked through the village, I saw a suspicious figure creeping about. Going from alley to alley with a bow and arrow, it can only look suspicious.

After observing for a while, I took the time no one was around as a chance and approached the girl who left her back undefended.

“Aina, what are you doing?”
“Hii!?”

The girl turned around with a surprised look. After seeing that it was me, her surprise turned into anger.

“W-what! Why are you always suddenly talking to me!? I got surprised!!”
“So~rry”

Apologising evasively, I went straight to the main topic.

“Hey, I want to speak to you about something, can you come to my house?”
“Hm?”
“I want to hear your story, and I want to tell you something.”
“No.”
“Don’t say that.”
“Grandma said to not follow strangers so no way!”
“……”

A stranger……

When she was young, I even hugged with her, and taught how to handle reindeer reins, but a stranger. Onii-chan’s hurt.

However, since I couldn’t back down now, I decided to use my last resort.

“Aina, when you climbed trees a long time ago, you broke Horus-san’s precious tree, right?”
“——Wha!?”
“Also, there was this time when you flipped over Mrs Meyer’s basket full of berries, and even ruined the handles, right?”
“Th-that’s……”

“See, we’re not strangers, are we?”
“……”

I still have more of her weaknesses. Now, what will she do. When I was about to ask that, the bell signalling noon tolled.

“Eh!? Oh no! It’s this time already!?”
“Hm?”
“L-lunch, I have to make lunch!”
“A-Aina, when will you come?”
“As if, idiot lord!”
“……”

Even as she said some cheeky things, she ran away all flustered.

My strategy to take advantage of her childhood mistakes was a grand failure.

The next day.
I proceeded on my second plan to call her over.

I won’t make the same mistake this time.

It was evident that she reply to my call from the incident yesterday.

Again, I spotted Aina who was moving about suspiciously.

Then, someone spoke to her.
That person was someone I arranged.

“Hello, you’re here again, ojou-san.”
“!”

A good-looking red-haired fellow blocked her path.

Aina looked surprised as Sieg smiled.

The best angler in the village, Sieglinde was deployed for the success of the plan.

“——Can we talk a bit? At my house.”
“……Y-yes!!”

I could not accept the results a bit, but the plan to capture Aina succeeded.

I should have asked Sieg from the beginning, or so I thought at this successful

fishing expedition.

When Aina was guided to the count's mansion, she looked surprised. I think she did not know that Sieg was my wife. I couldn't tell her that it was because she was not interacting much with others.

I was wondering if it would be better for Aina and Sieg to be only on their own, but Aina said, "Stay here if you want?" so I gladly sat with her.

Across from Sieg, Aina sat, and I sat next to her.

"Why are you sitting next to me!"
"Because I want to see my wife's face."
"What the heck!? I didn't want to hear that!!"

And in this state where there was not a shred of tension, we started talking.

First, about Emmerich.
I speculated that he definitely was going to move here. When I asked Sieg about that, she said the same thing, so I proceeded to talk about that.

"We're here to talk about a man that likes you."
"No way!"
"No, it's true."

Because of things like her house, her personality among many other problems, there were no brave men who said that they want to marry with Aina.
In this village, talks of marriage are exchanged when a woman turns sixteen.
Aina, even after her sixteenth birthday, did not get any news of that.

"Aina, do you remember the blond-haired blue-eyed foreigner that spoke to you?"
"Eh? The foreigner that was with the lord some time ago?"
"Yeah."
"……Could it be him?"
"Well, yes."
"No!"

She turned him down so fast that it was almost refreshing. It's good thing Emmerich isn't here.

“Aina, we’re not talking about marriage yet.”
“I don’t like foreigners!”
“Aina, Sieglinde is a foreigner too?”
“!”

Aina gasped and apologised to Sieg in a soft voice.

“This is the first time we’re having a proper conversation, isn’t it?”
“……Yes.”

The two introduced themselves. Aina did join up Sieglinde-ism, but it seems that she never went there.

“I wanted to thank you. About that day…… Thank you. If it weren’t for Sieglinde-san passing by, that day —— I might have died.”
“……Aa, that was a coincidence, but I’m glad I was able to help.”

{TN: Sorry, last time in chapter 22, I made a stupid mistake and wrote ‘a woman being chased by a girl’ when it should be ‘a boar’. Many thanks to zoom for pointing that out.}

As I thought, the person Sieglinde helped was Aina.
Sieg asked the question that was on our minds.

“But, why were you so deep inside the forest?”
“……”

People who don’t know how to use guns aren’t supposed to go into the deeper parts of the forest. Even still, Aina was just holding a bow and arrows as she wandered deep in the forest.

“Can you tell me the reason?”
“……”
“I promise that I won’t tell anyone.”

After repeatedly opening and closing her mouth for a while, she started talking.
About the burden she was feeling on her tiny back.

“……Five years ago, dad died so there aren’t any men in the prime of their life in my house.”

Aina’s grandfather is the best hunter in the village, he is not that young. Her grandmother, reputed as the strongest xenophobe, has got ill recently. Her mother too is listless after she lost her husband.

She was being pessimistic about the future.

“If grandpa is gone, we’ll be in big trouble!! So until that day, we need to save up more money——!!
“……”
“……”

It costs money to buy the raw materials for traditional crafts. However, hunting brings in money without investing much money.

Thus, Aina was going out to the forest to hunt every day.

“……However, I couldn’t catch anything so far. Grandpa didn’t teach me anything.”
“So that’s how it was.”
“I thought the arrow would hit if the target was bigger. I did reflect on my short-sighted actions.”
“Aina……”

I thought it was a reckless thing she did, but I had no right to denounce her.

Also, that problem could be solved once she found a marriage partner.

“Aina, about that foreigner, he’s a gentle and sincere man called Emmerich. He’s also good at hunting. Can’t you try considering him?”
“……”
“He’s one the people I trust in. Please think of him in a positive light.”
“……”
“Please.”
“Al,right. I’ll keep him in a corner of my mind.”

Like so, the fulfilment of Emmerich’s love came closer.

After the talk was over and the tense atmosphere loosened, Sieg cautiously spoke to Aina.

“By the way,”

“What is it?”
“Well, I think Aina-jou is grabbing onto my husband’s hair from a while ago.”
“Eh? Ah, No!”
“……”
“……”

Aina, while talking, was playing around with my hair.
Since I knew she was doing it unconsciously, and since she was focused on talking, I did not point it out.

Since there are many ornaments made out of horsetail on the table, she probably thought it was that.

Because the sugar for coffee was in front of Aina, I leaned in for a moment, and when I was going back to my seat my hair was grabbed.

Realising that she was holding onto someone else’s hair, Aina flung my braided hair away as if she was touching something dirty.

Really, that’s too cruel.

The talk ended up finishing with this topic.

Translator:
A quickie before I go out for the day.

I

Chapter 28: Spring Feast

Chapter 28: Spring Feast
Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife In the end, we decided against telling Emmerich. After discussing it with Sieg, we felt that he would become strangely vigorous. Also, we advised him to not come into contact with her, so on the day of his return he left a letter for Aina.

When I took that to her, she refused it on the grounds that it's from a foreigner.

However, when Sieg took it to her, Aina gladly accepted the letter.
As expected.

Few days later.
Aina wrote a letter to Emmerich, and it was sent through Sieg.

Miraculously, the two started exchanging letters.

'I hope they will be closer by the time Emmerich visits this summer,' I thought. I decided to watch over them.

……Though I'm in no position to cheer for someone else's romance.

◇◇◇

The green shade of nature that absorbed the melted snow softly announced that it was spring.

When all the snow on the ground melts, new leaves sprout.

Though in spring we do not hunt, there are still mountains of work.

Today, we are heading to the reindeers' forest.

The reindeer that we've been raising in our barn is moved into the forests from spring to autumn.

"So once it's autumn and it starts snowing, do we start hunting?"
"That's how it is. Autumn is the mating season, so the animals get rough and start breeding."

“I see.”

Reindeers breed in autumn, and now is the season of giving birth.

“Reindeers breed with one male having many females.”
“That sounds tough.”
“Really?”

Because of that behaviour, most male reindeers are neutered. The forest will become dangerous if there are many restless males going into heat.

While we were talking about reindeers, we walked toward the forest.

“Now then, shall I have reindeer-san work a bit more.”

Today’s objective is reindeer milk. Only during this time of the year are we allowed to milk.

I let the reindeer move freely. If we follow that, a female deer will appear.

Before long, a female reindeer appeared.
I was impressed at how a reindeer is the most popular male in the forest, indeed.

Sieg and I approached the female one with buckets.

“It is docile, right?”
“Yeah.”

If my reindeer is next to it, it becomes docile.
Normally, it has to be held down with ropes to milk it.

“First, we have to check its antlers.”
“So even female reindeers grow antlers.”
“Unusual, eh.”

For reindeers, even females grow antlers. Males shed their antlers in autumn, while females shed theirs in summer.
I heard that it’s because females need to secure food earlier in preparation for giving birth and raising babies.

We check the antlers to keep the milking amount uniform.

Just for the milk, reindeers are considered as the village’s common property. So any reindeers can be used for milking.

The reason is because it's hard trying to find specific reindeers.
Once we milk one, we have to mark its antler near the ear to show that it has been milked. If there are at least five marks, that reindeer is not to be milked.

"This one looks fine."

While it was preoccupied with our house's reindeer, we milked it.

"First, please warm up the teats to make it easier for the milk to come out."

With the boiled towels we brought from home, we wrapped the reindeer's teats in them. If the blood flows better, it becomes easier so we have to massage them smoothly.
Even after that, we kept wiping the teats with the boiled towels. This was to sterilise the teats.

After cleaning them, we can finally milk.

"Gently hold the teats with your palm, and using the three fingers from the middle finger apply force downwards."

Then the milk comes out.

Since the milk came out even if the female reindeer didn't do anything, the bucket was filled up quickly.
Today, we gathered four bucketfuls. To not let it spill, we put lids on and then brought them back.

"Usually, I would have to gather two bucketfuls, place them on the sleigh, then go milk again~. It's great that Sieg's here~."
"I'm glad to hear that."

As I worked with my wife, we could work faster.

Since we had to boil the reindeer milk to sterilise it, we headed to the outdoor kitchen behind the mansion.

First we start by filtering the milk through a fine cloth to remove any impurities.
After that, it's heated to kill germs.

Though it's possible to directly heat the milk, the milk sticks to the pot so sterilisation is done by putting in a bottle full of reindeer milk in boiling water.

In a bottle that was boiled yesterday, milk is poured in. Then that has to be sterilised in boiling water. Now the milk was potable.

Since they are not preserved, I took a third to Ruruporon for cooking. I took some time and conveyed that she can take half back home.

Good work! is what I want to say, but there is still more work left.

“Sieg, do you have energy for more work.”
“So far I’m still fine.”
“I’m going to make cheese, can I ask for your help?”
“Alright.”

However, it’s not made seriously for long-term preservation.
It’s a simple one made just from lemon and reindeer milk.

In warm milk, lemon juice is mixed in then it’s stirred slowly with a wooden stick. Then, some white stuff will form on the stick.

“The milk is starting to form into curds. It should be alright now.”

After placing a clean cloth over a bowl, the curdy milk is poured into the bowl. Then the solid bits gather on the cloth while the remaining liquid gathers in the bowl.

“Then we just have to get rid of the moisture.”

After squeezing the cloth with a stick until the moisture is gone, the work is complete.

“The stuff in this cloth here is cheese.”
“Hehh, interesting.”
“Right?”

Since this on its own is not tasty, we eat it with salt.

“Truth be told, madam,”
“What is it?”
“I made this from the morning.”

I showed Sieg a basket covered with cloth from on top of the stove.
Inside are biscuits made using a special recipe.
Since I had some time while boiling towels, I made them using rye.

“Amazing.”
“Cheese and biscuit go well together.”
“Indeed.”

The sky is still bright.
But sometimes drinking now is fine too, so we finished work for today.

I told Ruruporon that we didn’t need dinner today. Then I rummaged through the food storage, to start a feast, also for eating up the leftover preserved food from the polar nights.

There were fruit wine, smoked meat, liver spread, jam, potatoes, and dried fruits.

Since it was still a little chilly, I lit up the fireplace. Then I boiled hung a kettle over to boil some water.

“Sieg, what about the ingredients for the milk soup? I can go bring the fish we caught yesterday from the cold storage.”
“No, let’s make it from just the ingredients here.”
“Then we’ll use smoked meat and potatoes.”

I poured in a reindeer stock then put in diced smoked meat and potatoes.

Since I was working as I drank with Sieg, I was becoming sloppy.

“Be careful not to burn yourself.”
“Yes.”

The liquid from making cheese is put in for flavour.
Actually, this liquid called whey has many nutrients from milk.

Sieg was preparing the biscuits with cheese, spread, dried fruits and jam, using many different combinations. All of them will be delicious.

After the soup is flavoured well with spices, the feast starts.

The fresh and salty cheese went well with the biscuit.
Since we were using fresh milk for the soup, it tasted even better.

“I’m glad I married.”
“!”

I whispered as if I was desperate.
The work never finished this quickly before, and I don't think I had many occasions where I relaxed like this.
I was working everyday rather listlessly.

It was thanks to Sieg that I changed.
Really, marriage is great.

Sieg, in a rare moment of drunkenness, was drinking as her cheeks were dyed slightly.
I stared at her thinking that it was cute.

"Madam, would you like another drink?"
"Thank you, my dear."
"!?"

Hearing Sieg's splendid reply, I poured the wine onto the table not into the glass.

"U-uwah!"
"……"

Sieg wiped the spilled drink with a dishcloth that was nearby.

"What are you doing."
"S-sorry."

I was surprised by drunk Sieg's words, but I couldn't possibly say that.

It really is a pathetic story.

Like so, our little feast proceeded merrily.

Translator:
I'm back from my trip during the day! I'll translate maybe one or two more today.

Chapter 29: A Sudden Visit

Chapter 29: A Sudden Visit

Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

Today, we strolled the forest —— or so I said but we had things to do.

Now that spring has come to the forest, the snow melted and new leaves sprouted, that everything was covered in bright green.

On such a day, we were out to pick herbs for fragrance and medicine.
The wild grasses are used as spices for cooking or for making products for daily life.

While explaining to Sieg the kinds of herbs to Sieg, we walked through the quiet forest.

When it became around lunchtime, the leather bags was full of many kinds of herbs.

“We should go back soon.”
“Yeah~. Ah, wait.”

I set a fish trap in the river yesterday. Since I wanted to retrieve that, we headed to the river.

The trap is made by weaving together soft-boiled ivy. It’s structured so that it’s impossible to escape after coming in, and crumbs are placed inside as lure, a very simple thing.

By pulling on the string attached to the stake, I retrieved the trap.

“Ah, there’s quite a bit.”
“A big catch.”

In the basket-shaped trap, there were about twenty of these small fish called muikku flopping about. After draining the water, I put in the bag.

After returning home, we took out some of the herbs to dry them in the sun. I put them on wire mesh and then put on a mesh lid to hold them down.

For the rest, we will be processing them with different methods such as heating, grinding and boiling, so we left the rest for later.

I brought the muikku fish over to Ruruporon to ask her to lunch. Of course, since it's impossible to eat it all with just the two of us, I told her it's fine to take the rest back home.

Since we were picking grasses for half the day, our fingertips were dyed red. The colour fades in about three days, but since we are picking herbs everyday, the colour fades just before summer.

"Bit too much, eh?"
"Well, I'm fine with it."
"Alright. However, we also have to pick berries in summer."

Berries dye our fingertips in very colourful shades, so our fingertips will ultimately turn into an indescribable shade of colour.

Purple blueberries.
Pink lingonberries.
Red cranberries and yellow raspberries.

There are many berries around this area, and a lot are collected to make sauce, jam and juice.

That berry picking was a part of women's work.

'Find a wife that can pick berries well,' they say, showing berry picking is an important work in this area. The midsummer gift supports the table for a whole year.

However, there are also ladies who dislike berry picking. Since sometimes women are called 'useless' if they can't get a satisfactory amount.

Every year, I've been going out to pick berries alone.

In summer, while focusing on work, there is a chance to encounter wild beasts, so we need to be cautious.
Berries are also food for wild animals.

As we talked about things like that, it was time for lunch.
Today's menu is deep fried muikku fish with tartar sauce, boiled potaoes, and a

herb-flavoured soup made with reindeer meat and spring turnips.

The muikku fish were gutted properly, and the bitter head was chopped off too. The crispy batter and the light fish went well with the deep sauce that had vegetables in it.
The reindeer meat in the soup was boiled for a long time that taking a bite spread the taste all around inside my mouth. The spring turnips weren't tough too, and had a subtle sweet flavour.

Today's meal was great too. I thanked Ruruporon when she came over to retrieve the dishes.

As we were discussing if we should go to the fields to weed, Miruporon came over and pointed at the front door.

"My, a guest?"

Since there aren't many visitors other than merchants and delivery men, I headed for the front door while thinking it was rare.

When I opened the door, there was a familiar face.

"Aina?"

The guest was Aina.
Since she was looking nervous, I wondered if she had something to talk about with Sieg, but she awkwardly gestured behind her as if to say 'guest'.

"……Eh?"

There was someone completely unexpected standing behind Aina.

"G-grandfather!?"

The guest was not Aina but my paternal grandfather.

◇◇◇

Was it around the beginning of the polar nights when I told him that I married? I received a reply telling me to come and introduce Sieg, but I recently gave an evasive answer, saying that it was time for the reindeers to give birth, or that we were busy picking herbs. Though there's also that our marriage is on a tentative contract.

Having an impressive white beard, grandfather glared at me grumpily.
I could somehow imagine what he wants to say.

Then he said the line I had in my mind.

“——Really, since you didn’t accept my request, I came over personally!”
“U-uwaahh, I’m happy.”
“What are you being happy about! Really, after making a frail old man go on a tough trip!”
“I-I’m sorry.”

Grandfather turned 77 this year.
His back is straight, and his complexion is fine. Since he was far from being frail as he said, I felt relieved.

Curious at the commotion at the front door, Sieg came over.

“Ah, grandfather, she is my wife, Sieglinde-san.”

I also introduced my grandfather to her, who looked surprised.
Sieg soon introduced herself and curtsied at a beautiful angle. Grandfather continued to stand there imposingly.

Since here was not a good place, I guided him inside.
He brought two servants along. I saw Miruporon on the way, so I gestured for her to prepare guest rooms. She pounded her chest in confirmation, but I’m not sure if I conveyed that well enough.

The last time I met grandfather was on the night after ball.
The reason why I was able to participate in that ball where I met Sieg was thanks to grandfather’s connections.

My grandfather’s name is Adalbert von Lüneburg. He is a marquess in a foreign country.

From a while ago, grandfather kept asking Sieg questions.

“So, you’re from Thüringen?”
“Yes.”
“House Wattin is a martial family, were you also a soldier?”
“Yes. I was in the army for eighteen years from when I was thirteen.”

“Ho. Why did you quit and come here?”
“My superior told me to go marry.”
“Is that so.”

Grandfather took a sip of the mulled wine Ruruporn brought, but emptied the glass saying that it was not tasty. When I checked if there weren’t other drinks, there was a drink that hurt the insides at intervals, but I decided that I shouldn’t bring that out now and placed it deeper inside.
Instead, there was the wine Sieg brought from home so I decided to open that instead.

“Oi, don’t pour the contents straight into the glass!”
“Nn?”

When I poured the wine straight into the glass, I drew grandfather’s ire for some reason.
When I asked why, it seemed that in old wine bottles there were some crystallised substances floating around. Unless that’s removed, the wine does not taste good.
When I thanked grandfather that I learned something, I was scolded that it was common sense. I was also criticised that it was the servant’s job to pour drinks.

From then on, he showered Sieg with questions, lectured his shameless grandson, got furious at the fact that father went missing, and was astonished at the fact that mother was dragged into that. There were a wide variety of topics.

He also drank. He drank anyways. When I told him that excessive drinking is bad for his health, he honestly acknowledged it so it was easy to stop him too.

Soon, it became dinnertime and Ruruporon’s specially made meals were served.

The meals were served on porcelain dishes with silverwares reserved for guests.
Since Ruruporon diligently polished the silverware, they all shined brightly.

After saying a grace before the meal, he asked if reindeer meat was okay.
To him, Sieg softly told him.

“It’s delicious. Very much so.”

“Fuumu.”

Grandfather stared at Sieg as she ate.
Reindeer meat is rare for foreigners, so this kind of reaction is not rare.
I was about to tell him that he should start eating, but he spoke up first.

“……At first, I thought you brought a big wife, but no, she’s a great woman.”

He leaned in and whispered so that Sieg won’t hear. Then he started staring at Sieg again.

I was at a loss for words, so I too ended up staring at Sieg.

……Yup, she’s a great woman.

Even as grandfather and I sent cheeky gazes, Sieg coolly continued eat, pretending to not have noticed them.

The meal, in a tense atmosphere, somehow ended.
Grandfather said that the strange alcohol was the worst, but also said that the reindeer was not bad.

Raw link

Translator:
I don’t know if this is relevant to this chapter, but here’s a picture of their meal (from the book’s back cover) from the illustrator:

Chapter 30: With Grandfather!

Chapter 30: With Grandfather!

Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

The next morning.
When I went to the living room-cum-dining room, grandfather and Sieg were lively chatting together. From that, I realised that it wasn't a dream that grandfather came.

Grandfather, jolly from chatting with a lovely lady from the morning, said, "Today, should I get guided through the village?" deciding on today's plan. I had many things to do, I could only reply, "Yes, gladly~."

"Ah, grandfather, Sieg can't come with us."
"What did you say!?"
"Today, the women in the village are gathering for dyeing."
"Muu……"

No, even if you puff out your cheeks like that……
He might not be sober yet. Sieg looked troubled too.

"Erm, grandfather-in-law, I will be back in the evening."
"Well, it can't be helped. I did visit too suddenly this time."

Surprisingly, grandfather coolly accepted it. He seemed to have taken an interest dyeing, so he was listening to that from Sieg.

The women are dyeing linen. These are made from a type of plant growing in the forest called flax.
Flax grows in large numbers just before summer, so we go out to harvest them. The flowers and the leaves are removed, and only the stalks are placed in a special liquid for a month to get the fibre.
After this step, the stalks are washed then dried. The stalks are then pounded with a stick, the made into threads with a tool that looks like a wooden comb. Finally, they're spun into completed products with machines.

This year, they're using the linen threads from last year, which the women made in between household chores.

The dyeing materials are also flowers harvested from the forest.
In this season, beautiful purple flowers bloom, so those are boiled down for colour and then used as dye.

Finally, using those threads, they make many products to be sold. Linen products are sold at high prices, but it takes a lot of work for that. It even takes a whole year to make something.

The previous years, I did hard manual labour in exchange for a neighbour lady making some linen for me, but this time I left it to Sieg.

Thus, after having breakfast, my wife went to the village work shed.

"Now then, grandfather, do you want to rest before going out?"
"No, take me outside right now."
"As you wish sir~"

Since both grandfather and I were dressed adequately for going out, we went out as is. The servants followed behind, so it's reassuring in case anything happened.

"Ah, can you wait a moment please?"
"What is it?"
"Since we're going to the reindeers' forest."

After saying that, I went into the hut. Now, the wild animals had babies, so they were at their ferocious stage. Just in case, I have to bring my knife and my gun.

Seeing me armed, grandfather opened his eyes wide in surprise.

"There are bears with cubs. Also, they just woke from hibernation so they will be very hungry too."

Thought the mysterious white bears don't hibernate, the grey bears do. Mother bears give birth during their hibernation. Then in spring, they go into very savage state to search for food and to raise its cubs.

Their senses dull too, that they sometimes even come near the village for food.

Then there's the accidental encounter. Both the bear and the human are like, 'Oh no, to meet at such a place!' but it's usually the human that is killed. Bears with cubs have the strongest fighting ability in the year.

"So, shall we not go to the forest?"
"As if I'd have my schedule deterred by some bear!"
"Grandfather, it's dangerous if you don't look straight ahead as you walk."
"I kno——"

He was talking while looking behind him with great vigour, but when he looked straight ahead, he came to face Teoporon.

However, fortunately, he was off duty, so he was not wearing his working clothes(?) the white bear fur. He was just a half-naked old man (ossan).

If he was wearing his bear fur, grandfather might have fainted from shock. I sighed that it might have been dangerous.

"Who's he"
"Someone working here."
"Why isn't he wearing anything on top."
"……Dunno?"

Even as we talked about things like that, I started guiding him around.

First, we headed to the reindeers' forest. Just in case, I went with three dogs.

"Here past this fence, we put the reindeers out to pasture……"

I explained to grandfather about the enormous size.

"The important reindeers are nowhere to be seen."
"They come if you call them."

We did not go inside the fence. Since it will be a big trouble if he gets stabbed by the antlers.

When I blew the whistle, my white reindeer came. And it even had four female reindeers in tow.

"Ho, quite beautiful. Are white reindeers rare?"
"Well, they are quite rare globally, but in this forest there are quite a bit. Though white deers and bears might be rare."

He asked as he looked at the fur. I asked him to put up with the fur back since reindeers are sensitive animals. Even though they are domesticated, they are not pets so we can't touch them freely.

"So they're different from horses."
"Yes."

Since he was satisfied, I let the reindeers go free.

Next, we headed to the fortress protecting the village.

"Fine thing. Was this once an important strategic point?"
"No, it's just there to avoid harm from beasts."
"Ha!?"

Since there are no surviving documents about this fortress, I don't know the details. What I know is that long time ago the damage from beasts were too great that it was made to protect the villagers. Back then, bears and wolves caused the most damage. Nowadays, we can easily exterminate any wolverines and wolves that wander down to the village.

"In addition, it's rumoured to have been built with funds from the national treasury."
"So the foolish king back then ordered this to be built. Unbelievable."

It's one of the seven mysteries of the village.

Then I guided him through the empty village.
The children are practicing catching reindeers with snares, and the women are busy dyeing.
The men doing variety of things, like making traditional crafts, fishing in the rivers and lakes, or tending the fields.

"This is the only souvenir shop and store in the village."

Grandfather looked interested, so we went inside.

"Welcome. Oh it's just my lord."
"Good morning."
"Who's that?"
"My grandfather."

“Oh my!”

Having passed the busy season, there were no merchandise.
It would work if we turned in handicrafts now and then instead of selling them all at the flea market after the polar nights, but since the flea market was equivalent to a festival that happened once a year, everyone was looking forward to it.

Inside, there were plenty of goods stocked up. The owner lady uses her husbands carriage to buy vegetables and meat from the port. They’re sold at honest prices unlike the visiting rip-off traders.

“Ah, I’d like to buy two chickens.”
“Thanks as always.”

Both of them were hens. I will be raising them for half a year for their eggs. I bought two for Sieg and me.

“The cages are sold separately, want them?”
“No need.”

Since the hens seemed docile, I held them in both my arms by my sides.
Though they weren’t anything special, grandfather looked at them strangely.

“When will you eat them?”
“Before winter comes.”

Once it starts snowing, it’s impossible to raise livestock so it can’t be helped.
The chickens bawked about.

Finally, we arrived at the village’s landmark.

“What’s this.”
“The Spirit Shieitii.”
“……”

Grandfather stared at the Spirit stone with a quizzical look.

“Do you believe in it?”
“The Spirit?”
“Yeah.”
“……”

Still holding up the chickens, I kneeled down on one knee and prayed.

—— I pray that the village will remain peaceful, that my family will be healthy, and that we will be able to continue to enjoy the blessings of nature.

There was no way that I would hear the spirit's reply.

I changed the topic.

"……Few decades ago, my deceased grandfather suddenly removed the Spirit stone, causing a huge commotion."
"It seems that your maternal grandfather was an eccentric man."
"I wonder……"

The previous lord, Rikhard Salonen Levontret denied Spirit worship and suggested a new way of life.

I slowly began talking about my maternal grandfather.

Raw link

Translator:
The author suddenly changed from Levantoretto to Levontoretto. I checked the later chapters, and the naming stays that way. Oh, and, to any Finns, please help me with the names.

Chapter 31: The History of the Remote Lands

Chapter 31: The History of the Remote Lands

Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife From a long time ago, the nomads of these lands lived by moving with the reindeers.
The reindeers ate sprouts and mushrooms in spring and summer, and ate moss and birch barks in autumn and winter.

Reindeers navigated through nature instinctively.

The nomads spent many ages following those reindeers.

However, that peaceful life was taken away by invaders.
People were threatened into developing mines, and were demanded to pay taxes by many countries that claimed lands. The reindeers were confiscated, and nomadism was banned.

In these dire straits, some even betrayed each other.

From that oppression, the nomads were eventually sent to an extreme land that seemed all but inhabitable.

Having lost everything, they thought up measures to survive.

— Never forgive the outlanders.
— Trust no one but family.
— Treasure children.

The only survivors were those who followed that.

Having survived the extremities, those words came to be believed as the words from ‘the Spirit’.

In these lands where there was nothing, the Spirit was a pillar of support for the people.

Faith keeps people happy.
The Spirit leads people to affluence.

Over time, people started calling the Spirit Siedi, and enshrined a stone as

something that the Spirit dwelt in.

Like so, the sedentary life began.

In a life not leading a nomadic life, people livd with the Spirit.

When a child is born, people give thanks to the Spirit, and when a person falls ill, people pray to the Spirit.

Singing spirit songs (joik) was told to be a method to communicate with the Spirit.

Over the ages, the Spirit worship strengthened, but at the same time the people were dying out.

After centuries of sedentary life, one day, an incurable disease spread through the village.
The reason was unknown. From elderly people, children, and women, weaker people started collapsing.

Prayers did not help.
When there were sick people in the village, they drank reindeer blood, but even that did not help.

Amid that, the lord who just lost his wife made up his mind to carry out reforms.

That man was my grandfather, Rikhard Salonen Levontret.

What he did first and foremost was to demolish the spirit stone.
The Spirit gave nothing. Believing that, grandfather hid the symbol away to stop the worship.
Of course, there was strong opposition, but in that time of crisis resistance did not last long.

Then for a while, they entered a stagnant period.
They lived only with the reindeers and the Spirit, so no one knew what to do.

What changed that situation was a foreign adventurer.
The visitor concluded that medicine was needed to combat the disease.

The foreigner was not a doctor, but he was a scholar of considerable learning, able to speak many languages, travelling around the world.

The man’s name is Lukas von Lüneburg.
Thanks to his numerous advices, the land of the pursued ones started changing.

That saviour that rescued the village was my father.

Having heard of medicine, grandfather sold reindeers to call over a doctor to distribute medicine. What was once thought to be an incurable disease gradually faded.

From there on, grandfather wished for more knowledge. Father’s teachings were general knowledge, but to the former nomads that knew nothing but reindeers and hunting, they were revolutionary.

By getting crops from working the soil, there were less children suffering from illness. Also, people found out that the foxfires (auroras) in the sky are valuable to foreigners, so the tourist business started. People learned of things other than reindeers. The Spirit faded out of people’s mind, and lifestyle changed.

Of course, there were those who did not accept the changes, but they were a minority.

Year after year, life got better. Now that people had more peace of mind, they started remembering their old faith in the Spirit.
However, grandfather did not tolerate that.

Thus, a rift grew between the ruling nobles and the villagers.
Even after grandfather passed away, that scar remained.

“Did you put this stone back?”
“……”

This was all I could do, I thought as I nodded weakly to grandfather’s question.

Placing the stone back in place from the Count’s mansion was the first thing I did when I became the lord. The villagers criticised that it was just blarney, but many felt relieved at the change.

“You, unlike your stubborn grandfather, are not a lord that pushes for reforms.”
“……”

Well, people should be free.

There's no way that it was okay to force faith, happiness, and lifestyle onto people. People are the masters of their own destiny, and I believe that it is arbitrary for an authority to block that path.

"……However, it might just be that I don't know what it means to be a lord well enough."
"……"
"I've been protecting the village for a decade now, but nowadays I'm not sure what is good or bad."

After I started living with Sieg, my horizon got broader.
However, I did not yet reach an answer.

In front of Siedi, there were offerings again today. The villagers show thanks to the Spirit through offerings.

"The Spirit, it would be nice if it did exist."
"……"

Mother taught me about the Spirit. Thanks to that, my thoughts are not one-sided.

"I see. That's why my idiot son ran away."
"I wonder about that."

Father's motive for leaving the village is a mystery.
He once said that it was cold here, and he also once said that he needed materials for research.
Mother followed him because she was worried about his soft personality.
However, mother is even more benign than father. The two being able to travel for a decade might just as well be included as one of the seven mysteries of the world.

"Really, to abandon the duties of a lord to his only son and playing around, how disgraceful!"
"Well, there isn't anything special so it's fine."

The duties of a lord doesn't involve anything fancy. It's just scribbling on paper at night.

When I stood up to return home, something happened.

“Ah.”
“What’s wrong?”

One of the chickens I was holding started tightly contracting its body.

“Grandfather, what should I do……”
“Ha?”
“I-It’s coming out.”
“What was that?”

I was holding up the two chickens.
In that state, one is daringly attempting to lay an egg.

The chicken’s butt is pointed to the outside. At this rate, the egg will fall and crack.

“Erm, if it doesn’t trouble you too much, can you get the egg please?”
“W-Where does it come out from!?”
“The butthole.”
“……”
“It’s the hen on the right.”
“……”

Grandfather superbly caught the egg.

“Why do I have to do this……”
“Sorry about that. It was a great help.”

The bell signalling noon tolled, so we decided to go back home.

◇◇◇

After returning home, we had a meal. I left grandfather to Miruporon while I cleaned the dilapidated chicken coop and processed the herbs from yesterday.

While sighing, grandfather told me to take a break so I went back inside to rest.

“Is it like this everyday?”
“What do you mean?”
“You’re working too much.”

Even though he says that, I only worked for three hours after coming home. I

was doing work at a rather leisurely pace.

“Rather than a noble, you’re more like a villager.”
“Well, I don’t really live elegantly.”

The title was bestowed to force us to live in the remote regions, and the heirloom we received from the king is just the aurora on the night sky. We’re an unfortunate bunch of nobles.

So we have to make do.

“This is just a what if, but,”
“Yes?”
“What will you do if I told you to come live in the country that your father grew up in?”
“I wonder about that.”

Father’s homeland is also where Sieg grew up in.

It’s much better for living than over here, and Sieg too won’t have to face difficulties adjusting to the culture and lifestyle here.
However, I don’t know how to live abroad, and most importantly I am the lord. I can’t abandon this land.

I avoided answering grandfather’s question with a soft laugh.
Because I answered a serious question half-heartedly, grandfather got cross.

A while later, Sieg came back home.
Grandfather quickly stopped sulking, so I whole-heartedly thanked the descent of the goddess with two hands together in my head.

Raw link

Chapter 32: Fish

Chapter 32: Fish

Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

The third day of grandfather's stay here.
This morning, he said that he wanted to try wearing traditional clothing so I lent him mine. Fortunately, our height was similar so it fit well enough.

"Then, see you later."
"Have a safe trip. Sieg, please take care of grandfather."
"Alright."

The two of them are going out fishing today.
Grandfather apparently went out fishing on his holidays, so he was excited to go someplace new.

The two of them took Teoporon as their bodyguard and went to the river in the forest.

Now that there isn't anyone else home, I started working.
First, I fed the chickens. The feed is mixture of herbs from the forest and dried grains. While the chickens were absorbed in the food, I cleaned the coop. Once I replace the hay with new ones and refill clean water, it's done.

When I was about to go back, a chicken, having just finished breakfast, laid an egg. Thanking that, I retrieved it after wiping it with a clean cloth.

They don't always lay their eggs in the morning. I heard that it takes a day and an hour for an egg to form. It goes slightly off everyday, so it's not laid at the same time every occasion. The other chicken would lay its egg around noon.

Since that was over now, I headed to the forest with Miruporon. It was to chop down trees for firewood.

I also collected as much branches as possible and put them on the sleigh. Once I found a suitable tree, I hacked at it with an axe and knocked it over.

The fallen tree is sawed into sizes small enough to place on the sleigh. After

that, back home, I started working to remove the barks. The barks, after being boiled with herbs for both durability and softness, are also used for making baskets.

"Then, Miruporon, please take care of chopping firewood."

The valiant girl pounded her chest in reply.
In addition, the firewood chopped today will be used in winter. Trees contain a lot of moisture, so they have to be dried for at least half a year.
Because of that, the firewood for use in the cold seasons are gathered from late winter to early spring.

The next task involved working at the outdoor kitchen.
The ingredients are potatoes that had sprouted. They were prepared beforehand to be used this time.

I started off by cutting off the sprouts and peeling the skin off. There was quite an amount so I ended up taking quite a while. The ones that were done first started changing colour, but I continued on regardless.

Then, I cracked in the two eggs that were laid today and yesterday, and mixed flour, salt, honey, and reindeer milk in that.

White flour is expensive, but I bought it since it would be nice for a change. There was soft bread after a long time on the breakfast table too. However, Sieg and grandfather's country also apparently enjoyed rye bread, so he ate the soft bread with a disappointed look. I felt apologetic for that.
{TN: Sorry, I've been translating 黑麥 incorrectly the whole time. While it translates literally as 'black barley', it means 'rye'. I'll get to fixing everything sometime.}

I greased a shallow and wide pan and fried the batter on it. I could fry three at once at most.
Like so, small glutinous pancakes are made.

When I finished, there was a mountain of pancakes. Just in case, I tasted one. It was smaller than my palm, so I could eat it in two bites.
The fried surface was crispy, while the inside was chewy, or more like fleshy. I think I might have failed in controlling the amount of flour.
The subtle sweet and savoury flavour of the potato mixed well, so it could be

eaten anytime. Of course, it's possible to have a meal with just these and coffee, but I wanted to try sandwiching something in between.

What I was going to cook now was salmon (lohi) that a merchant brought this morning.
First, after removing the scales with the back of the knife, the surface is washed with clean water. The head is cut off, then it is gutted by slicing its belly open. After cleaning the blood off again, I sliced it in two with a knife starting from where its head was.
Finally, I removed the bones in the middle.

I then removed the skin from the salmon that was chopped into two pieces. That was then seasoned with spices and salt. Then the chopped salmon pieces were dipped into the batter from before, which was thinned with water, and deep fried adequately.
On top of the pancake I just made, I placed thinly sliced cheese, vegetables and deep-fried salmon and put Ruruporon's special tartar sauce. The finished products are wrapped in paper and but in a basket.

When I went to the kitchen, Ruruporon was pouring coffee into bottles. She also handed me Teoporon's lunchbox. He's getting lunch made by his beloved wife.

With everyone's lunch, I headed to the river.

The forest grew rich in colour, ready for summer. Today, there was a light breeze, creating a pleasant sound of leaves.

After going down a pathless route for a while, I arrived at the river. Faraway, I could hear voices that had energy uncharacteristic of fishing. When I arrived at an open space after working through the grass, a fish flew and fell in front of me.

"Th-This is……!?"
"What, it's just Ritzhard."
"Ah, grandfather."

A short distance away, there was grandfather, who was wearing white bear fur for some reason, and Sieg. The two were in a posture for staring into the river.

"What happened here."

“It didn’t bite for so long, so that bear man jumped into the river.”

Grandfather pulled up a net from the river. In there, there were some freshwater fish.
While we were chatting, Teoporon came out of the river. Then he threw the fish he caught with his harpoon to the riverbank. The caught fish landed nicely on the ground. He showed some great throwing skills.

“Ohh……”
“That man is absurd.”

I can’t help but agree.
I talked to Teoporon, and then decided to have lunch.

He wrung out his wet clothes and left it to dry on a big rock. As for the important parts, he hid them with bear fur.

“That man, isn’t he a little too vulnerable!?”
“……”
“……”

Without minding about the people around him, he silently started eating his lunch prepared by his wife. The fur was tied sloppily, so he was worried that it might be seen from specific angles.

I spread out a sheet on the grass, and sat at an angle that hid Teoporon’s front before having lunch.
When I opened the basket, grandfather glanced at the wrapped bread.

“What’s this.”
“Potato pancake with fried salmon.”
“Hoh.”

Grandfather opened the paper wrapping and stared inside with a quizzical look. Since it wasn’t long since I made it, it’s still warm.

After seeing Sieg eat it, he too started eating. He got some tartar sauce on his mouth, so I passed a napkin to him.

“Fumu. Not bad.”
“Glad to hear that.”

Sieg looked like she wanted ask something, so I asked her what it was.

“No, I was wondering if Ritz made this.”

When I said yes, she murmured, “As I thought.”

“So you cooked this!”

Hearing Sieg’s question, he too was surprised.

“Quite skillful.”

He said as he pressed for another one.

The meal I made with more effort satisfied my grandfather’s taste buds too. I also shared some with Teoporon who was sitting behind me. The honourable man tried to stand up and pound his chest, but the fur that was tied at his waist became loose so it became hard for him to work.

After lunch, we returned home. Since Teoporon gestured for me to have the caught fish, I gladly accepted.

I removed the head and the insides and split them into two. I took three to the kitchen, and for the rest I salted and laid them outside in a mesh box to dry.

Dinner was food made with the fish that was caught today, lentils, and a soup of smoked wild boar meat.

We had another busy dinner today.

Raw link

Chapter 33: Gramps, Returning Home

Chapter 33: Gramps, Returning Home.

Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife Grandfather is returning to his country tomorrow. So dinner today was the last.

After dinner, the three of us were spending a nice time, but then grandfather said before, “I want to have a talk with you.”

I could only get bad vibes from that. Because he asked if we were getting along well. He probably wants to hear the detailed story.

He might notice that we are a temporary couple because we do not have a sweet mood like newlyweds.

It was a nice time after our meal, but since grandfather looks sleepy I should speak up now.

“Ah, Sieg.”

“What.”

“Grandfather wants to talk to me a little bit, just the two of us.”

Sieg tersely replied yes and curtsied to grandfather that she’ll be resting first.

At this rate, the fact that we are a temporary couple will be found out. Panicking, I did something that I normally would not do.

I stood up and escorted Sieg to the door while holding her hand.

Then I bid her good night.

“Sieg, sweet dreams.”

“!?”

Then I gently hugged her and kissed her on the cheek. I felt relieved that we would be believed as a real couple now.

When I looked at Sieg to apologise for that sudden action, which was to fool grandfather, for some reason she was blushing.

“——Eh!? Ah, s-sorry!!”

“……”

She curtsied to grandfather once more and sped out of the living room with quick footsteps.

Before, even if I kissed her on the cheek, she just kept a straight face, yet today she blushed.

“Oi!”
“……”
“Look at me you idiot!”
“……Yes.”

Hanging my head down, I turned towards grandfather.

“Why is a fully grown adult blushing like that!!”
“……No, Sieg is always like that.”
“I’m talking about you!”
“!?”

What does he mean. I couldn’t imagine that I was the one blushing from embarrassment. I deeply repented that I should not attempt anything out of the ordinary.

“You know the story.”
“Yes.”
“I did not even have to pry.”
“……”

The fact that I was in a temporary relationship was found out almost refreshingly.
I regretted that I should have regularly done good night kisses at least. However, it’s too late now.

In the end, I told grandfather the whole thing.

“I see, so this marriage was an attractive proposition for her as well.”
“……Yes.”
“Really, what are you doing.”
“I have nothing to say.”

However, unlike Sieg, I was serious about it. Even if she asked that we break up after a year, I don’t think I’ll want to marry any other woman.

“To think that a head of a house, a count no less, is not trying to carry on his lineage!”
“But, I can’t imagine getting anyone else as a wife.”

In addition, for the couples from this village, the birth rate is very low. There is a high possibility that children will not be born even if we wanted them.

“You have foreign blood mixed in you. It’s too early to give up.”
“……”

Still, we are but a temporary couple. We can’t rashly make children.

“For now, she said that she’ll be living here even after the tentative contract is over.”
“Ha!?”
“Eh?”
“Realise it already!!”
“?”
“……No, it’s fine.”

Grandfather gave me tips to not make my wife run away.

“First and foremost, keep trying to win her heart over.”
“Eh?”
“Not ‘Eh?’! Do you really think that your feelings will get across even if you don’t say anything?”
“No, that’s,”

I don’t want Sieg to be troubled. That was restricting physical contact with her.

“You’re not getting closer because you keep refraining.”
“But still, isn’t it unpleasant to hear stuff like that from someone she doesn’t consider to be of much importance?”
“Then act as a poor and pitiful man.”
“Why’s that?”

Grandfather explained. Women are weak to emotions.
If a woman discovers that a poor creature can’t live without her, she’ll definitely stay with him.

“That’s how it is, got that?”

“Yes! Surely!”

Also, I was to never forget gratitude. I was to remember anniversaries like birthdays, and give gifts. He gave me various tips on wooing women.
He said that it’s not enough to just act as a poor and pitiful man.

“That thing before was fine too. That was rather good.”
“……”

It was embarrassing to just imagine it. Why did I do such a thing in front of others.

“Anyhow, if you keep refraining, she’ll be gone in a blink!”
“Yes, sir.”
“I’m going to sleep now!!”
“Good night.”

Like so, grandfather’s interrogation ended.
I was worried if I could return to my normal life with Sieg.

◇◇◇

Grandfather’s boat back home was scheduled early, so we had to part even before the sun rose.

“Grandfather, this, Ruruporon made it for you.”

Ruruporon prepared food that could be eaten on the boat. I handed it over to the servants so that everyone can eat it.

“Ritzhard, thanks for taking care of me.”
“No no, I haven’t done anything that fancy.”
“Sieglinde-san, I’d like to ask you to take care of my immodest grandson.”

……Grandfather, he’s troubling Sieg again.
When I was about to say something adequate to relieve the situation, Sieg spoke up.

“Yes, don’t worry, grandfather-in-law.”

My heart was caught by Sieg’s words that seemed to promise the future. She’s the ‘Crimson Eagle’ indeed. She clutches people’s hearts with her claws and never lets them go.

“Ritzhard, I’ll be coming again!”
“Uwa, I’m happy.”
“……”

Grandfather scowled once and went his way.
I wanted to at least accompany him to the village front gate, but he rejected the offer.

Thus, the guest that came like a storm went back to his country.

“……”
“……”

Also, the temporary couple life with Sieg resumed.

“Shall we go inside.”
“Aa.”

Though it’s almost summer, mornings are still cold, especially before sunrise.
Today, it was cold enough to light the fireplace.
My breath quickly turned white and then disappeared. Having confirmed the chill with my eyes, I decided to go back inside.

◇◇◇

When we went to the living room, Miruporon was already lighting the fireplace. Even my frozen heart seemed to melt.

Sieg went to the kitchen and brought out a kettle. Then she brought out two kuksas from the shelf and took out the can that had coffee beans.
It seemed that she was going to brew coffee.

Then, without talking, we spent the time staring at the fireplace.

Only the sound of burning firewood and the vibration of the metal lid reverberated throughout the room.

Now that the water was boiling, Sieg stood up to fetch the kettle. Since the handle is hot, she used a thick cloth glove to grab it.

When I tried to help her before, I was scolded not to because it was dangerous, so this time I obediently watched her brew coffee.

It’s Sieg’s hobby to grind the roasted coffee beans and brew the drink through a filter.

In the wooden cup, there was sugar and milk as well.
Sieg had remembered the taste.

When I enjoyed the scent and took a sip, I could only think that it was the best coffee in the world.

“Delicious.”
“I see.”

We made our usual exchange and then fell silent again.

When I emptied my cup, Sieg offered to brew another cup.

“Please.”

I was really thirsty for some reason. Since I drank it all without taking the time to enjoy the taste, I gladly accepted her offer.

Sieg poured more coffee.

I liked watching her make coffee.

However, I am not in any situation to enjoy that leisure.

I have to explain about that thing yesterday, and I have to execute grandfather’s tips.

Sieg will be here even after our tentative contract. I thought that it was good enough to stay as good friends.

That won’t do.
I’ll definitely regret it.

As I received coffee from Sieg, I mustered up my courage.

Raw link

Chapter 34: The Abrubt Change of the Yeti of the Borderlands

Chapter 34: The Abrubt Change of the Yeti of the Borderlands
Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

I fixed my posture and my expression.
I then decided to explain about that hug and kiss yesterday.

“Hey, Sieg.”
“What’s wrong? You’re suddenly being so polite.”
“No, about that yesterday.
“……”

When I brought that topic up, Sieg frowned. Maybe I shouldn’t have said it. However, I already said it, so I can’t act as if I didn’t say it. I continued talking.

“Truth be told, grandfather was suspicious of our relationship so I did that to look like a real couple.”
“……So, that was why.”
“I really am sorry for doing that without talking about it to you in advance.”
“……”

I bowed down to Sieg.
For some reason, I felt as though a heavy pressure was pressing down so I could not lift my head.

“Lift up your head.”
“……”
“Now.”
“Yes.”

I obeyed her command and lifted my head up.
Her face returned to the usual imposing face from an intimidating expression.

“……”
“……”

Extremely awkward.
Really, it wasn't an atmosphere to talk nor touch.

……Strange. It was so warm when we were drinking coffee.

Thinking that, I smiled softly at Sieg.
Smiling to avoid troublesome situations was a bad habit that did not go away though I was already turning thirty.
I predict that I'll be like this for the rest of my life.

"……So?"
"Yes?"
"What did my grandfather-in-law say?"
"That we did not look like a married couple without a doubt."
"I thought so."

The manoeuvre was a sudden idea and an act of impulse. It was the worst possible one, not even taking the time to discuss the plan with Sieg.

"I'm sorry I didn't cooperate well."
"No, we were found because I was blushing red."
"Really?"
"It's true."
"How did that happen?"
"Because Sieg was cute."
"Ha!?"
"Because Sieg was cu—"
"Stop, you don't have to say it twice. I can hear you!"
"S-Sorry."
"……"

Indeed. I blushed because of Sieg's embarrassed reaction that was unexpected.

"So?"
"Grandfather is, you know, going to pretend to have to noticed that. "
"That's a relief. If my parents and my cousins hear of that it will be bothersome."
"Yeah."
"……"

There was no longer a shard of a sweet mood.
Sieg crossed her arms in thought and frowned once again. This time, her eyes were sharp too.

Because of that, the atmosphere here became heavy, like that of a council of was in a losing country.

And those who planned strategies for this endless battle were the young supreme commander and a useless subordinate.

“Sieg, the temporary couple might have been impo—“
“Wait, I’ve got an idea.”
“Eh?”

Having changed her expression to that of a commander from that of the Thinker, Sieg annouced the plan.

——Then, we just have to act like real couples all the time so that we won’t be found out.

“I believe that the cause of the failure lies in me.”
“That’s not—“
“No, it is. If I didn’t get flustered we would have looked like a married couple.”
“……”

I wonder about that.
Even if that ridiculous plan did succeed, I don’t think I’d have been able to escape grandfather’s interrogation. However, since I would be scolded if I said anything unnecessary, so I silently listened to my wife’s words.

“We lack the normal closeness that a couple has.”
“……Well, that’s true.”

It’s been half a year since we lived together.
We’ve gotten quite close, but I can’t deny that it still feels like ‘a nice lady and kid who admires her’.

There, Sieg suggested that we act close to disguise ourselves as a real couple.

“So what are the plan’s details?”
“……”

I do think that it is a good plan, but I don’t know what chummy couples do.
Sieg too shut her mouth.

My parents were just being ‘Howa~’ with each other, and didn’t specially touch each other that much.
Just in case, I asked my superior.

“Hey, Sieg, what are the things that you think a close couple will do?”
“That’s……”

She became the Thinker again.

Well, maybe parents with children don’t act lovey dovey in front of their children.

One would probably be able to see who are really intimate couples just from the atmosphere.
It was already impossible for us.

Sieg’s parents too didn’t seem do anything special, that Sieg froze up.

“Sieg, nothing?”
“……Aa, nothing. I wonder how my parents’ relation was like.”
“……”

No, they had ten children, aren’t really affectionate?

Though it wasn’t something that I should point out.

“How were Ritz’s parents?”
“……”

Our parents that always went ‘poyayan’ did only roundabout things, so unfortunately it won’t help.

As I was thinking that, I suddenly had an idea.
If I say what I want here, won’t she forgive my actions since it’s to disguise ourselves as a real couple?

“I won’t force you if you don’t want to.”
“No, it’s fine.”

——Right. My parents were so passionate that it was almost unsightly.

They always stuck together, and when they had to part, they would kiss and become sad.
They would always hold hands, and give lap pillows.

I told Sieg my wild delusions.

“I see. Your parents are very close.”
“Well, yeah.”

She became the Thinker for the third time today. Since I lied, I secretly repented.

“Alright.”
“!?”
“Let’s try it as much as possible.”
“Really!?”
“Aa. I don’t lie.”

What should I do!! I deceived Sieg. This was underhanded, but I’m happy!!

I should buy a chair quickly.
Unfortunately, there are only single-person chairs in my house. I can’t have my lap pillows with those.

“What’s wrong.”
“N-No, nothing.”

I felt worried that I might be grinning, so I quickly hid my mouth with my hand.

“I think it will be hard to everything, but it would be nice to get used to it slowly.”
“……Yeah.”

Really, truly, thank you very much!! Or so I wanted to say but I suppressed it. Oh no. Only I came to benefit from this plan.

I felt a little guilty, so I checked one more time.

“Sieg, are you really okay with this?”
“What do you mean?”
“I mean, there might be some unpleasant things, no?”
“……”

I was worried that when we play at being a real couple she might kick me with all her might one day.
She won't be able to hold back, I predicted.

Kicked away, ruined in both body and mind, beyond recovery. I could vividly imagine myself becoming like that.

"Well, you can answer after giving it more thought."
"No, there are no problems."
"Pardon?"
"There's nothing troubling."
"……"

This onee-san, she should know my feelings for her, so shouldn't she know what kind of mishaps I might inflict on her?

One last time, I asked Sieg.

"Sieg, are you really okay with this?"
"I'm telling you that I am."
"You promise to not run away?"
"You're persistent. As if I would run away."
"Then, can I kiss you?"
"!?"

Her grey eyes opened wide.
I got her word. I won't allow her to take it back.

I turned towards her and asked her to stand up. There's a table in between us, so as we are now I can't do anything.

I thought she might resist, but she obediently stood up.

I took her hand and sat her at the chair my the window.

I held her cheeks with both my hands and lifted her head up towards me. Then, I kissed her bewitching red hair.

Then, I moved her bangs over to one side and kissed her forehead. Then I moved on to her eyelids, her cheeks, and right next to her lips, touching her lips slightly sometimes.

Surprisingly, Sieg was being docile.
Though her eyelids were closed, her eyelashes were quivering faintly. Her hands were clenched on her knees, showing that she was nervous.

“Erm, I don’t think married couples do this in pub……!?”

Having sensed that it was strange, Sieg tried to say something, but I sealed her mouth before she could say anything more.

Am I going to get kicked in the stomach!? Or so I worried for a moment, but I shifted my focus back on kissing.

Satisfied, I stretched my body. Then, I felt a gaze somewhere so I tilted my head.

The gaze came from the window.

“——!?”

That thing tapped the window appealing its existence even more.

From that sudden encounter, I ended up crying out.

“——Bear!!”

……No, well, it was Teoporon.

Raw link

Translator:
Sieg, you opportunist. Nice work.

Chapter 35: Bear ※Drop-Shipped

Chapter 35: Bear ※Drop-Shipped

A white bear's head was poking out. I couldn't see Teoporon himself.
The first floor is built higher than usual. The snow might block the way out, so stairs are built first.

Same for the windows, they're built higher so that they won't be smashed by the heavy snow.

When I opened the window, Teoporon was there.
Because of the house's structure, it seemed that he did not see inside.

When I asked him what it was, Teoporon pointed to the ground.

"——A bear!?"

A real one this time.
He hunted a bear.

"Sieg, look at that."
"……What"

It's been a long time since I saw a caught bear. A brown bear tied to a sleigh. It looks like a young adult bear.

I jumped out from the window, but a tingling pain shot up my foot. To Sieg who was looking out the window, I crossed my hands over my head while crouching to show her that it was dangerous to jump out from the window.

Sieg went around and came out from the front door.

"Are you okay."
"Yup, I'm fine."

After checking my health, our eyes focused on the brown lump.
The bear in the front yard was incredible.

"Teoporon, what's this?"

“A present for the great king.”
“……Y-ye~ah.”

As usual, I couldn’t understand him. I laughed it off.
Sieg too shook her head.

“I was mistaken. I thought that she was a warrior. I heard from my wife. Warrior Sieglinde, no, queen of the great king should I say……”

Teoporon was declaring something with great vigour today. As Sieg and I nodded, he continued.

“I wanted to hunt a white bear, but I could only find a brown one. However, this one is good. You can see that from the fur. Now, please accept this!”

Teoporon pointed to the bear, then to us. That meant that he’s giving it to me.

“Eh!?”

I pointed to the bear then to myself. ‘You’re giving it to me?’ it meant.
Teoporon nodded.

“W, wa~. I’m happy!”

Teoporon hunted the bear as a gift.
He pounded his chest and bowed.

“Ah, wait, wait!”

I stopped Teoporon who was about to go with his white bear fur.

“Sorry, but help us with processing it! I can’t do it with just the two of us!”

A bear is as big as an average adult male. SInce it would take a long time to butcher this I asked for his help.

◇◇◇

Since the bear was to big to move to the hut, we did it at the front yard.

“Iyaa, I didn’t imagine that he’d give a bear.”
“You look happy.”
“I wanted to let Sieg try some.”
“Is it really that tasty?”
“It’s great.”

It’s been five years since I had bear meat. That meat was from the white bear Teoporon was wearing.

“Plus it’s a young female.”
“……”

This is the second best season for bear meat.
Having just awoken from hibernation, the famished bears go on a binge. Thus, their meat thickens and their fat becomes tasty.
By the way, the tastiest season is in autumn just before it goes to hibernate. Here, nature’s abundant blessings make the bear meat even better.

I knew that Sieg was looking at me strangely, but this excitement did not go away.

“By the way, you don’t hunt bears?”
“We don’t. Never.”

Bear hunting is dangerous so no one in the village dares to…… except for Teoporon.
Safety first. Thinking about the taste and quality comes after that.

As for the bigger animals like deers and boars, our ancestors learned how to deal with them through trial and error.

However, for bears, no matter how many centuries passed, they are still very threatening so we don’t hunt them for their meat.

Fundamentally, our life is focused on surviving as much as possible in this harsh environment.
Therefore, we don’t risk our lives for hunting.

The bear that was caught had barely any scratches.
It appeared that the bear died by a spear through its heart. Teoporon is still very reckless.

Its throat was already slit open, so I think he drained the blood already.

I brought out knives.

First, we had to skin it.
Before the fur is bathed in medicinal water, we can’t touch it with our bare

hands. Because there are bugs and things like that.
I put on leather gloves and started skinning it.

Bear fur is warm, and merchants buy it at high prices. Since the value falls if it's damaged with a knife, I did the skinning carefully.

We cleanly skinned it off from the bottom to the head, and carefully collected the oil from the fur too.
Then, we removed the subcutaneous fat.
I heard that if it's carefully processed in hot water many times, panacea is made. Bear oil is said to be good for abrasions, burns, and for boils from bug bites. I never used it before, so I don't know if it's true though.

Now that we trimmed off the fat, we then disembowelled it by slashing it open from the chest to the belly.

Bear organs are used for medicine, so these are also traded at high prices. To not spoil it, I put it in a sack full of ice.

Then we butchered it up by its parts. Since the bones are hard, we carved the meat off fully.

Some time later, the butchering was finished.
The bear, now reduced to chunks of meat, is then matured for a month. It's big, so it takes longer.

Bear meat is mostly fat. The meat is red, but it turns black after maturing it. The meat doesn't become that soft though. Depending on how it's cooked, it can become hard like rubber.

If it's cooked well after maturing, it's top grade. The fat becomes soft from the heat, and it melts on one's tongue.

"Teoporon, thanks!"

He even helped with moving the meat.

I'm looking forward to eating the meat a month later.

Though I'm already spent from butchering the bear this morning, this was just the beginning of work today. I have to work.

Around noon, the two of us were drooping.

“……Oh no. My energy is spent from butchering the bear this morning.”

I had an elbow on the table as I had my head resting on the table. Sieg too looked exhausted. She was staring vacantly at a spot on the table.

“Let’s do something we can do indoors in the afternoon.”
“Okay.”

One can really feel the limits of one’s stamina in spring.
The bear is a formidable enemy, indeed.

◇◇◇

A few days passed since grandfather returned home and we had that battle with the bear.
We still worked from morning to evening.

Then, a letter arrived. It was from grandfather.
His recent events were written on it, and he also wrote that he wanted to see auroras sometime soon. Finally, it said, ‘I’ll give you a marriage present, so write down what you want.’

However, I didn’t have a specific wish so I replied, ‘I don’t need anything as long as grandfather is healthy.’

A reply arrived soon.
‘That wasn’t what I wanted to hear!’ I received a reply full of his rage.

And it also said that he’ll just give me a huge bear statue and a part of the vast marquess’s land. Both are troubling gifts.

But then I remembered that there was something I wanted to get.
When I wrote that down, it soon arrived.

What I wanted as my marriage present was a cushioned chair.

The furniture sold in this village are all made from wood, so there are no soft furnitures.
I thought that I wanted a soft chair like the one I saw in the marquess’s mansion.

I installed the long chair where there were two single chairs.
That place is the best place to take a nap.

“Why a chair?”
“To get a lap pillow.”
“……”

Sieg glanced over here and then sat on the chair.

She looked at me again and tapped her lap.

“Eh, really!?”
“I’ll say this beforehand. My thighs don’t feel that good. I train, so my muscles are hard.”
“Is that so? Well, I won’t know unless I try it out.”

I decided to lie down on her lap before she could change her mind.

Sieg said that it will be uncomfortable, but her thighs were not too soft nor too hard, but just perfect.

Sieglinde-san, thank you very much. These are really good thighs.

[Raw link]

I

Chapter 36: Aina and Emmerich

Chapter 36: Aina and Emmerich

Today the women in the village are making linen. Sieg too went out early to help.
Meanwhile, I am going to gather the kids in the village and weed the farming fields. Since the women can't take time to care for the children, I volunteered for it.

Since I told them to gather at the Spirit stone, I headed there.

"Ah, my lord~ Good morning~"
"Good, mor, ning!"
"Morning."

There are seven children in total. They are children from the age of 5 to 8, who can't help in making linen.
However, there was one child that stood out. What's this big one doing……

"……Erm, why are you here, Aina?"
"Mum went to make linen."
"I-I see."

The feeling of disharmony came from Aina who was sixteen years old.
She said that she was told by her mother to go to the fields.

Aina's mother, I wonder if she got healthier. I heard that she couldn't even move her body well after losing her husband.

"But honestly, I am grateful. I did think that I'd like another person to do this with."
"It's not like I came for you."
"Yeahyeah."

Though she acted coldly, she went along while holding a small child's hand.
She seemed to be quite friendly with them, since they followed her quite well.

I also talked to the other children, and then started moving to the fields.

……But then, I was called out to on the way.

“My lord, can you take my child too?”

The lady who approached had a toddler that just started walking. The toddler won’t be able to help in farming.

“S-Sorry, both parents are sick.”
“Haa, is that so.”

On busy days like these, the people at home are supposed to look after the children.
However, if both of them are not feeling well, they can’t help but leave it to someone else.

“Alright. Please prepare three towels, two kuksas and a cloth for carrying the child on my back.”
“Thank you!”

I held the child as I waited for her to bring the requested goods.
This child here was gentle, and did not cry even with a stranger like me held him. When I lifted him up high, he giggled happily.

While carrying the child on my back, I headed to the fields.
On the way, Teoporon met up with us. As soon as they saw the big man with the bear hat, the children approached. The aloof white bear warrior was unexpectedly popular with children.

When I passed through the fortress’s corridor, I got an energetic greeting from the reception desk.

“Good morning, my lord!!”
“……Morning.”

Strangely, the soldiers at the fortress were in very good shape these days. There were idling away on alcohol, but recently I can’t smell alcohol on them. Also, they do their guard duties diligently, and their behaviour is like a proper soldier.

About two months ago, a new captain came here after getting demoted.

Maybe it might be thanks to him, but I don't know.
I passed through while tilting my head in wonder.

"Have a safe trip, my lord!!"
"I'm just going to the fields."
"To take work into your hands, you're incredible, sir!"
"……"

This might be the right behaviour, but since I knew how depraved they were, it felt out of place.
Well, it's a good thing. I decided to leave it alone.

"Tell the lookout to alert us if any beasts approach."
"Yes, sir, gladly——!"
"……"

The receptionist swiftly stood up and showed me a neat salute.

Outside the fortress, a vast expanse of fields unfolded before us.
The villagers take turns doing work. The vegetables that were planted during the thawing season were growing well. Although we can't any great harvests since the soil isn't good here.

Used to doing this, the children moved in between the furrows and picked out unnecessary plants at a great rate.
I told them to advance while collecting the weed in a basket. The collected weed will be dried and used as fertiliser for the next year.

Since I was taking care of a toddler, I, well, didn't work. It's dangerous to take one's eyes off children this age, so my eyes were always on the child.
Left without many choices, I just strolled around the area and blew grass whistles to pass time.

Around noon, Ruruporon and Miruporon brought lunch.
I gathered everyone and made them wash their hands at the pond.

"My lord~ is it clean now?"
"Ah, there's still dirt under our nails. One more time."
"Yes~"

I properly checked if their hands were clean. Since it would make children sick

if they ate with dirty hands, I inspected them strictly.

Ruruporon prepared meatball in cream soup and rye bread.
The meatballs were brought in a large pot, an abundant amount. The children got their portion in their own kuksas that they brought from home.

Since rye bread was too heavy for a toddler, I put it in the soup and waited for it to soften. He looked hungry, almost looking as if he wanted to fall into the bowl. “A bit, wait a little bit~” I said as I waited for the bread to soften.

“My lord, did you eat yet?”

As I fed the toddler, Aina came over.

“No, not yet.”
“I’ll take over for you, go eat.”
“How about you, Aina?”
“I ate already.”
“Okay. Thank you.”

I passed the bowl and the spoon to her and sat the toddler on my lap next to Aina. Then I went and got my portion of meatballs and bread.

Having finished his meal, the toddler started dosing, so I carried him on my back and tied him tightly with a cloth.

I was waiting for this moment.
I resolved to work hard in the afternoon.

“Ah, Aina.”
“What.”
“A letter arrived from Emmerich.”
“W-Whaddya say!?”

Because the toddler might awake from sudden loud noises, I warned Aina.

“Why didn’t you tell me sooner.”
“I forgot.”
“……”
“Sorry, I didn’t think that you were looking forward to Emmerich’s letters that much.”

“H-Haa!? As if I looked forward to those!”
“……”

Aina and Emmerich are exchanging letters in secret. Those letters are delivered through my house.
Though the rate was a bit strange, with Emmerich sending three while Aina wrote only one.

“That person, he’s really strange.”
“Yeah?”
“Yeah, really. Once, he picked a flower and pressed it into a bookmark and sent it to me.”
I wonder who it was that came asking for the name of that pressed flower?
Of course, it was a foreign one, so I had no way of knowing.

Rather, I remember getting an indescribable feeling from imagining Emmerich squatting down and picking flowers or pressing flowers.

As to why a relatively affluent man is giving such gifts, it’s the result of my advice that gifts that aren’t too expensive are better. Who could have imagined that he would give things that did not cost a penny.

It wasn’t only the pressed flower bookmark that Emmerich sent.

“He even sent a letter on some thick paper with a picture.”

I think I saw her seriously eyeing the picture of the beautiful white castle, but maybe that person just resembled her.

Postcards are rare here, but in other countries it’s quite common. I, too, when I first saw it being sold as a souvenir, I remember going ‘heh~’ in awe.

“What’s more, he even sent a shellfish he picked up on the beach, you know!?”

On Aina’s wrist, there was a bracelet made from rose pink shellfish. She made it from his gift. She defnintely seemed to like it.

Whatever she said, it seemed that they liked each other, so I ended up feeling delighted.
Realising that I was being smug, Aina acted dishonestly as if to hide her feelings.

“He’s really strange!”

“I~ see~”
“!?”

Though she said that Emmerich is strange, to others, it doesn’t sound like that. When I replied light-heartedly to her, I was glared at.

“By the way, he said that he’s coming over soon. Wasn’t that written on your letter?”
“Haa!? What’s that!?”
“Eh, no?”
“……”
“Aina?”
“Letter!!”
“Alright.”

Because I had cloth around me from carrying a toddler, it took a little time to reach the inner pocket.
In front of me, Aina was being visibly impatient.

“……”
“What does it say?”
“It says that a dog he’s raising at home gave birth.”
“……”

Emmerich, how disappointing.

I ended up getting worried about their future. It was a very disappointing story of such a day.

Raw link

Translator:
tsun tsun dere tsun dere tsun tsun~

Chapter 37: A Disappointing Girl and a Disappointing Young Man

Chapter 37: A Disappointing Girl and a Disappointing Young Man.
Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

Surprisingly, Emmerich came earlier than expected.
The season can still be called spring. There is still freshness in the green shade of nature.

I went out to the village entrance to receive our guest.
Meeting again after few months, the young man, still looking refreshing, quietly and shyly greeted me. Inhibited as always.

“Will you take it slowly this time?”
“No, I’m returning tomorrow evening.”
“Eh, that short!?”
“In this period, we’re busy with the joint military exercises.”
“I see.”

I heard that he was spending hectic days in his country. Apparently, the shellfish and the flower that he gave to Aina are from the exercise facility.

Also, Emmerich decided that he will live here.

“When I said I’m retiring from the army, I was coerced into helping with work.”
“What a pity, that……”

His holiday this time was hard-earned, at the cost of not getting a single holiday in summer. In winter, he’s busy undergoing the various processes for retirement, so the next time he’s coming will be in spring next year.

“Right then, let’s go meet up with Aina.”
“……”

Emmerich nodded with a jubilant expression on his face.

While we were talking, I spotted a familiar back.

“A-Aina.”
“!”

Emmerich’s beloved happened to be there ahead of us.
Called out to, Aina turned around. Upon seeing me, she looked annoyed, but when she saw Emmerich, she looked restless.

“Emmerich came over to see you, Aina.”
“!”

Aina looked surprised and stared at Emmerich. When her eyes met his, she turned away out of embarrassment.
Emmerich was just smiling delightedly. To that young man, I nudged him.

“……Erm”
“!”
“Aina-chan.”

She didn’t imagine that the quiet man would speak out. Aina gaped at him.
Meanwhile, since nothing was said after “Aina-chan,” her tension seemed to have got loose, and she said something unexpected.

“——Don’t get so friendly with me!!”
“……”
“……”

The person who used abusive language, Aina looked the most surprised, for some mysterious reason.
The girl, maybe unable to stand it anymore, ran away in silence.

“Erm, Emmerich?”

I was worried about Emmerich, but he had — a serene expression.

What a relief. He didn’t mind her words.

◇◇◇

First, I told Emmerich to stay home quietly. I decided to go get Aina by myself.

The girl I was looking for was shopping at the caravan that had set up stall in the village square.

“Aina.”
“!”

When I talked to her from behind, she flinched a bit and dropped some things from her leather bag.

“Ah, sorry.”

I picked up the vegetables that rolled out and put them back in the back. She was still frozen from when I called her, so I talked to her again.

“Emmerich’s not here.”
“What!? You should’ve said that earlier!”

Aina looked around with great vigour. It seems that she didn’t imagine that Emmerich wouldn’t be here.

“Do you have some time.”
“I’m busy.”
“Don’t say that.”

I picked up her bag and headed towards her house.

“Hey, give it back!”
“I’ll escort you home, princess.”
“Who are you calling princess!”

At this hour, the scary grandfather isn’t there too. Her grandmother is ailing, so she won’t come out either. Thinking that, I decided to carry Aina’s load until she got home.

“There’s a lot. Celebrating something today?”

In the other bag, there was a chicken. It was clucking with great vigour.

“No. Grandma and mum’s not feeling too well, so grandpa told me to make some soup with blood.”
“……I see.”

Behind Aina’s house, there was an empty pot, another pot of water on the stove and a knife prepared. It seemed that not much time passed, since the water wasn’t even starting to boil yet.

“The chicken, want me to process it?”
“……”

She didn’t respond, but I proceeded anyway.

After knocking the chicken unconscious, I tied its legs with a string. Then I slit the area around its arteries and drained its blood. The pot filled up with the chicken’s blood.

“Aina, we’re having a luncheon in our house tomorrow, won’t you come?”
“Eh?”
“Though I say luncheon, there’s only Sieg, me, Emmerich and Aina, the four of us.”
“……”

Aina’s expression darkened.
So it’s no good even with Sieg. I dropped my shoulders.

“……go.”
“Eh?”
“I’m busy, so I can’t go.”
“Yeah. Alright.”

Aina’s grandmother and mother are sick.
She might be doing all the housework alone.

The water started boiling, so I retrieved the pot and waited for the chicken’s blood to drain. Once the blood stopped dripping, I put the chicken in the water and boiled it for a few dozen seconds. After that, I put it in cold water and then plucked the feathers. For the delicate parts, I removed the feathers by searing them off with a hot metal rod.

“Aina, then, how about a tea party?”
“What’s that?”
“Emmerich gave us some delicious coffee and confectionaries. Why don’t we have that with the four of us?”
“If it’s coffee, it’s not a tea party.”
“Then, a banquet?”

No, a banquet’s different.

I pointed out my own mistake in my head.

“Just a bit’s fine.”
“……”

Maybe it was because I persisted well. Aina eventually agreed to come.

The next day.
The tea party that we arranged for the young foreign man the village girl was, well, unfortunately, a failure.

It was good sitting Emmerich and Aina across from each other, but their eyes never met, nor did they say anything.

Like so, with his only conversation ending with Aina’s one-sided declaration of “Don’t get so friendly with me,” Emmerich went home.
It was a teary parting from me feeling sorry for him.

The day after that, Aina came over in the morning.

“Huh, what is it?”
“……”

Aina had a basket in her hand. Though it was covered with a cloth, I could see some biscuits inside.

“These are……”
“Could they be for Emmerich?”
“……”

After hesitating for a while, she nodded.

——Uwa, what should I do?

I forgot to tell Aina that he was staying only for a night.

With a half-smile, I received the basket.
After she confirmed that I took it, Aina turned around to return, so I grabbed her arm and dragged her inside.

“Hey, Ritz, what are you doing!”
“Sorry!”
“Let go! I’m busy, I don’t have time to see that person!!”

“No, Aina, sorry! Emmerich’s already gone!”
“……Eh?”
“He returned home yesterday evening.”
“You’re lying!”
“I’m not lying. Sorry I didn’t tell you.”
“……”

I took her to the living room and sat her at the chair next to the window.

“……Emmerich is busy, so he could only stay for a night.”
“I didn’t know. It wasn’t written on the letter.”
“……”

I didn’t know what I should say. Time passed without us saying anything.
Since it was awkward, I brought up a topic.

“Ah, right, he said that he’ll be moving here.”
“Who is?”
“……Emmerich.”
“I didn’t hear that.”

At her growling voice, I almost let out a yelp.

Rather, Emmerich. Why do you never tell Aina important things.
I felt annoyed at the foreign soldier.

Seeing Aina’s face, this time I really did let out a short yelp, “Hii!”
She had an enraged face like no other.

“Aina, Emmerich didn’t mean any ill, he’s just being considerate……”
“It’s not that. I’m angry at myself.”
“?”

Aina said with a trembling voice.
She wanted to thank him for the pressed flower bookmark, and wanted to ask where the castle in the postcard was. She wanted to show him the shellfish bracelet she made, and had many other things she wanted to talk about.

The two were getting to know each other through letters.
However, it’s different to actually to talk in person and communicate through words.

When they actually meet each other, they become shy that they don't know what to do.

"Aina, Emmerich will come again."
"But I said something so harsh, I need to apologise."
"Don't worry. Emmerich doesn't mind."
"……"
"He's coming back in spring."
"!?"

Because the day of their reunion was so far away, Aina started crying.

"Uwa, Aina, wait!"

At that moment when tears started trickling down her cheeks, the door opened.

"……This is,"

The person who came in was Sieglinde who just returned from her morning stroll.
Seeing her, Aina ran into Sieg's chest.

"……!?"

While embracing Aina, she asked with her eyes what was up.
I immediately shook my head and denied any accusation.

Sieg continued to pat Aina's back, waiting for her to calm down.
I too furtively approached them.

Aina was crying like a child.

I knew her well from when she was young. She's probably the most violent kid in the village.
As she grew up, she became pessimistic about the future. However, as she exchanged letters with a young man, she found love and a way to save herself.

In her tough daily life, those letters may have been her only joy.

Aina was crying because she was regretting that she couldn't act as she wanted.
I felt sorry for her, felt pity for her. Various feelings welled up. It's pathetic, but I

too became teary-eyed.

When I looked at Sieg, she gently embraced with her free hand.

Sieglinde, what a benign woman.

Embraced by Sieg, Aina and I slowly calmed down.

The problem of Emmerich and Aina looked to be far from getting solved.

The biggest problem was not Aina being unable to act true to her own feelings. It was her grandfather and grandmother who did not like foreigners.

Author:
Next chapter is from the point of view of the new captain assigned to the fortress.

Raw link

Chapter 38: Hermann Artonen’s Activity Report

Chapter 38: Hermann Artonen’s Activity Report.
Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

Spring has greeted our lands.
That was what was written on the letter from the lord. The snow in the city had melted, so I had thought that the place I would be assigned to was getting warm too.

However, the port I arrived in still had some snow and the blowing wind was one that had a biting cold.
What part of this is spring! I retorted to the lord that I had not seen yet in my head.

Just in case, I opened the letter of appointment and checked where I was going to.

—— To Hermann Artonen.
We inform that you are hereby appointed as the fortress captain of the County of Revontulet, Lappland. You are to start working from the first phase of spring.

When I asked a sailor nearby where this was, he told me that we were in the County of Revontulet.
This was definitely the place.

I gave up and paid money to a merchant travelling to the village to get there.

Not far away from the Arctics, this place was famous as a place of exile for those who caused trouble within the military.
It’s a simple job of patrolling and keeping watch for any beasts that my harm people, but there are no records of the village, protected by thick, tall walls, receiving damage from beasts. Because there is the fortress in the village, I don’t think that there is any need for a garrison to be stationed, but there is also the story that back then the king and his mistress from the village agreed to station troops in the area.

Rather than that, I cursed my ill luck.
I came here because my superior's corruption was pinned onto me.
One is a noble, and one is a commoner. It's clear who would win if both deny the act.

It was a fruitless life, I thought.
After spending those years chased by work, even losing my chance at marriage, I was turning 55 this year, going into my sunset years.
Now, I was going to the remotes lands where extreme cold dominated.
My term in office was not set, and the soldiers there are a ragtag group of troublemakers.

My life too was soon about to end anyway, or so I almost gave up.

Not a long time later, I arrived at the village.

The rumoured fortress was impressive. One could hardly imagine that it was for this village of only a few hundred people.
I heard that this fortress was built a few centuries ago when the king's favourite mistress, who was from this village, worried about the damage her people received from beasts. This military facility felt very out of place in this village surrounded by the forest.

When I got off the wagon, there was someone standing by the fortress gates.
A young man, who had white hair braided down to his waist, wearing traditional clothing of bright blue and red.

He had a soft atmosphere to him.
That appearance did not fit with the bleak fortress walls.
Indeed. He was like a fairy. He felt fantastical, out of this world.

"Hermann Artonen-dono, right?"
"!"

From his words, I confirmed that he was a being of this world.
And this man was the ruler of these lands, Count Revontulet.

I never thought that anyone would greet me, so I was very surprised and felt appreciative that the lord himself came out to greet me.
However, he was a kind person, giving me a guide through the fortress facilities

such as my room, the dining hall and the training facilities.

Finally, we visited the staff lounge where the soldiers were on standby.
The lord looked apologetic as he said that I shouldn't expect much and opened the door.

"……"
"……"

I did have a bad feeling even before the doors were opened, but it was much worse.

There were two soldiers glaring at each other, about burst out at each other.
There were soldiers jeering and egging those two on.
One was asleep, with a bottle in his hand.

Bad work behaviour, and they were ignoring the lord and me.
I unconsciously stared up at the ceiling in disbelief.

Without waiting for anything, the fistfight started. The surroundings heated up. The drunk man woke up.
It was pandemonium.

"Hey, stop that!"

Recklessly, the lord went in to stop them. However, they did not stop.

"——!?"

While the two were wrestling each other, the lord was hit on the cheek by one the men's elbow. Because there was quite a lot of force, he collapsed on the floor.

"M-My lord!?"

Because the lord who intervened to stop the fight was knocked away, the soldiers who were fighting looked agitated. The spell was broken and the fight quickly stopped.

The lord quickly stood back up, while saying that he was okay, but the large bleeding wound on his cheekbones looked pitiful.

Even then, the lord was not enraged, and merely told them off with a warning.

He then proceeded to introduce me and give words of encouragement before leaving.

The soldiers were mocking him as the sissy lord, but I couldn't really accept that.

The next day.
The soldiers were already drinking in the morning and started the day off with vulgar jokes.
Of course, they didn't even notice that I, their boss, came to work. Unable to do anything, I decided to just be at the reception desk.

I sort of expected it, but everything here done carelessly.
On the reception desk, the pot of ink of was empty. There wasn't even a pen.
Sighing, I started organising the documents.

While I was working, a person came from the village. It was still dark, so when I peeked out, it was a rather tall woman.

She named herself as 'Sieglinde Salonen Revontulet'. No need to say, she's the wife of the lord.

She asked me to take her to the soldier's lounge, but there are only poorly disciplined soldiers inside. It's no place for a woman to go into.

However, the countess visited this place sometimes, and apparently it wasn't something special today.

Because she insisted, I relented and guided her in.

Though they did not react much to my appearance, they reacted greatly to the countess.
While crude jokes flew about, the countess took their drinks and properly scolded.

"Oi oi, what's this. If it isn't the lady, here to do her usual meddling again!"
"Heheh, she's probably here for revenge."
"What did you say?"
"Huuhh, you didn't here~? Your weak husband got hit here."
"!?"

Upon hearing that, the countess expression changed into a menacing look. Her glare was fierce, and had a sharpness resembling that of a carnivore.

“Oi, Ars, it was you, right?”
“Aa, I didn’t he’d collapse from just that.”
“So you did do it on purpose.”
“Haha! As I thought the lord didn’t tell her beloved wife!”
“Of course he wouldn’t, getting injured by trying to stop us fighting, it’s shameful!”

The countess stopped cleaning the room and glared at the soldiers.
I wanted to tell her to go back, but even I could feel her rage that words did not escape my throat.

“What’s up with those eyes.”
“Wanna go at it!?”

I shouted at them to not lay a hand on women, but as expected I was ignored.

The lady too did not look as though she was going to let that statement go.

Then, for some reason, the countess beckoned them to come over, provoking them.

“M-My lady!”

Easily provoked, the soldiers charged at her.
I shut my eyelids tight to prevent myself from witnessing the worst possible event.

-Blam-The sound of a punch connecting echoed in the room along with a scream. There was also a dull sound of something hitting the wall, but more importantly the scream was a low one, from a man.

When I cautiously opened my eyes, the countess was in a battle stance, bouncing about as she prepared to face her second opponent.

I heard that one stepped like that to raise one’s physical abilities.

I was relieved that it was not the countess that was hurt, but she was about to attack her second opponent.

“Ah, S-Stop”

As I was saying that feebly, two shadows moved simultaneously.

The countess swung out first. The soldier deftly avoided the uppercut and then tried to hit her fist away with his elbow, but he received a blow to his knee and collapsed.

The knee is one of the weak points of the human body, and it's weak to blows from the side. She understood that well. The first punch was a feint to approach closer.

Still enraged, the soldiers lunged at the countess, but being the unfortunate drunkards they were, they could not win.

The countess's countenance then returned to normal and she continued to clean the room as if nothing happened.

For the soldiers that were collapsed on the floor, she kicked them away into a corner as she cleaned.

After throwing away all the alcohol in the room out the window, the countess left with a cold expression.
The soldiers moaned in the corner, looking humiliated.

The next morning, the countess came again.
This time, not drunk, the soldiers were in proper condition.

I told them all to stop but no one listened.
Today, the soldiers are not drunk. I tried to stop them saying that it would be bad if anything happened to the lord's wife, but one of the soldiers restrained me.

However, I was worrying unduly.
The countess won again.

The soldiers, feeling even more vexed, started training.

A few days late, the countess came over and fought, and the results were the same.
The soldiers, who used to be drunk and unmotivated, asked me, their captain, how to become stronger.

I could teach them the basic theories of martial arts, but applying it to practice

was a different story.
Truth be told, I did not have a good physical ability, so I only did paperwork in the military.

As we continued to train, the countess came over to see the situation.
The soldiers did not become agitated at once. I bowed my head down and asked if she could teach us the basics of martial arts.

The magnanimous countess granted our wish.

From then on, the countess came over everyday and taught the soldiers how to fight.
One day, the village women who admired her came over and brought some snacks. The soldiers did not seem to dislike that either. Thanks to those snacks, there eventually no soldiers who rebelled against the countess.

After a month, a few talented soldiers became better than the countess.
From there on, those people taught the other soldiers how to fight.
The countess stopped coming to the fortress after that.

However, the women continued to bring over snacks, and the soldiers were putting their back into training.

In a blink, the disorderly soldiers became diligent soldiers.

“For some reason, everyone’s gotten more diligent now.”
“I-Is that so?”
“Yeah. Strange~”

While watching the soldiers, the lord tilted his head.
I felt relieved that his bruised cheek had recovered fully.

I was told to not tell how the soldiers improved by the countess so I couldn’t tell him.
The lord too left without prying into it.

This remote land is an interesting place.
It’s a far and fantastical place where people who look like fairies live, where there was a kind-hearted lord and a friendly lady.

I took a liking to this place.

I couldn’t help but feel that there will be good things in the future.

Raw link

Chapter 39: Berry Picking

Chapter 39: Berry Picking

Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

70% of this country is covered with forests, that people live silently as a part of nature.
When the world is no longer in the silver shade of winter, the soft breeze gently caresses one's cheeks and brings forth a warm world of green.

Once it's summer, the women of the village are busy picking berries. Everyone brings big baskets and goes out to pick those precious berries.

There is an abundance of berries in the forest. It is said that there are dozens of different species of berries.

Today, I roved through the forest with Sieg. We first arrived at a place that had purple berries.

"This is famous, so you know this one, right?"
"Blueberries, huh."
"Yup."

Of the world-famous berries, three kinds are in our forest.

Blueberry shrubs are a little shorter than where our knees are. They are thriving on the ground. So it's a little hard trying to pick them while squatting down.

"Now then, let's start!"
"Alright."

We started picking berries.
We only picked the ripe ones. Unlike other fruits, berries do not ripen even after they are picked. We have to wait for unripe ones to become ripe on the tree. So we have to take care when piking the berries.

It's possible to tell if a blueberry is ripe or not by checking the stalk. If it's purple, then it's ripe. If it's red, it's not yet ripe.

Unripe blueberries are acrid, bitter and sour so they're not fit for eating. People who don't know when it's supposed to be harvested sometimes think that blueberries are supposed to taste like that.
The fully ripe ones are really sweet and tasty. How the blueberry easily comes off is also a sign that it's ripe.

About thirty minutes later, a basket was filled.
When I stood up and stretched, I felt fatigued. There's still a lot more to do, but I was already like this. I looked at Sieg as I massaged my back, but she looked composed.

"……Berry picker, I should have bought them this year."
"There are things like that?"
"Ah, you don't have that over there."

I picked berries every year, but I remembered that other countries didn't have this.

The berry picker is a fantastic tool, which is used by raking the plant to pick off the berries. Though it picks off unripe berries too, so it's not all that good thought.

"Now then, shall we continue on?"

I picked up the good full of berries and walked on.

While walking through the forest, we have to be careful of our surroundings. If we are in the territory of carnivorous animals like bears, lynxes and wolverines, we have to leave immediately. I walked on while checking the scratch marks on tree barks and animal tracks.

"There aren't many lynxes (ilves) now. I can't find any of them now."
"Ilves?"
"There were poachers overhunting large cats, so in my grandfather's generation they moved the army and put stricter regulations on."

Since they're not extinct, I can sometimes see some tracks of lynxes.
I saw the real thing a few times when I was young. They're very wary, so they don't come out when there's people holding guns. However, because they're carnivorous animals, I am wary of them. There's no telling what they might do if

they’re hungry.

“Rather than the lynxes, wolverines are most dangerous.”

Wolverines are omnivorous animals of the weasel family. They’re very fierce, so we at the village are very wary of them. They have sharp claws and fangs, in addition to a very strong jaw.
It sometimes even attempts to hunt larger animals when it gets desperate, so they’re dangerous.

While we were talking about those things, we arrived at the place where our next berries grew.
There were semi-transparent red berries on a shrub that reached up to our waist.

“These are redcurrants.”
“The ones that are used for the sauce.”
“Indeed.”

Redcurrants taste sour. They’re usually used for making sauce on meat. They’re boiled and preserved, or made into jams to please our taste buds.

Again, we picked them in silence.
They were small, so it was tough filling up a basket.

“Ah, right! I have something I want to show you.”
“?”

I was feeling tired, but when I thought of that I suddenly felt much better. I grabbed Sieg’s hand and went further into the forest.

“——This is”
“Amazing, right?”

At the clearing there were blooming white flowers. Also called ‘star of the forest’, the seven pointy petals are characteristic of this flower.
The flower itself is small, and the leaves are more noticeable, but they’re lovely flowers. I remember mother getting very pleased when I picked those and brought them to her.

Sieg sat down and watched the flower. I too laid down the baskets and lied

down on the grass.

“It’s a fragile flower.”

Sieg seemed to like it, nodding to herself.

While keeping my wife in my line of sight, I looked around.
I could see plentiful greenery in the birch trees. It was vastly different from the frozen scenery of winter.
It was also a season where all the plants of nature glistened from the sunlight.
Here people called the forest from summer to autumn ‘green gold’. The blessings of nature are a national treasure.

“——So, it is my favourite season.”

Picking berries and mushrooms in the forests, fishing in the river. Preparing the farms for winter, and eating meat. There are only special days.
During the white nights, when the sun does not set, I get very excited. It’s very different compared to the depressing polar nights.

Like this, the relaxing summer days pass smoothly every day.

“Winter’s hectic, what with all the hunting and the polar night.”
“But I like winter too.”
“Yeah?”

Sieg sat down next to me.
She then talked about the winter.

The ever stretching vast white plains felt otherworldly, and the crisp air felt good.
The morning of the polar night, when everything was shrouded in blue was breathtakingly beautiful.
The blue foxfires (auroras) at night beckoned one to a mystical world.

After saying that, Sieg lied down and looked at my face.

“I love”
“!?”
“the blue and white world of winter here”
“……”

……Why are you saying that to my face!?

From Sieg's words, my heart beat so fast yet it was disappointed so quickly, that I felt both heaven and hell.

"When I look at Ritz, I relive that memory very much."
"We were always together."
"Ah, maybe that's why."

When she was travelling through the endless snowy plains, when she saw the foxfires in the morning, I was always there. It could be that my presence there was swept away by the scenery.

"My favourite colours are white and blue."
"Eh?"
"You asked before, right? My favourite colour."

I didn't think that a question that I asked months ago would be answered back now.
I see, so Sieg likes white and blue, huh?

That moment when I learned of Sieg's preferences, the sky turned strange.
It was perfectly clear just then. I almost want to complain.

"Let's start going back soon. Looks like it will start raining."
"Alright."

While carrying the baskets full of berries, we came out of the forest with quick footsteps.
After getting home, I gave some blueberries to Ruruporon and asked her to bake some snacks with those.

Around lunchtime, the raindrops started falling.
While listening to the rain, I sat in the office and did some simple work involving signing documents. Sieg too was doing something of her own.

As we were spending this peaceful afternoon, Ruruporon brought snacks.

"Uwa, looks great!"

She made a special blueberry pie.
Called 'mustikkapiirakka' in our language, this confectionary has sour cream,

sugar, eggs and blueberries mixed as the filling.
The outside is crispy, and the inside is soft. The sweet flavour of blueberry adds a nice touch to the whole thing.

Though I usually don’t ask for confectionary, this time I specially asked Ruruporon because Sieg was here. But because it was much better than I had expected, I too felt very satisfied.

Such was the story of a satisfying afternoon.

Raw link

Translator:
Ritz can be very dense. Sieg said her favourite colour is white and blue while looking at Ritz.

Here’s our berry picking couple:

I

Chapter 40: The Ins and Outs of Crafting

Chapter 40: The Ins and Outs of Crafting

Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

Recently, I decided with Sieg that we will make the bear fur we got from Teoporon into a gift for grandfather.

Grandfather liked Teoporon's white bear fur very much. Teoporon too realised that and took his off, but grandfather refused, saying, "I don't want something that was used to cover your groin!" Of course that was grandfather's condition, but I wanted to retort if he didn't have a better way to word it.

After we skinned it and removed the fat from the surface, we put it in a medicinal concoction of salt, tree barks and leaves to remove the bugs and the smell. The water was changed many times, and at the same time we rinsed and cleaned the fur.

After repeating that process, we let it out to dry in the wind for a few hours. Then we placed on the worktable and removed any remaining bits of meat. Then we smeared ground volcanic rocks and salt all over the fur and left for a few days. After that, the powders are brushed off, and bear oil is applied before we moved on to the drying process.

For the drying process, the fur is hung inside the house on the wall. If we don't do this, the fur curls up after getting dried, making it hard to craft something out of it.

After it's dried, we then brush the surface to make it soft. It seems that long ago people crushed animal brains on the fur and chewed them with their teeth to soften the fur, but I don't think I could endure such a process.

When that's done, we went onto crafting it so that it could be worn on the head.

Teoporon used the same method people use when they stuff animals, so the skull is still there. However, I don't know how to do that so I just sewed in the skull afterwards.

On the clean bear skull, I drilled in some holes in it.
The bones were tough, so it was a tough job.
Once I finished drilling holes, Sieg fitted the fur on the skull. In the eye sockets, I set black quartz, which were lying around in father's room.
On the paws too, I drilled some holes for the claws. For that too, Sieg carefully sewed them. Finally, we put in some combs.
Thus, the bear coat was complete.

"……This, erm, isn't there any place to wear this in Sieg's country?"
"Well, there isn't."
"Do you think he'll be happy?"

While talking, I gently put the coat on Sieg.

……Mm. Looks great on her.

While wearing the bear fur, Sieg continued to speak.

"Giving a gift is conveying one's feelings to another. What's important is not what's being given but the feeling."
"Right. Indeed."

From Sieg's words of encouragement, I decided to send the bear fur to grandfather.

A few days later, a letter from grandfather arrived.

"Grandfather, he sounds like he was troubled because people asked where he got it from when he wore it to a masquerade ball."
"Really?"

But he didn't sound troubled at all from the letter.
He seemed happy, so I felt relieved that my work paid off.

◇◇◇

As for the berries too, I have to get to processing them before it becomes too much work. I also needed to prepare for the upcoming seasons.

To make berry liqueur, I was making white liquor from the grains.

First, the threshed grains are carefully boiled in water. Then roasted grains are sprayed on top and left in a hut in which the temperature was controlled.

That is then moved to a big barrel and mixed with water before it's left for a day. After that, I repeatedly mixed steamed potatoes into that.
Finally, I added in birch sap and more water. After a few days, foams form on the surface. While keeping close watch on the foams, I stirred the mixture every few hours.

A week after the final step. Now, the mixture smelled quite strongly of alcohol. There was also a lot of foam. However, the foam soon died down.

We can't drink it as is, so the impurities have to be removed. That process is called distilling.

In a big iron pot, the almost completely liquid is put in, and a sealed wooden container with a bowl is put on top of that.
The droplets that form from the steam is the clean alcohol.
The droplets are collected into the wooden container, and those come out through a pipe.

Like this, alcohol is made.

Using that alcohol, I made berry liqueur.
Any berries are fine. This time. I decided to make the liqueur with the abundant blueberries and cranberries that we gathered.

Though I say make, it's a very simple process. In a sterilised bottle, alcohol, ice, and berries are put in. It's then left for three months in a cool place. In winter, we mull the drink to keep our bodies warm.

"By the way, I once made a terrible drink."

I brought out a bottle from the shelf. It was the legendary potato alcohol.

"This is?"
"Akvavit. A drink made from potatoes and herbs."

I found the method from grandfather's library so I made it out of curiosity. Meaning 'water of life' in another language, the drink was unfortunately too strong.
It had a taste as if I was chewing on bitter herbs, tingling the senses. I realised that grandfather had written 'tastes like drugs' only after I made the thing.

“I heard that it was used as a disinfectant in other countries. It’s strong enough to be considered as a medicine.”
“Hehh.”
“……Want to try some?”
“Yes.”

While thinking that she was one fearless wife, I poured the drink in her kuksa. After thanking me, Sieg downed that in one go.

“How is it?”
“Not bad.”
“Really?”
“Yeah. Feels like it would go well with pickled herrings.”

Because I wanted to be thought of as a great husband, I took out a jar of pickled herrings and served some to Sieg.

“……I didn’t think that you’d actually have some.”
“They’re just made though.”

The fish is eaten with a sauce of spices, vinegar, onions, salt and sugar.
It also goes well with mustard.

After pouring some more for Sieg, I also brought cheese.

“Not drinking?”

I nodded as I served the cheese.
Oddly, Sieg continued to drink. I discovered then that she preferred dry alcohol more than sweet alcohol. So far, we only had sweet berry wine and the wine from the family’s house, so I had no idea. Of course, I also did think that the wine was dryer and more bitter than usual.

I discovered something more about Sieg after living with her for a few months. However, she was still shrouded in mystery.

A mysterious woman, Sieglinde.
A former soldier, with top sharpshooting skills. She’s good with handicrafts as well. She is quite stoic, but she is warm-hearted.

When I looked at her, she was drinking more alcohol from her wooden cup.

“……What is it?”
“No, I just thought that you drank well.”

Because Sieg stretched her hand out to the bottle, I poured some more for her.

“Ritz is like a diligent wife.”
“Joking again.”

……Diligent wife. But come to think of it, making alcohol and pickled herrings at home was not something a husband normally did. Wives did that.

Even as I wondered at how this happened, I continued to pour more drinks for Sieg when her cup got empty.

Raw link

Translator:
Wait, cups of Akvavit!? Just how much can Sieg hold her drink!?

Chapter 41: After the Festival

Chapter 41: After the Festival

Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

Today, from early in the morning, I went out to the shop to buy ingredients for baking. Because of that Ruruporon's blueberry pie I had recently, I really wanted to eat confectionaries.
I bought flour, sour cream, butter, milk and chocolate bars. I have sugar, eggs and fresh berries at home so I don't have to buy those.
I learned how to make them from the madam. It's quite simple, just mixing the ingredients and baking.
It's only during this period, from spring to autumn, that I can buy these various ingredients. Thus, I did not hold back splurged on the ingredients.

Upon returning home, I picked up a basket full of berries, got eggs from the coop and went to the outdoors kitchen behind the house.

The berries I used this time were redcurrants and blackcurrants. It's a kind that is quite sour, and is also called 'the grapes of the north'.
Blackcurrant — also known as Cassis — is also used as medicine. They say it's good to have blackcurrant jam when one has a sore throat. The leaves also have good substances, so they are dried, powdered and roasted into tea.

I decided to make today's desert with such berries good for health.

First, I put in juniper powder and sugar into milk as I heated it in a pot.
Next, I mixed sour cream, milk, eggs and butter in a bowl and once the mixture was ready I poured it into the pot.
I applied plenty of butter on the cake mould, put in chocolate and berries, then poured the dough in. As I watched it bake on the stove, the berries floated to the top.
Later, I put a rod through it to check if it's done. It was ready.

It was quite good for being my first time. The contrast of the red and black colours of the currants were pretty too. A sweet scent hung about, making me

get this indescribable feeling.
I wanted to eat the freshly made cake right away, but I heard that it tastes better if it becomes a little moist so I left it in a cool place.

However, today, cake was not the most important thing. I was going out to someplace with Sieg after a long time.

I was baking from the morning to relieve myself of this anxiety I had.

Well, even though I said going out, I'm not going anywhere too fancy.
If I wear something special, I would be noticed by people in the port where I knew many people, so I wore my usual clothes.

As I waited while sitting on the wooden crate, my wife came out.

"!"

For the first time, she wore traditional women's clothing. She always wore the unisex one that reached to her knees, or when she had to move a lot, like when we went out hunting, she wore men's clothing.

This one was made recently. When I was making summer clothes, I made some long ones out of whim.

"Uwa! Really cute! You look really good in it, Sieglinde!"
"……"

Her straight shoulder-length hair were tied and let down behind her. She also put on make up, having a light red shade on her cheeks and a tint on her lips.

The traditional clothing had a skirt length that reached to just a little higher than the ankles. The hems were decorated with vivid stripes, giving it a colourful look.

"Good, really good. I should have made these sooner."
"……"

I walked in a circle around Sieg, slowly savouring the sight.

"Let's go quickly, or we'll be late for the carriage."
"Right. Can I hold your hand?"
"……"

She didn’t answer, but regardless I grabbed her hand.

I went out in this excited state, but we were just heading to the port where the ‘Sausage (Wurst) and Beer festival’ was taking place.
This festival happened once a year, when a merchant vessel came over. This year, coincidentally, I could enjoy Sieg’s homeland’s specialties.

Even as we rode the carriage to the port, my loosened expression did not return to normal.

After some time, we arrived at the port.

The square was already full of people.

“They’re selling sausages at the street stall, and beer is available in the tents.”
“I see. Then, let’s go.”

Since the place was overcrowded, I locked her arms with mine.

There were about thirty different kinds of sausages in the square, and there were also many stalls selling various foreign goods. First, I pondered on which sausage I would buy.

“There’s quite a variety, just for the sausages.”
“In my homeland, I heard that there are more than thousand varieties of sausages.”
“Hehh~!”

Grilled ones, boiled ones, deep fried ones, there were many different ways that they were cooked in.

“Uwa, the sausage is white! Why’s that!?”
“That’s ‘Münchner weisswurst’, a veal sausage. It’s white because there’s egg white and cream in it.”
“I see~”

It means ‘white sausage’ in Sieg’s homeland’s language, and it’s peeled before it’s eaten. I got curious, so I bought two: one for me and one for Sieg. The sausages were parboiled and then put int a bag. Looks like everything is uncooked. Thus, the ones made in the morning have to be eaten in the morning. Also, they say that ‘Weisswurst should be eaten before hearing the noon bell’.

Other than that, there were sausages that were about to burst from grilling, dried chewy ones, ones with cheese. I also bought one from Sieg's hometown, a long one grilled with charcoal, called 'Thüringer'.

After buying up enough sausage to be satisfied, we moved to the tents and ordered beer.

"Ah, should I buy potato fries too~, what should I do."
"You should get what you want. You've been doing your best every day. You can spoil yourself a bit, you won't receive divine punishment from that."

I became happy. I didn't think that she would praise me here.

"Anything you recommend for the beer?"
"Let's see."

There were quite a lot of kinds of beers. I frowned since I didn't know any of them.

"There are three ways that beer is made."

Brewed in high temperature, 'ale'. Brewed in low temperature, 'lager'. Brewed using natural yeast in the atmosphere, 'lambic'.
Ales are tastier when warmer, and lagers and lambics are better drunk cold.

"Ales taste a bit like fruit, and is smooth. Lagers are clean. They didn't sell lambic that much back home, so I don't know very well about the taste, but I heard they tasted quite sour."

To Sieg's clear explanations, I nodded.
I bought 'white beer (weizenbier)' which was good for those who were weak to alcohol.
Sieg bought 'black beer (schwarzbier)' which had a strong flavour.

After i waited a while, beer was served in large wooden cups. They were so big, so I was surprised. I was amazed at how this was normal in Sieg's country.

The white beer (weizenbier) I ordered wasn't all that white. On the other had, Sieg's black beer (schwarzbier) was really black.

After toasting to each other's hard work, we drank.

The beer was kept warm, but it was surprisingly delicious. I had thought that

beer was supposed to be kept cold up until now, but now I changed my mind.

The ale had a citric flavour and subtle sour touch, and had a smooth texture. I think I could drink this anytime. I also tasted Sieg's black beer, but it was an adult's taste.

Eating the sausage with the beer brought forth even happier times.

The white sausage that are peeled were soft because of the egg whites, and the spices went well with the citric flavour of the drink.
The sausages that were grilled crisply tasted really good with the potato fries. The chewing and the spiciness combined well, making the drink really easy to down.

"Ah, should I go buy some more?"
"No, no need."
"I have something I want, so I'll be going."
"Wait, me too."
"It's fine~"

I said that and left.

I don't know how much I drank. I'm walking straight, but I could tell that I was drunk. I had even caressed Sieg's hand while saying, "Ain't it good~ ain't it good". It's an unimaginable thing to do if I was sober.
Sieg looked at me with a troubled expression, but then I ended up saying that her expression was unbearable.
The worst drinking habits ever.

When I was going to the sausage market, I was talked to by a shop owner.

"Hey mister, how would you like some metal ornaments!?"
"……"

He talked to me from the thought that I am a Lapp. We are famous for liking metal ornaments. I was about to leave, but the owner said something that grabbed my attention.

"It's a rare platinum ornament. How about giving it to your wife or girlfriend?"

It was an earring in the shape of a snow flake. It was one that had a blue gem

in the shape of a water drop surrounded by platinum decorations.
It was for one ear, sold on its own.

It was one that was in the colours Sieg liked, white and blue, in the shape of winter.
I thought that it was one that existed for her.

Of course, it was expensive. Since it was made out of platinum. When I told him that I did not have enough cash with me, he told me that I could pay the rest later. It seemed that he was going to set up shop in our village tomorrow.

“Then, I’d like that.”

I bought it up.
I had some spare money since I made wooden carvings during the tourist season.

Without buying any more sausages, I went back to the tent where Sieg was.
Sieg looked relieved as she greeted me.

I called someone over and paid up.
We then got back on a carriage to take us home and returned quietly.

◇◇◇

After returning home, I suggested to take it slowly because I couldn’t work due to the alcohol in my system.
I was drunk, so bathing was dangerous. I just wiped myself off with medicinal water. I also washed my face, so I felt better.

Sieg bathed with Miruporon.
There was a possibility of drowning in the bath when one is drunk, so I asked someone to go in with Sieg.

I went over to Sieg, who was sitting at the chair by the window.

“Sieg, here.”
“!”

Seeing the earring I held out to her, she looked surprised.

“……What’s this?”
“Well, I have to mark my belonging, right?”

Saying that, I drew her hair back and held the earring up next to her.
It was a clean ear. She might be stolen if I didn't mark her.

"What do you mean."
"The same thing with the reindeers."
"!"

Reindeers are important. If they're not marked down, they might be stolen.

After saying that, I also whispered words of persuasion into her ears.
Of course, I was executing the plan grandfather suggested.

A while later, she nodded and accepted my gift.
I felt satisfied and placed the earring on her hands. Then I went to my room and went off the sleep.

I came back to my sense the next morning.

"——!"

I was dreaming. It was definitely a dream. It was a dream without a doubt.

As I was thinking of my stupidity yesterday, I could feel my face heating up from embarrassment.

When I went to living room, Sieg was not yet back from her morning stroll, so I let out a sigh of relief.

After I calmed down a bit, I placed the cake I made yesterday on the table.

Then, after a while, my wife came back.

"I'm back."
"!?"

Seeing her having pierced her ears, I was at a loss for words.

When I saw the shining object on her left ear, I almost tripped over the chair behind me.

"Sieglinde-san, that, ear."
"I got it pierced from the shop lady."

I felt a surge of regret. I wrapped my head in my arms.

“It hurt, right?”
“No, not that much.”
“This.”
“……”
“Wasn’t it unpleasant?”
“Why?”
“Well, marking like a reindeer.”

I could no longer look straight at her.
However, Sieg kneeled down beside where I was sitting. Then, I have no choice but to look at her.

There, Sieg said something unexpected.

“I didn’t dislike it. I know that Ritz treasures his reindeers like no other.”
“!”
“I felt happy. Thank you.”
“Sieg.”

Her smile was blindingly bright that I had to close my eyes halfway.

I really am in love with her, I thought.

Raw link

Translator:
I’m back after taking a nap.
We need to make Ritz become unable to think clearly for him to become active, I think.

I

Chapter 42: Mushroom Hunting

Chapter 42: Mushroom Hunting
Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

In summer, a period called the white nights when the sun does not set visits. It's the opposite of the polars in which the sun does not rise.
When those days come, we go out for mushrooms. The baskets that were filled with berries are then filled with mushrooms.

The forest too was covered in the lush green shades of summer. The vivid green colour calmed one's heart.

While walking, we quickly came across a mushroom.

"Ah, Sieg, this is a poisonous mushroom."
"So you can tell from just looking."

A flamboyant red cap with yellow dots. It's a poisonous mushroom indeed, but it's not that dangerous. It's just bad enough to have to lie on the bed for about three or four days. In addition, there are no antidotes for this so we have to be cautious. It's supposed to be very delicious, so there are places where the mushroom is eaten after getting rid of the poison.

"This one's poisonous too."
"Looks normal."

The next one was also a poisonous mushroom. It has a round brown cap, that doesn't look too different from the mushrooms sold in shops. However, this one has a lethal poison. So it should never be eaten!
It's characteristic is that it has brown gills under the cap.

The thick, wide-rimmed mushroom is also poisonous, and the white one that looks similar to the common mushroom is also poisonous. For the one looks similar to a brain, the poison can be removed by boiling it, but breathing in the steam poisons a person and eating it raw can kill. So I never actively tried to eat it. Plus it looked weird.

We came across even more poisonous mushrooms after that. It became a tour for poisonous mushrooms.

“Ah, this one’s fine!”

The one we finally found was one that had a round cap and looked as if it was hunching. It smells nice, and is good for making boiled dishes. It’s a strange mushroom that tastes different if it’s dried. There were a lot, so the two of us crouched down and gathered them.

“There’s a lot of mushrooms. I didn’t think that the ground would be this full of mushrooms.”
“Right…… there are about hundred different kinds of edible mushrooms, and about fifty different kinds of poisonous mushrooms.”
“Feels somewhat scary.”
“It’s fine as long as you remember which ones are fit for eating.”

Those who get adventurous are the ones who poison themselves.

There were many incidents of people getting poisoned, but by putting up drawings of the poisonous mushrooms on the bulletin board the number of those incidents were greatly reduced. Mushroom poison is dangerous, so we have to be careful.

After our morning stroll in the forest, the baskets were filled with mushrooms.

Ruruporon was taking the day off so I cooked alone today.
Of course, we were having the fresh mushrooms.

Since it’s hard to cook at the fireplace in summer, I cooked outside at the kitchen behind the house.
Because I was crouching down, I was more tired than I thought I was. So I discussed with Sieg to eat a simple dish.

“This mushroom with the smaller caps are tastier.”

The basket only had mushrooms of the tastiest sizes. Feeling satisfied, I took in the scent.

I heard that removing the dust off the mushroom with a brush and wiping it with a wet cloth makes the scent last longer, but that method does not remove

all the dust, so I just washed them in water.

Next to me, Sieg was spreading butter over rye bread. Then, she put a flat pan over the stove and put some butter on the pan as well.

“It will taste better.”
“It will?”
“It will.”

After saying that, Sieg had something else to do so she went inside.
Since I was left alone now, I decided to focus on cooking.

I cut off the hard stalk bits and sliced them thinly.
I put them in the pan Sieg prepared, and also put in some smoked boar meat that were cut into squares. I also put in some spices. It’s done once the mushrooms are cooked.
Those are then placed the buttered rye bread, and finally some powdered cheese is sprinkled on top. A simple dish.

When I went back inside with the finished dish, Sieg was waiting while heating up some leftover soup from breakfast and brewing coffee.

“Would you have preferred a cold berry juice?”
“No, no way.”

I sat down and prayed to the Spirit for these blessing of nature, then started eating.

The bread was still soft and the mushrooms and smoked meat fried in butter went well together. Flavours flowed out of the mushroom, and the smoked meat had a nice savoury taste that spread in my mouth. The butter and cheese accented the aromatic flavour of the bread. Overall, it might have been a bit strong, but it was still great.

“It’s a flavour that makes me want to drink.”
“Indeed.”

I thought of the beer that I had back then. On such a sweaty day, cool beer would be nice. I thought of beer that I did not have right now.

I calmed down with coffee, and decided to work hard in the afternoon as well.

◇◇◇

I'm working separately with Sieg in the afternoon. It seemed that she was going to work at embroidery with a lady in the neighbourhood.

I accompanied her halfway and parted ways in front of the shop.

"Good afternoon."
"Oh, my lord."
"I brought the baby bears."

I turned in some baby bears I made during free time.
In this season, there are no tourists, but there sometimes are travellers visiting so we have to be prepared.

I looked at the silver ornament on the shelf.

"That is?"
"This? An ornament merchant came over before and asked me to sell this here."
"Ah……"

Could it be the merchant that sold Sieg's earring? To consign goods to the shop while peddling in the village, he's got quite the business acumen.

The flower shaped necklace caught my gaze. I thought it would look very good on Sieg.

"Buying?"
"No."

I didn't have money for that. The earrings were plenty expensive.
It's free to just look, so I looked to my heart's content. Then, a guest came in.

"Welcome. Oh my, long time no see."

The visitor wasn't a guest but an owner of a general store that sold traditional crafts from this village in the city.
It seemed that he came over every two or three months.

That person really liked that wooden baby bears I had, and so he bought them at a very high price. From a sudden income, I felt great.

"So, are you buying it?"

“No.”

Money is important. However good it would look on Sieg, I should not buy spontaneously like last time.
Also, we’re in the period where the village’s funds get low, so I can’t spend money on unnecessary things.

I was playing her for a fool, so I bought few bottles of beer.

After returning home, I set about drying the mushrooms. Dried mushrooms are an important touch for soups in winter. I heard that naturally dried mushrooms have their taste condensed, and have more nutrients. I have no choice but to dry them then.
However, raw mushrooms are good to. The crunchy texture was unbearable. That was the fun of this season.

While I was doing that work, Sieg came back.

“Sieg, what about dinner?”
“Do you have some mushrooms left from lunch? That and some alcohol.”
“I bought some beer.”
“That’s splendid.”
“Right?”

Dinner consisted of leftovers from lunch along with pickled fish, processed meat and rye bread. It was simple yet there was quite a bit.

After dinner, we took baths and played in the living room.

“It’s strange that it’s bright even though it’s night.”
“Sometimes, one can end up staying up all night.”

The sun does not set during white nights.
Thanks to that, I played games with Sieg until dawn.

The fatigue we had recently were all due to us playing late at night.

Raw link

Chapter 43: Various Changes

Chapter 43: Various Changes

Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife Now that the house was full of drying mushrooms, we started picking berries again. There are kinds that only ripen during this season, so they have to be picked before the season is over.

Sieg and I walked through the forest in search of berries.

“Found it!”

What I found was a light green, semi-transparent berry.

“Are these berries too?”
“Right. Gooseberries. A cousin of the currants.”

What was it, I heard that ‘goose’ means ‘goose’ in a foreign language {TN: This language……}, and the berries named so because the sauce made out of these berries went well with goose dishes.
The gooseberries are bigger and sweeter, so they’re tasty even when boiled. The leaves have medicinal properties, that they’re used for treating wounds.

“The branches have thorns, so be careful.”
“Alright.”

Most of the berry trees are shrubs. So yet again, we collected the berries in an uncomfortable position.

We then found yellow berries.

“Uwa, there are lots——!”

In front of us, there were berries glistening like gems from the sunlight.

“Ritz, these are?”
“Raspberries.”
“Hehh.”
“The ones growing in these parts are mostly yellow ones. The red, purple or black ones are rarer.”

The representative of the sweet and sour berries, the raspberry. They cost a pretty penny in the market, and the berries are big too. It almost feels as if I am suffering losses if I find ones growing in the wild.

“Come to think of it, when the shop lady first saw these yellow raspberries she was surprised that they weren’t red.”
“It’s the first time seeing yellow berries for me too.”
“I see~”

It seems that yellow raspberries are rare for foreigners.

After filling the baskets with berries, we returned home.

After lunch, Sieg and I acted separately.
I first headed to an empty house at the outskirts of the village.

Hidden from the other houses, this house was built for my father’s research. However, it ultimately became unused because carrying everything over from the count’s mansion was such a hassle. So, it was being called a waste of money.

I promised to lend a house to Emmerich, so I came over to take a look.

When I unlocked the door and entered, I could only smell dust. Inside, there were a table, chairs, bookshelves and a bed, everything necessary for daily life. They were all wooden furnitures, so they should be able to used after cleaning them.

With the cleaning tools I brought, I cleaned a bit and came out. Since it would take a whole day to properly clean the house so I decided to take some time.

Next I headed to Aina.
She was always in a shady alley, where she was hidden from sight.

“Aina!”
“!”

When I spoke out to Aina, who was sewing, she flinched from surprise even though I was up close.
It seemed that she was so focused that she did notice her surroundings.

“W-What!”
“No, I was just wondering if your mother and grandmother are feeling better.”

“Mum’s better now. Thanks to your medicine…… maybe.”
“I see. That’s a relief.”

Aina’s mother had sprained her back. So I bought some medicine for backaches at the port and brought them over. I also brought over a nourishing herbal infusion for her grandmother, but she did not drink it.

“Still, grandma can stand now. She’s better than before.”
“I see.”
“The money for the medicine, wait a bit.”
“It’s fine. I did the same for everyone else.”
“I don’t like being indebted.”
“You’re pretty stubborn.”

Aina was sewing while talking.

“Hey, why were you sewing here?”
“It’s not anything you need to know.”
“Isn’t it hard here?”
“……”

Truth be told, her work was being hindered by a gentle breeze that kept blowing.

“Is it a secret?”
“……”
“Hey, Aina.”
“No!”

As she shouted that, she dropped the cloth in her hand. I picked it up and discovered something.

“Th-This is.”
“Give it back!”

On the handkerchief, the name ‘Emmerich David’ was embroidered on.
She couldn’t possibly embroider a foreigner’s name in her house.

Aina blushed deep red and opened and closed her mouth.
Pretending to have not seen that, I proposed something.

“Right!”
“?”

I handed her the key to Emmerich’s house.

“What’s this?”
“The key to Emmerich’s house.”
“!”
“It’s still a little dirty inside, but it’s usable after cleaning.”
“What do you mean?”
“You can use the house until Emmerich comes.”
“!”

I thought it was a perfect place for Aina who was furtively reading letters or embroidering outside, so I lent the place to her temporarily.

“You know the house with the red roof at the outskirts of the village?”

Aina nodded. It seemed that father’s research house was famous amongst kids as a haunted house.

“Be careful to not be found out by your grandfather.”
“Okay.”
“But it might be better to tell your mother. About Emmerich, too.”
“……”

Her mother who married into the Bergholm family was not really xenophobic. Just in case, I thought it would be better to let her know. Though I might be meddling, I advised her to do so.

“Okay.”
“Good luck.”
“Er, erm.”
“?”

Aina said, “Thank you,” with a soft voice.

She was becoming an adult too. I was moved by this child’s growth.

◇◇◇

When I returned home, Miruporon told me that I had a guest so I headed to

the living room.

“Aa, hello.”
“Hello.”
“Sorry for coming so suddenly.”
“No, no.”

It was the merchant that bought off the wooden baby bears. Because the goods sold well last time, he wanted to put in more orders.

“Now then, how many do you need?”
“I’d like to request twenty-five of them.”
“H, H~m.”

The prohibition on hunting will be lifted soon. Once the hunting starts, I won’t have enough time to be carving bears.
On top of that, I didn’t even start processing the berries I picked and I needed to fish and collect herbs before autumn.

When I frowned, the merchant wrote something on a sheet of paper resolutely.

“Then, how about at this price?”
“……”

He proposed a price much higher than I expected.

Soon, the maintenance for the reindeer fences start. I was worrying over the fact that there wasn’t enough budget for that. But with this money, I can get the necessary budget.
Twenty-five until next month. If I stay up a bit it will work. So I accepted the commission.

Thus, I spent all the free time carving bears.

A few days of that later, I lacked sleep and was wobbling.
Sieg told me to take a break, but since I couldn’t abandon a commissioned work I continued anyway.

However, I reached the limit.

“No more. I can’t do it anymore.”

“That’s why I told you.”
“……Sorry.”

I slumped on the chair by the window and take care of my fatigue, but it couldn’t be helped.

“Sieg, wake me up fifteen minutes later, no, ten minutes later.”
“Alright.”

Then, Sieg sat down and beckoned me to come over.

“Are you giving me a lap pillow?”
“Yes, so go to sleep already.”

I gladly took up her offer.
I was planning to enjoy her soft thighs as I went to sleep, but as soon as I lied down I fell unconscious.

◇◇◇

I woke up from the hands that were softly caressing my head.
The warm hands were focused on caressing my head.
My fatigued body felt relieved and I did not sleepy anymore. This is Sieglinde’s power! The moment I thought that, the bell tolled.

“——U, Uwah!!”

That bell was the one in the evening, so I rose up in panic. Just in case, I checked the clock, but it was evening alright. Since I took my nap after lunch, I was sleeping for about three hours.

Because of the white nights, it was still bright outside. My sense of time was warped.

“Huh, could it be that you tried to wake me up but I didn’t wake up!?”
“No, I didn’t wake you up.”
“W-Why?”
“You were sleeping so peacefully.”
“……”

It seemed that she was caressing my head she wondered how she should wake me up. I should have pretended to be asleep a bit longer, or so I regretted.

“Why were you making those bears until you became this overworked?”
“That’s,”

I couldn’t say that it was because I lacked money. But Sieg noticed my suspicious behaviour.
Moreover, I didn’t want to hide it from her, so I honestly told everything.

——The village budget was lacking, so I was trying to earn money on the side.

Pathetic. Lacking money, how pathetic, really.
Grandfather did not lack money for the budget. But if I’m lacking something, it means that something went wrong.

I confessed that to Sieg.

“Was that so?”
“……”

After murmuring that, Sieg patted by back.

Then she gave me an advice.

“How about asking for advice from Hermann Artonen?”
“!”

Hermann Artonen is the captain that was recently assigned to the fortress here. It seemed that he did office work involving finances in the military, so she recommended that I ask for his help.

“Indeed. I should try that.”

Sieg also helped with making the bears. So somehow I was able to make twenty-five before the deadline.

Seeing that, the merchant received the goods very happily.

“Then…… you look like you’re going to busy now.”
“Indeed.”

Before I knew it, the forest was getting dyed in the colourful shades of autumn.
While I was holed up inside making bears, summer was going away.

“Erm, if it’s alright with you, please take this.”

“!”

What I gave to the merchant was a detailed instruction on how to make the wooden bear.

“A good craftsman should be able to make one from just the instructions.”
“S-Such an important thing, is it really alright?”
“Yes. I don’t think I can make more for a while.”
“Won’t it jeopardise your career as a master craftsman!?”
“No, it’s fine.”

Because I’m not a master craftsman of wooden bears……

This was the last time I attempted such a rash method of earning money. Thanks to Hermann’s wondrous ability in finances, there was money left over in the village budget.

The thing I was having a headache over was solved, and I felt much better.

Raw link

Translator:
I don’t think I can do any more today. But I think we’ll reach the end of volume 1 by tomorrow. Good night everyone.

Oh, by the way, the next chapter is from Sieg’s point of view.

Chapter 44: Sieglinde’s Activity Diary

Chapter 44: Sieglinde’s Activity Diary
Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

The white nights where the sun does not set ended, and the season was changing from summer to autumn.

The leaves were shedding from their green shade and dyeing into shades of bright red and yellow, and the breeze that brushed the skin felt chilly.

It was still morning in which the lights of the sky did not yet show itself.
It had become a part of my daily schedule to patrol around the dormitory when I was in the military.
That habit did not go away in these lands so I always ended up waking up early.

Also, I continued to take the morning strolls. At first, I was going out to melt into the village, but now I am going out from the anticipation of socialising with the villagers.

I took out a dress that had a fragrance of flowers from the drawer.

It was now cold, so I brought out one that had thicker fabric. I put that on and headed to the toilet. I brushed my teeth, washed my face and combed my hair before heading out.

When I came outside, a cool breeze told me that winter was approaching.
The lush green shade of this country was beautiful, but rather than that warm scenery I preferred the ear-chilling white world.

Just by thinking of that season approaching again, I felt my heart throb, unable to act my age.

I passed through the forest in front of the count’s mansion and arrived at the village of red brick houses.
I quickly found my first villager.

“Good morning.”
“Oh my, Sieglinde-sama, good morning.”

There was a young lady around twenty drawing water from the well.

“Are you alright?”
“Yes.”

She was bearing a new life. It’s become quite big, that it looks tough to do any housework.

“It’s pretty big now.”
“Yes. Should be soon~ so or my mother-in-law said.”

I picked up the buckets for the pregnant lady.
The villager here are all hard workers. I can only be surprised that they can move around without rest even in this state.

“Is there anything else you need?”
“No, it’s alright. Thank you.”
“I see…… I will hope for a healthy child.”

When I said that, she patted her belly with a happy face.
When we returned to her house, her husband ran out with a panicked expression. It seems that she went off to work without telling him.
I bowed to our neighbour and waved my hand to show that it was okay before I left.

After that, I went around various places and returned home after an hour.

In the front yard, the head of the Rango family was training with a spear. When our eyes met, he threw me a stick that was lying beside him.

We both held up a stick as we stared at each other. The morning bell was the signal for the start of the fight.
My opponent lashed his weapon out from its position in the waist like a sharp stab towards a prey. Since it was dangerous to receive that blow directly I put all my effort into avoiding it.
I twisted my body and raised my stick from its position at my waist, then I aimed for the back of his hand but before I could reach it my swing was parried.
The stick was merely struck hard, but it was flung away from my hand.

A refreshing defeat yet again.
I have yet to beat the white bear warrior.

To pay my respect, I pounded my chest as they did.

After I went inside I wiped my body from the medicinal bath the lady of Rango family had prepared and waited until it was time for breakfast in the living room. Newspapers aren't delivered here. However, now that I was self-sufficient, I did have much care for the events of the world.

A while later, Ritzhard woke up.

"Morning, Sieg."

When I greeted him as well, he looked happy and kissed my cheeks. This apparently was the morning greeting of couples. I was doing this everyday, but I still wasn't used to it so I ended up darting my eyes about.

Today, we went to the forest to pick up fallen leaves.
It's not to enjoy the autumn foliage, but to collect leaves for fertiliser.
Every house has responsibility for it, and every adult has to collect three sacks of leaves.

"Well, that place is full of leaves so it won't take long."

While saying that, he took a bite off his bread with a sleepy face.
He seemed to be weak in the mornings, and is not fully awake until he has his coffee after breakfast. He is talking well, but his expression suggests that he will fall asleep quickly.

An hour after breakfast, we prepared many tools and armed ourselves since there was no telling what might happen in the forest.

"Nice weather today~"
"Indeed."

Ritzhard was still easygoing. That was his good point too.

Unlike me, who has a sharp and rough tone, Ritzhrd has a long and soft tone. We are polar opposites, but I recently realised that we were in a relationship that complemented each other.

I was much happier than I had first expected.
The relaxing life here fit me well.

The day we met, he said that we might not be able to have children, but that

didn’t matter.
Well, it wasn’t because of that peaceful couple I met in the morning, but I thought that it was all fine as long as we continued to spend our life in peace.

While I was thinking that, something different from usual happened.

“——Wha!? This is……”
“!?”

In the forest, a birch tree had its barks torn up horrendously.
Other trees were carved out with knives.
Once a bark is taken off a birch tree, it does not regenerate. So barks are collected from winter to spring from the firewood.

Ritzhard proceed further in silently.

“——!”
“……”

In a clearing, there were traces of someone lighting a fire and a mountain of skinned rabbit carcasses.
There was one that was roasted too. Maybe they were trying to eat it. A hunted animal gets rigor mortis, so it wouldn’t be tasty though.

Then, Ritzhard said something with a trembling voice.

——There are poachers in this forest.

He buried the rabbits in a hole and left the clearing.
Ritzhard strode quickly ahead in silence. He did even not look back to see if I was following him well as he usually did.

He headed to the forest. He went to the captain, Hermann Artonen and told the captain of the things he saw in the forest.

“Hah, such a thing happened.”
“It’s the first time this happened after I became a lord, so I was surprised too.”

Ritzhard was calmly laying out the details, but he was vehemently enraged.
It’s no surprise that he is infuriated. They were living quietly with the gifts of the forest, but a complete stranger came and stole them away.

“I see. We’ll go out on a patrol at night.”

“Take me along.”
“Please leave it to us first.”
“……”

Ritzhard reluctantly accepted Captain Artonen’s words.

After three days, they tracked down their traces, but failed to capture the actual people.

Captain Artonen wrote down the culprits’ whereabouts on the map.

“At this rate, the next time they’ll be appearing here.”

He pointed to the middle area of the forest. The culprits were probably moving in small numbers, moving stealthily.

“I’ll be going today.”
“No, please!”
“It’s a full moon today. So I won’t take lanterns and ambush them in the dark.”

Calling themselves ‘the people of the forest (Salonen)’ they see much better in the dark. In addition, it’s a full moon today. He said that the bright moonlight shone upon the forest blindingly.

“I understand. However, can you please take about two people?”

Ritzhard nodded and accepted Captain Artonen’s proposal.

After returning home, many unsettling tools were laid out on the living room table.
Daggers, a gun, a club and ropes.
He was going over each of them carefully.

“Ritz”
“What is it?”

He was making a scary expression, but when I talked to him he returned to the usual Ritzhard.
While suppressing the pain I had in my chest, I told him something.

“Please take me with you tonight.”
“Definitely not.”

I did think that he would say that, so I ended up letting a sigh.
However, I persisted this time.

“I was a soldier. I can help.”
“No. Sieglinde, stay still at home.”
“But,”
“Please.”
“……”

Earnest and passionate eyes stared straight into me.
When I saw those eyes, I couldn’t help but be at a loss for words.

“I know that you are able to handle yourself as a soldier, but I don’t want you to be put in danger.”
“……”
“You are my one and only wife.”

He’s probably the only one in the world. The only one who treats me as a woman.
However, I also thought the same.

“I, too, don’t want to be like before.”
“……”

Some time ago, he came back with a bruise on his face. That day, he went to the fortress because there was a new person coming. It was clear that something happened there, but Ritzhard just said that he fell over and did not say anything more.

I couldn’t bear seeing him get injured at someplace where I was not with him. So even though I was going against his wished I resolved to go with him.

I told him what I was thinking.

“If you are in any harmed, I want to be beside you at that moment.”
“!?”

I am not thinking of fighting for him. However, I wanted to share the pleasures and pains of life with him.

In the end, Ritzhard let me come along.

Whatever he says, he ultimately grants my wish. That's why I kept at it tenaciously.

Nighttime.
We proceeded under the moonlight with Ritzhard at the head.
He said that the full moon would shine brightly, but it was still very dark.

I tightly clenched the gun I had on my shoulder. It's impossible to shoot accurately in this darkness.
I felt that beads of sweat formed on my brows, so I wiped them off but I did not feel refreshed at all.

I took up the gun on many battlefields, yet I had this tension. I questioned myself as to why I was so nervous, but no answers came.

In front of me, Ritzhard walked on without hesitation.

About three hours later, we arrived at the entrance of the middle area of the forest.
We bent down and walked cautiously, checking for any sounds.

A while later, Ritzhard stopped the with a hand signal. The soldiers that were following behind him went prone and waited for their next order.

Far away, voices could be heard, and a faint light could be seen.
Ritzhard held up his fingers to indicate how many there were.

There were two people.
As Captain Artonen said, they were moving in small numbers.

I could tell that the poachers were approaching.
In the darkness, they chatted, "This place is a treasure trove," in a loud voice.
As the tension built up, Ritzhard quietly laid the strapped gun on his shoulders down on the ground.
I wasn't sure what he was planning, but we were keeping quite so I did not have the leisure to ask.

We did not know the enemy's equipment yet, so couldn't move rashly. The moment I was thinking that, a little further away, something white came out of the bushes.

The surprised poachers raised their voices.

“Bear——!”
“Can’t be, the legendary, white bear!?”

While the enemies were in confusion, Ritzhard picked up a stone from the ground, juggled it in his hand, then threw it with all his might at their lantern.

“!?”

The thrown stone shattered the lantern’s glass and put out the light.

To the poachers who were driven into further confusion, Ritzhard threw another stone. After confirming a scream, he rushed out on his own.

I could only hear sounds of something hitting something and the cries of the poachers.
Since we could not see properly in the dark, we did not dare to move.

A few minutes later, Ritzhard shouted that we can now have some light, so one soldier lit up his lantern.

When we approached, we saw the poachers tied up and writhing on the ground.
Ritzhard arrested the criminals who were ruining the forest in the darkness.

In addition, the bear they saw was Teoporon.
He happened to be out hunting when the poachers saw him.

◇◇◇

Like so, the case was closed.
At Ritzhard’s unexpected exploits, the soldiers were surprised.

“The lord, he could do it if he tried.”
“I wonder why he normally acts like he wouldn’t even kill a bug.”
“No idea.”

I didn’t think that Ritzhard would do that himself, so I was surprised too.

“His lordship probably knows how to control his strength.”
“……”

If he did know, I wish he would have used it to protect himself.

However, I changed my mind today.

That Ritzhard was not a fluffy fairy living in a pretty world, but a yeti living in a harsh environment.

I sincerely hoped that this village will continue to be peaceful without him having to raise his hand.

This was the only time I saw him angry in my life.

Raw link

Translator:
Good morning everyone! Starting the day off with a fresh translation here!
Man that was long. 2250 words. That took a while.

Chapter 45: My Hidden Feelings, to You.

Chapter 45: My Hidden Feelings, to You.

Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

The season was not fall, and the prohibition on hunting was lifted.
First, we hunted birds. In this season, the migratory birds, especially ducks, are tasty.
For the birds living near water, I scattered grains by the lakeside to feed them.

The birds living in water are not hunted using guns but by traps. There are those who use guns, but those are only people who are good sharpshooters.
The trap we were using waa a web made out of tough ropes tied on a square frame. That is set by the waterside, and a string is attached to the trap on a branch. Once birds are lured in by the feed, I let the string go and catch the birds.
At the place where the feed is, a hole deep enough for the birds is dug so that it won't be able to escape on the trap is activated.

A short distance away from the lakeside, I waited with Sieg.
I was keeping watch for about an hour, but no birds came yet.
Since the feed mixed with sand that I scattered over the place was already gone, there probably are other birds in the area.

As to why we mix sand in the feed, it's because it helps the bird's digestion.
We are hunting migratory birds this time, and they are relatively thin in this season. So we have to feed them to help their digestion and fatten them up.
The birds caught in traps tasty really snipe. Since it's caught without struggling, it does not smell bad and we can even enjoy the strong taste of blood.

The sky was clear today. The weather was nice, but our prey did not appear.
Well, still, it was nice to just be leaning against each other with Sieg. When I stared at her profile, she was waiting for the birds to come with a serious face.

"Hey, Sieg."

The wild birds don't approach if they can hear people. So I leaned in closer and

whispered quietly.

“……What is it?”

She said in a voice quiet for only me to hear. It was like having a secret conversation, so it was interesting.

“When we get back home……”
“!”
“What should we play?

Sieg dropped her knife on the floor.

“Huh, Sieg, what’s——!”

While I was talking to my wife, the birds came!!
About twenty. After checking that they were all focused on the feed, I let go of the string holding the trap up.

The trap fell down and the birds were caught in the trap.

I collected the immobilised birds in leather bags. It’s because the merchants buy them off at a high price if they’re alive.
There are eighteen in total. The rest escaped.

“Well, this is it.”

At the same place, I scattered more feed and left.
The caught prey are hauled back on a wheeled sleigh.

On the way back, we were walking back while looking at the autumn foliage. Because I was walking while looking up, I went to the wrong direction.

“Ah!”
“?”

When I was about to apologise that I took a wrong turn, I found something lovely there.

At an animal trail, I found flat peaches, a flat shaped fruit. I did know that there are these trees in the forest, but it was the first time I saw the ripe fruits.

I quickly climbed up the tree with a leather bag and received the blessings of nature.

The fruit itself is small, and is has a peculiar shape as though it was pressed down from the top. Once I got up, I was surrounded by the sweet scent from the fruit.

The peach was without a single scratch. I took one off.

Just in case, I peeled it a bit and tasted for poison…… Mm, surprisingly sweet. There wasn't a numbing feeling at the tip of my tongue, and I remembered the taste too. It was a flat peach without a doubt.
It was a nice peach, so I tossed one down to Sieg who was staring up.
Sieg nibbled into the peach without peeling it.

"How is it?"
"Delicious."

It seemed that they sold these peaches in her homeland. Apparently, they don't peel the skin.

"Let's take some for Teoporon and his family too."
"Alright"

I dropped down a bag full with enough peaches for us too. Then she tossed up an empty bag. I became greedy and felt that maybe a merchant might buy these, so I ended up harvesting three bagfuls of peaches.

After selling the birds and the fruits to the visiting merchants in the village, we returned home.

Among the birds we caught today, I brought back home only one mallard. Also called 'green neck (colvert)', the duck is preserved for three days in the icehouse. Then, the bugs on the feathers die out and its pores contract, so it becomes easier to pluck its feathers.

Three days later.
I brought out the mallard out and wiped the whole thing with a wet cloth. This is to make sure that it won' be slippery.
Then I grabbed it by the next and plucked out the feathers. I have to pluck out the little feathers at the groin as well. If there are any feathers left the meat does not smell good.
The strong tail feathers took a lot of strength to pluck. My fingers hurt a bit.
The remaining short feathers were seared off. One that's done, I washed it in

water and cut off the burnt bits.

While cooling the body, I cut off the head and wings. It's throat is filled with grains and sand, so I cut open its neck to find the throat.
With careful movements, I gutted out the intestines and put in a clean cloth inside.
Then, the legs are tied and the duck is hung up to mature. Large ducks take about five days. Small ones don't need any maturing.

"……Well, this is how ducks are cooked."

Since processing birds were similar, I didn't think that I needed to tell Sieg, but because she strongly wished for it I taught her how.

"I wonder if I should leave the bird hunting this year to Sieg."

Truth be told, I disliked hunting for birds. I told her that it might be better for us to act separately this time, so that I can go off to hunt medium-sized animals.

"On second thought, it's still quite dangerous. Let's go together."

Sieg agreed.

◇◇◇

Nighttime.
A letter from grandfather arrived. It was an invitation to the annual ball. Of course there was one for Sieg too.
Also, something arrived from Sieg's family.

"……"
"Wow!"

There was a deep blue dress in the box. On top of that, there were gems and decorations matching Sieg's hair. There were also decorations for the head, shoes, and ornaments.

"So I am to wear this to the ball."
"Apparently."

Sieg softly closed the box without taking the dress out.

"You're not going to try the dress on?"

“……No, not really.”

Sieg said as she looked ahead, thinking of the future. Before she came here, she was looked at pitifully by her family when she put on a dress.

“What should I say…… but, I did like the colt dress you wore before.”
“That’s a personal opinion.”
“I wonder~”
“……”

Sieg placed the gift box on the table and sat down on the chair by the window. Then, with a deeply moved look, she murmured, “It’s almost a year now.”

Indeed. It was almost a year since I met Sieg.
It passed by so quickly.
I think this ball will be a good opportunity for Sieg to return home.

“Are you glad to return home?”
“Well, yes. It’s good filial piety to show my parents my healthy appearance.”
“I see.”

Once she returns home, she might never come back here.
She said that she will spend her life in these remote lands, but people’s emotions are fickle things.

To thank her for everything so far, I sat down in front of her and looked up at her face.

I opened my mouth, but no words came out.
Because it was like I was saying farewell.

I shook my head and encouraged myself.

“——Thank you for coming here, Sieglinde. This year is not over yet, but I really had fun.”

When I said that, Sieg too changed her expression.
It was a divinely beautiful smile.

“I’m sorry that I forced on an inconvenient lifestyle on you.”
“No, there’s nothing like. I will continue to count on you in the future, my husband.”

“!”

From Sieg’s sudden words, I finally got the courage to tell her my feelings that I kept hidden.

——I love you.

Raw link

Translator:
I’ll be gone for a bit. Enjoy the cliff.

Chapter 46: The Husband, Loved by the Raptor Wife.

Chapter 46: The Husband, Loved by the Raptor Wife.
Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife Having heard my sudden confession, Sieg made a surprised expression.

“……”
“……”

Erm, that was, I made a wrong move.

At a moment like this, I have to have my eyes level to hers, but now I chose the unfortunate method of crouching down on the floor and looking up at my wife’s face to confess my love.

On top of that, Sieg was looking troubled like never before.

The always imposing Sieg was making a mysterious expression.
I really shouldn’t have confessed to her.

I had misunderstood her love.
She was only receiving my hugs and kisses because she felt pity for this lonely man in the snow country. She was just being earnest in trying to not let others find out that our life is a temporary one.

For Sieg, I was just like an undependable younger brother.

Her love for me was that of familial love. It was not a romantic feeling.

“……Sieg, erm, sorry. I didn’t mean to make you troubled. You said to wait for your answer, but I couldn’t.”

While saying that, I didn’t want to see Sieg who looked troubled, so I wrapped my arms around my head.
I’m impoverished, and I don’t have the qualities of a proper lord. I can’t provide my wife with a peaceful life then.

I have no right to be loved by such a kind, earnest and cute woman like Sieg.

Since I couldn’t stay like this, I looked up, to Sieg.

To spend the remaining time happily, I tried to laugh it off, but the usual smile did not form. I failed to smooth things over.

What came out instead were foolish words of a sissy.

“Please forget it.”
“What do you mean?”
“Because, I want to stay as husband and wife at least until the contract is over.”

It’s okay. Everything will be back to normal after I sleep.
I quickly stood up and bid her good night, then quickly turned around.

“Wait.”
“!”

My body stopped regardless of my will. I was like a properly trained dog.

“Look over here.”
“……”

I turned around with my eyes still glued to the floor.

“Ritz, you are mistaken.”

Mistake, I wonder where. I tried to think long and hard, but my head did not comply.

“Did you think I am such a docile woman to let anyone kiss me on the cheeks?”
“……”
“Did you think that I wore the earring without knowing what it meant?”

Sieg might like me. I had denied that thought so many times.

People’s true feelings are shrouded in many things such as pity, mercy, and lies.
The more one ponders, the deeper the mystery gets.

“I see.”
“?”
“So you won’t believe it unless I say it directly or show it with my actions.”
“Eh, Sieg, wha……!?”

Sieg strode over here and tightly embraced me.

I was at a loss for words from her sudden action.

Some time passed while I was still being embraced.
There, Sieg broke the silence.

“Ritzhard Salonen Revontulet. ——I am in love with you.”
“!?”
“Please accept me as your wife.”

I doubted my own ears.

I thought that it was a dream. But her warmth around my shoulders, and her trembling fingers told me that it was all real.

I put my arms that were limp around Sieg and embraced her.

“……Thank you. I’m happy.”
“It’s fine if you know now.”

I was staying still, connected with her, but I felt that something was off.

“Sieg, can I ask you something?”
“What is it?”

I was always bothered about that, so I mustered up my courage and asked.
I asked why her breasts always felt so tough when I hugged her.

“Are you wearing something else?”
“Aa, a leather armour.”
“……”

It was a habit she has from her days in the military. She always wore armour under her clothes.
Her thighs were so pleasant and soft, so I thought that it was weird that her breasts weren’t.

And then I asked something more.

“Huh, even when you’re asleep?”
“No, I sleep naked at night.”
“!?”

I felt moved for some reason when I got that unexpected information.

It was also a moment when one of her mystery was solved.

“Shall we sleep now?”
“Alright.”

I won’t go over details as to what happened next.

◇◇◇

Though Sieg and I now had a proper wife and husband relationship, our life did not change that much.

“Morning, Sieglinde.”
“Good morning.”

As always, Sieg had went out on her morning stroll and was grinding coffee beans before I woke up.
When I’m surrounded by the scent of the roasted coffee beans, my drowsiness disappears before I know it.

I gave her a morning kiss on the cheek. Though I’ve been doing this for a few months now, she still made an awkward expression.

“You don’t like it?”
“……No, I don’t dislike it.”

Hearing that, I mustered up some more courage and kissed her on the lips.
She was sitting facing the table, so there wasn’t anything more though.

While I was slinking around the her, breakfast arrived.

“I’m going over to help with renovating the house.”
“I see.”

Today we are acting separately.
As for me, Emmerich was coming over tomorrow so I was thinking of visiting the house that is to be lent to him.
It’s been a while since I gave the keys to Aina, but I don’t think there would be a lot of change.
In addition, though Emmerich managed to get a holiday, he’s spending four days just for moving to and fro, and he’s staying only for a day. A strange trip I have to say.

To welcome him, I got a pair of shoes and a hat made out of rabbit fur, and a tradition clothing that I asked a crafter to make. I also thought of giving him a carpet, but after talking with Sieg it was decided that it should be done after learning his preferences.

I put the wrapped gifts in a leather bag and headed to the house in the outskirts of town.

The blood-red curtain, which was one reason why the house was called a haunted house was removed. What replaced it was a blue curtain with a lovely white floral pattern.

I went inside with a spare key and I was astonished by the change.
First, the dirty vase with the wilted flower was now a glistening vase with a fresh flower. There was also a square cloth with a floral pattern laid out beneath the vase.
The dusty hallways and rooms were clean, and was fit for living.

And inside the living room, there were fabrics with lovely embroidery.
On the table, there was fabric for the curtain, the tablecloth and for the sitting mats. Covered with cloth on the chair back, the living room coated in blue and white was like a house of fairies in the forest.

I was surprised that it was all made by Aina.
Then, Emmerich will be living here. By himself.

When I approached the drawers in the bedroom, I discovered cloth for the pillow covers, and for the blanket covers, all embroidered beautifully.

I realised at that point. It was not a house of fairies. It was the house of a newlywed couple.

……Let’s go back.

I pretended to have not seen them and left the room.
When I arrived at the entrance, I noticed the doorknob turn.

The face I saw was a completely unexpected one.

“IS IT YOUUUUU——!!”
“!?”

I thought it would be Aina, but there was an old man pointing a gun at me.

He is Aina’s grandfather, and the best hunter in the village.
Next to him, Aina was there, shouting out to stop him.

—— C-Could this be a misunderstanding?

Raw link

Translator:
I’m back! Did you enjoy the cliff while I was gone? I hope you did! Now, two more chapters to go, but the next chapter is *SO* long…

Chapter 47: Aina's Activity Report

Chapter 47: Aina's Activity Report Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

Dear Emmerich David,
Autumn is growing deeper every day here. Are you well?
Here in these remote lands, it snowed for the first time just yesterday. The white carpet over the ground accents the autumn foliage.
The hunting season is starting soon, and the village is getting busy, so I am getting anxious. Because the men of the village become rougher once the hunting season starts.
I hope for the warm seasons to come quickly.

Also, I want to meet Emmerich-san quickly.

Aina Salonen Bergholm.

I continued to rewrite the letter over and over again.
'When spring comes, I will be able to meet Emmerich-san again, so I will endure with that as encouragement.' I changed the final sentence to that. I then put the letter in the envelope and sealed it with candle wax.

The wooden box dad had made is full of letters from that man.
It is my treasure box. For a long time, I had only cherished the box so it used to not have anything.

I put that box into the drawer.
The house I am in right now is the he will be living in. Ritzhard-oniichan lent me the keys, and let me live here.

I also checked on the tablecloth, the curtains and the sitting mats.

Before I realised it, the room was getting further away from the appearance of a man's house, but I continued anyway thinking that they can be removed if he doesn't like them.

In the early morning, once my secret work is over, I go home and start working.

I remove the snow from the roof before the sun rises, prepare breakfast, wash the clothes with cold water, clean the house, prepare lunch, make handicrafts, go shopping if there's not enough ingredients, then prepare dinner.

After dad passed away and mum fell ill, I did the same work every day. However, in that daily life, a change came.

I met Emmerich David.
He was a foreigner that did not know the infamy of the Bergholm family.

Our family is hated terribly.
There's the arrogant attitude and the hate for others. Full of disdain, swatting away helping hands.
It's just keeping true to the teachings of the Spirit, but that earned the ire of the villagers that were trying to abandon old ideas.

But then, he approached and talked to me, not knowing that I was in that family.

When I first met him, I thought that he was a weird person, but I soon learned of his character through letters.

The soldier Emmerich was, well, a strange person.
He's living in harsh conditions, but the things written on his letters are only those of peace. He writes of the snacks he had that day, of his dog, of the flower he's been raising.

They were such trivial letters, but before I knew it, I was looking forward to them.
I noticed that they were the only things decorating the otherwise fruitless life here.

His frequent letters were my only source of joy.

While I was spending time like that, a joyful news came.
It was that he was coming over to visit on a holiday.

I read the letter over and over again. I was so happy that I decided to take it with me back home to read it again.
Jubilant, I did not check the surroundings and went out of the house, but soon

let out a shriek of surprise.
The family hunting dog was here.

And needless to say, grandpa came out of the bushes.

“You!! You were being strangely buoyant recently, so this was it!!”

Grandpa grabbed my arm and took the key from my hand.
He opened the door, but of course there was no one inside.

“Is there anyone living here!?”
“No, no one’s living here yet!”
“Stop lying!”

Thankfully, grandpa does not know that this house is Ritz-oniichan’s. If I stay silent and endure the whole thing, everything will pass without trouble.

For a few days after that, I kept silent to grandfather’s interrogations. I was scolded everyday, and I was sometimes even slapped, but I’m also a member of the Bergholm family. As if I tell him everything.

However, the damage was done in other places.
Mum’s condition, which had been recovering recently, worsened again because of grandpa’s moodiness. Grandma too, who was listening from her room, did not open her mouth.

To hide the bruises on my cheek and under my eye, I worked with a cloth bandaged around my head.
A kid in the village saw my face when I was on my to shop for goods, but the kid pretended to have not seen me.

That was normal. The only people who talked to me were Ritz-oniichan or Sieglinde-san. To not get found out by those two kind people, I shopped quickly.

The mood in the house was the worst. Grandpa did not even go out on his hunts to keep watch on me.

Finally, one day, having run out of patience, grandpa went out of the house with a gun, saying that he will ambush the man.

Tomorrow, Emmerich is coming to the village. If he waits out by the house,

it'll be found out.
I chased after grandpa who was striding to that house and shouted for him to stop, but of course he didn't listen.

Grandpa called me over and opened the door with the key.
When he opened the door, coincidentally, there was a silhouette of a person.

"IS IT YOUUUUU!!"

There was my incensed grandpa and the surprised Ritz-oniichan.

"Grandpa, stop! The lord is not involved in this!"
"Ei, let go!"

The gunstock I was holding down hit my cheek, so I collapsed there.

"Aina!"

Unfaltered by the gun pointed at him, Ritz-oniichan pushed away grandpa and rushed over here.

At that moment, a gunfire rang out.

The bullet grazed Ritz-oniichan's arm and headed for the ground.

"Ritz-oniichan!"
"……It's been a while since I was called like that."

Even though he was bleeding, he had the leisure to murmur that.
He was being so carefree even in such a dire situation so I was bewildered for a moment. However, I soon realised that he was grazed by a bullet so I quickly tied a handkerchief over the wound to stop the bleeding.

Grandpa was standing absentmindedly while still having the gun pointing over here.
He probably didn't mean to actually shoot someone. Though it might look as though he is expressionless to others, as family I could tell that he was shaken up.

Ritz-oniichan looked at my face and frowned. Then I remembered that I had bruises on my face.
My grandfather was holding a gun and I had bruises. He probably realised what was going on from that.

“Bergholm-san, can you hear me out?”
“……”
“I’ll be taking Aina for a night.”
“I won’t let you do that!”
“My wife will take care of her, so please rest easy.”
“!?”

Grandpa learned then that the lord had married.

Ritz-oniichan told grandpa that they will talk more the next day, and then took me away.

The next day.
It was morning of the day when Emmerich was coming.
I spent the night at the lord’s mansion crying in front of Sieglinde-san.

I had bruises on my face in addition to the eyes swollen from tears.

“W-What should I do, Emmerich’s, coming, today.”
“Don’t cry, it will better with a warm towel.”
“……”

Sieglinde-san used her time to wipe my face with a warm towel, and put on makeup to hide the bruises as much as possible. She lent me Ritz-oniichan’s mum’s clothes. The skirt was a little short, but she told me that young women these days wore knee-length colts so it would be fine.

A while later, a guest visited the mansion.
It was Emmerich.

The moment I saw him, I lunged into his arms.

I thought that I won’t be able to see him again.
I had makeup on, yet I cried so much that my face became a mess.

Emmerich hugged me without saying anything.

◇◇◇

After I calmed down, we all sat down together and told Emmerich everything.

“This time, I think you should reveal everything to your family.”

Ritz-oniichan said that, but both grandpa and grandma are very stubborn. They won't forgive.

"What do you want to do, Aina?"
"……"

I have no idea.
I was being delusional, just wanting to forget everything and live happily with Emmerich.

However, I can't abandon my family.

"If I'm forced to choose between Emmerich or family, I have to choose family."

The teaching of the Spirit, cherish your family, was rooted deeply within me. I could not accept only myself being happy.

After I said that, tears rolled down my cheek again.
I wiped my tears, thinking that it was not convincing at this rate, but the tears did not know when to stop.

"Aina, it's alright. Let's go talk to them. I'll persuade your grandfather."

Ritz-oniichan said that, but I couldn't see the talk going well.

A few hours later.
At the place of the talk, there was grandpa, mum, who was looking pale, Ritz-oniichan, Sieglinde-san and Emmerich.
Grandpa didn't have his gun with him. I felt relieved at that.

Ritz-oniichan mediated and told grandpa about Emmerich, but grandpa maintained his disapproving stance.

"So you were instigated by a foreigner!! You are being deceived!!"
"Bergholm-san, it's different. Emmerich is planning to move in here."
"As if an outsider can ever survive these lands!! For example, your parents left this village!!"

Because he was attacked in a sensitive spot, Ritz-oniichan was at a loss for words.

"Get out!!"

Grandpa grabbed Emmerich's arm and tried to force him up.

"The next time you step into this house, I'll shoot!!"
"Grandpa!!"
"You stay still!!"

I clung to him to stop him, but he raised a hand, aiming at me.
However, he couldn't swing that hand down.

Emmerich had grabbed that hand.
He hid me behind him.

And from an unexpected direction, a voice came.

"——Won't you please stop now?"
"!"

Mum, who was staying silent, was glaring at grandfather.

"Father-in-law, have you ever thought of this child's happiness?"
"I am looking for her marriage partner!"
"Then who's the candidate?"
"……"
"I was always anguished at myself who could not move. I was sorry for causing trouble to Aina."

Mum looked at me and smiled as if to say that everything was alright.

"Now, let's live harmoniously with just the three of us, mother-in-law, father-in-law and me."
"W-What!?"
"Emmerich-san, can you take Aina away to your country."

Emmerich looked surprised, but he soon said, "Please leave it to me."

"What idiotic nonsense are you blabbering!?"
"Father-in-law, you're too arbitrary!! You're blocking such a cute granddaughter's path to happiness!!"
"Shut up!!"

Grandpa tried to push Emmerich away, but he held fast while hiding me behind him.

“Emmerich-san, run!”

From my mum’s voice as the signal, Emmerich darted out the house while carrying me.
Grandpa tried to give pursuit, but Sieglinde-san held him down.
Ritz-oniichan followed closely behind.

“Emmerich, go to my house.”
“Okay.”

After that, Ritz-oniichan ran back into my home.

A little while after we ran away to the lord’s mansion, Ritz-oniichan and Sieglinde-san came back.

When we gathered in the living room, there was a surprising news.

“Aina, won’t you go to Emmerich’s country.”
“!?”

In front of me, a passport and a suitcase mum prepared was laid out.

“To be honest, I talked over it with Aina’s mother a while back.”
“!?”

It seems that Ritz-oniichan predicted that it might come to this.

“As you saw, Aina’s grandfather didn’t listen, did he?”
“B-But,”
“Aina, are you afraid of living overseas?”

Sieglinde-san asked, but I was still confused so I couldn’t answer her right away.

“I can’t leave my family behind.”
“It’s alright, so trust your mother and try going once. Right, Emmerich?”

Emmerich was looking at me and nodding.

“I will protect Aina.”
“!”

Ultimately, I heeded the adults’ advice and left the village.

◇◇◇

The life overseas I was suddenly thrust into was full of surprises.
As for the language, I had been studying in secret with a book I had bought at the gift shop to surprise Emmerich, so it wasn't too bad.

Moreover, my daily work in a foreign country was the same.

I cooked, cleaned and did the laundry.
Living together was awkward, and was a series of shyness and reservation, but every day was new and fun.

After Emmerich retired from the army, we moved into the countryside.
There we raised goats and a cat he brought from the city.
He worked at the village office.

It was modest and quiet, but the joyful days continued.

After a year and a half of living like that, Emmerich told me something.

"Aina-chan. Let's go back to the village."
"!"

I couldn't understand him. My eyes opened wide in surprise.
Then, a surprisingly sorrowful voice came out.

"I, was it too hard?"
"Eh?"

Emmerich always said that my food was delicious, said that my work was clean, and also thanked me for doing the household chores, so I thought he was content.

However, that might not have been the case.
I was still worried about my family in the village.

"Alright."
"I'm planning on leaving after a month."
"Are you dropping me back home?"
"Eh?"

Emmerich looked puzzled.

"Aina-chan, what are you talking about?"
"What do you mean, what are you talking about!?"

I thought that I was being sent back to the village, but Emmerich was suggesting to permanently move into the village.

What a big misunderstanding.

“No, really? You’ll live with me in the village?”

Emmerich nodded with a smile.
Thus, we went back to the village.

◇◇◇

Even after a year and a half, the village had not changed much.
But I was surprised at how my family changed.

Mum was working energetically, and grandma was working outside as well. In contrast, grandpa had pined away, and apparently even hunting did not go well.

“A-Aina, I’m sorry.”

Surprisingly, grandpa easily approved the marriage.
It seemed that he was constantly harassed by mum.

We started living in the house that Ritz-oniichan lent to us.
I visited my family every day and chatted with mum and grandma who were in much better conditions.

Today, Emmerich went out to hunt boars with grandpa again. As a man from the military, he was good with the gun and had talent for hunting, or so grandpa said.

“Aina!”

When I turned around, there stood the man who took care of me from when I was little.

“Morning, Ritz-oniichan!”

I greeted him with a smile.

Today, the village in the remote lands was at peace again.

[Raw link]

Translator:

Gyahh 2450 words

Chapter 48: Still Filling Up

Chapter 48: Still Filling Up
Volume 1 — The Temporary Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife “Ritzhard, wake up.”
“……N~n”
“Oi, wake up!”
“……Ye~s”

Morning. Sieg shook me intensely and woke me up. No, I was still half-asleep.

“S-Sieg, shake me a bit softer~”

Meanwhile, I was getting shaken very violently.

“I’ll be up soon~……, Rather, I thought I would be awake before you came back from your stroll~”
“It’s already well past that!”
“Eh?”

When I squinted my eyes open, I saw two soft mounds drawing a nice curve at the corner of my sight.
Just in case, I reached out to check the softness, but just before I could touch it my wrist was grabbed harshly and returned to its original position.

“What are you doing from so early in the morning!”
“Well, they were there.”
“……”

While lying downwards on the bed, she helped me up. While naked.

Normally, I feel sleepy even after a long time, but seeing my wife’s sensuous figure, I was fully awake.

“Nice view……”
“Then get up already.”

When I came to my senses, I saw that it was already bright outside. I always woke up before sunrise, so that meant I did sleep in a lot today.

“Nn? Huh, did you also just wake up?”
“That’s why I’m here naked.”
“Right, yesterday, no, today? Well, anyway, we did get a little too excited at night.”
“……”

There was still some fire left in the fireplace. Because I added some more firewood when we boiled some water to wipe ourselves with hot medicinal water.

I slipped on my top which was lying haphazardly on the bed, and searched for my trousers.

“Sieg, please wear something. That’s poison to the eyes.”

I found my trousers and put them on. After that, I put a blanket on my wife who was sitting while hugging her knees.

“Sieg?”
“We didn’t have our morning greeting yet.”
“Greeting? Ah.”

I remembered that I had yet to greet her, so I greeted her energetically like usual.

“Morning—, Sieglinde!”
“……”

Sieg frowned and narrowed her eyes at me.
She didn’t seem to like the usual greeting that I always had.

“Eh, it’s no good?”
“No, there’s not enough energy.”

Then what was the problem. I ended up asking her because I had no idea.

“……There’s the thing that we always did, right?”
“!”

Ah, the couple’s greeting.

“Sieg, sorry. Not right now.”
“Why not.”

“I didn’t shave yet. It’s prickly.”
“I don’t see any beards thought?”
“It does grow though.”

When I said that, Sieg looked into my face and touched my chin.

“It’s not that bad to be bothered by……”

She was defenceless, and did not seem opposed to a kiss so I embraced her locked my lips on hers again.

The kiss gradually grew deeper and fanned us on to the next part.

……In the end, when we came out to the living room, it was already the afternoon, but thankfully both Ruruporon and Miruporon acted normal.

The two of us reflected that such a thing shouldn’t happen again.

◇◇◇

We still have work to do today.

We brought the dogs and went into the forest which now had a thin layer of snow.

When I blew the whistle and ordered the dogs, they ran out energetically.

Sieg and I leaned against each other in the shade and waited for the dogs to find prey.

After a while, the sounds of dogs barking could be heard. Sieg and I split up and hunted prey.

The dogs chased two rabbits.
I shot the one at the front, and then Sieg shot the next one.

She hunted pure white polar rabbits.

“These are nice rabbits.”
“Maybe we should grill them on skewers.”
“Sounds nice.”

Still, they needed to be matured, so it will a few days later.

“Let’s finish up for today.”

When I looked at Sieg, she was slinging the gun over her shoulder while saying, “Alright.”

Inside the bag, there were pheasants and rabbits. When we return, the pheasant will be stored in the icehouse and the rabbit will be left at the hut with some ice on its bellies.

Since the prey we hunted few days ago was ready, I suggested that we have that for dinner today as we arrived home.

Like so, our hunting life in the snow country continued.

We spent the warm days joyfully, as we always did.

The Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife — fin.

Raw link

Translator:

End of volume 1. No worries, there’s still a lot more to come. I’m only about 1/3 done.

Chapter 49: Teoporon’s Activity Report

Chapter 49: Teoporon’s Activity Report

Side Story

Author:

The first side story is about Teoporon, as many people have requested.
The second part is about Ritzhard’s life, during the ten years before he met Sieg.
Sorry for updating late. I’ll update quicker next time.

Translator:

We have four side stories before moving on to volume 2.

The limitless horizons of the plains cannot be split from our life.

The rich green is practically non-existent. Our source of food are the huge bisons roving the lands. We ride on horses and chase them down the cliffs to hunt them.

We pray to the ancient spirits for peace every day. In our village, we live in tents made from wood and bison hides.
We led a nomadic life, protecting our sheep and moving once the food at a land was depleted.

When we encountered other tribes on the move, we sometimes fought with our wealth, the sheep or the horses on the line.

One village has about twenty families. There, the chieftain, a ‘great king’ rules over the place.
A ‘great king’ has more than hundred sheep, and has about twenty wives.

Our main source of food, the bisons, were decreasing in number because of the invaders hunting them.
Because we did not have enough food, we sometimes had to kill our fortunes, our sheep.

We lived in that environment.
For the most of the year, a strong dry wind sweeps the lands and the freezing

season is short. There were those who could not survive the harsh nomadic life, but even then we, as a family, supported each other and lived on.

I didn't inherit much from my parents and led a modest life, but I spent every day surrounded by my kind wife and my cute daughter.

However, then, an incident happened.
The chieftain demanded to hand my wife over.

My wife advised me to give up since the great king's orders are absolute.
He even proposed to give me dozens of sheep in exchange.

If I had that wealth, I could raise my daughter without many worries, and I can send her off with many sheep when she married.

However, such a future cannot be. I felt that the happiest life was one where I had my wife and my daughter.

That night, I told my wife that we are going out. She agreed with teary eyes. She must have been in pain, and she must have felt restless. I regretted that I should have made this decision earlier.

When I told my relatives, they denounced me, saying that running away was something a coward did.

That I had no right to be called a proud warrior.

However, even if it meant that I could be with my family, I felt no shame from being called a coward.

I considered fighting the king, but if I win his massive wealth and his twenty women would become mine. I didn't want that.
And if I lose, my daughter has to work as a servant to someone else for the rest of her life.
Of course, defeat would mean death, so I wouldn't be able to help.

Leaving was the best choice.
My pride as a warrior did not matter.

I only took seven sheep because taking more would hinder me. I loaded the luggage on the horse and sat my wife and daughter on top. I would just pull the reins from in front.

Finally, I snapped my spear, the symbol of a warrior. I was no longer a warrior. I was just a man cherishing his family.

Like so, our long journey started.

I lived off the land.
I hunted animals with a dagger. I fished when I arrived at watersides.

However, I could not hunt well from the beginning. I must reflect from becoming arrogant from hunting large cattle.

At first, I couldn't even hunt a small rabbit, that my family had to go hungry for some days.
However, my wife made some soup with dried meat, so we could endure.

The unending journey continued.

Then, since I had to cross the mountains, I auctioned off the horse at a village.

Now that we didn't have a horse, we were wandering around for real.

The snowstorm raged on. We spend our nights in dark and cold caves. But with my wife and my daughter, I somehow persevered.

Some time later, I could see how the wild animals moved.
I understood when they moved around, and how they ran. Once I understood that, it wasn't so hard to hunt.

I was happiest that I could fill the bellies my wife and my daughter with meat.

One day, we met with a certain foreign woman.
She was wearing clothes not from these parts.

That person seemed to be asking for help. I couldn't understand her words, but that's how it felt.

When I followed her, a man was sitting in the shade under a tree.
On closer look, he was unconscious and shivering, and his face was pale.

"……Rest easy. This is not a mortal disease."
"!?"

When I shook my head, the woman's face turned into an expression of despair. It seemed that my message wasn't conveyed. I looked at my wife and asked her

to calm the woman down.

What drained the man's vitality was the high mountain. This place looks like a hill with a gentle slope, but the air thins the further one goes. It's a common landscape around these parts. This landscape causes many people like that man to suffer from the lack of air.

Thankfully, this is the highest point, so we just have to wait for his symptoms to recede and then take him down.

Once his condition improved, I carried him on my back and we descended the mountain.
It was a bit unstable since I couldn't get a proper grip on my knife, but my wife walked in front and stood watch. My daughter and the foreign woman were following well, closely behind us.

After we descended, the man's consciousness returned and his health improved.

Then, we started travelling with that couple.

The man was well-learned. He quickly understood our language and was able to communicate with us.

They were a couple on a journey from the snow country far away. We were in similar situations, so we found kindred spirits within each other.
Though, the difference is that their journey is not unending. They had a home to return to.

"Ah~ I see~"

The foreign man said in a somewhat drawling manner. When our conversation got deeper from alcohol, he put forth a surprising proposal.

"Then, come to our village. Okay?"

He first spoke in our language and spoke in his language to his wife for her approval.

"Oh, my, okay~! That's a great idea~. Since Ritchan is probably lonely~."

I didn't understand her words, but she also said something in a somewhat drawling manner. They might be a couple very like each other.

The unending journey concluded refreshingly.

I heard about the extreme cold of the lands we were brought to, but because I felt colder during our journey, I was unexpectedly unperturbed.

The new chieftain here was a young man.
The young man's name is Ritzhard Salonen Revontulet. He's shorter than my wife and felt untrustworthy for some reason.

Unlike his father, he couldn't understand us. I tried to teach him our language, but foreign languages are hard. He gave up quickly.

However, he actively tried to communicate to us with gestures.
Soon, we were able to have simple conversations just through gestures.

Hunting in this village is done with a strange metal thing. The young chieftain pointed at that and told me its name. I also learned how to use it and how to maintain it, but I just continued to hunt with a dagger.

Just that, there were many ferocious animals in this region.
Sadly, I did not meet any cows.

I offered hunted rabbits to the chieftain every day. He was being humble, but I thought that just one rabbit was too little a payment for a warm house.

My wife cooked in the house. The foreign cuisine she learned from the chieftain's mother were all tasty.
My daughter grew well, and started helping out with some light housework.

I wanted to gift the chieftain with a large beast for giving us this life. That desire grew stronger each day inside me.

One night, I found a large beast that I never saw before. It was a mysterious creature that walked on all fours, had brown fur, round ears, but had sharp claws and teeth.

After a long struggle, I somehow managed to be victorious.

When I returned, the chieftain was astonished. It was probably because I was covered in blood. Though most of the blood was the beast's.
Upon realising that, the chieftain looked terribly relieved. Then he looked as if he had an idea and then he went off somewhere.

He returned with a spear in his hand.

“Hey, I know that Teoporon is strong. Use this from now on.”
“……”

The chieftain said something and held the spear out.

I threw away my pride as a warrior when I left the tribe. So I can’t accept that.

Because I did not accept the spear, the chieftain looked troubled.

Then he tried to convey something with gestures, as always.

First, he pointed at me, flexed his muscles and nodded a few times.
I wonder if he wants to say that he approves of my hunting abilities.

Then he showed his index finger, meaning wife, and his middle finger, meaning daughter, then clenched his fist. Finally, he pounded his chest.

“So, are you trying to tell me to protect my family?”

The chieftain smiled and held the spear out.

Power to protect my family.
And also power to protect the kind young man.

He is telling me to use that power to help.

I felt resolute in a moment.
I accepted the spear.

“——Yes. Now, I acknowledge my master as the ‘great king’ and I shall set forth as a warrior with my spear!”

With feelings of gratitude, I pounded my chest, kneeled on one knee and received the spear.

Here, in these new lands, I became a warrior again, serving a new king.

“I’ll continue to be in your care, Teoporon!”

To the great kings words, I pounded my chest in response.

Though they say these lands are a harsh and remote place, it was paradise for us.

With my wife and my daughter, we continued to live with the great king.

A few years after that, the king got a strong and valiant wife and came to be surrounded by many children, but that is a story for another time.

Raw link

Chapter 50: Miruporon’s Acitivity Report

Chapter 50: Miruporon’s Activity Report

Side Story

Our family lives in a village where white cold ice falls from the sky.

My work every day is to provide a comfortable environment for the ‘great king’.
My father takes care of the prey the king caught and does the maintenance on the tools, and my mother cooks. I took care of the animals and chopped firewood. We split the household chores between mother and me.

On my holidays, I went out hunting. Father taught me how to use the bow.

Today, I caught a rabbit. It tastes good when it’s skewered and cooked.
Since I had forgot to bring my leather bag, so I carried it by the neck.

I carefully treaded on the frozen path.
The passersby pretended to have not seen me. This was the usual, so I didn’t mind it a single bit.

According to mother, it seems that the people in this village dislike foreigners. My parents’ old homeland was also a closed society, unwelcoming of foreigners. It was probably the same thing.

However, the ‘great king’ and his queen are different. They greet us with a soft smile every day.

Still, there were exceptions in the village.

“Oi, giant woman, only one today!?”

This man, whom I did not even know the name of, talked to me every day. White hair that glistens like snow, clear blue eyes and a clean white face. From far away, I can’t distinguish him from the other villagers.
However, his scornful expression, his malevolent tone, and his eyes that pointed up as if to show his mean nature told me that it was him.

He was a head shorter than me, so I ended up gazing down at me. He turned

red and yelled at me.

“You’re just needless tall because you’re eating bears!! Take a good look, I’ll become much taller than you in the future!!”

Yet again, with a haughty attitude, he shouted something at me and ran off.

I returned home and prepared dinner.
Since freshly hunted meat is tough and hard to eat, I made soup and a skewer dish from the bear meat father hunted.

Bear meat has a strong smell. Therefore, we have to use powdered herbs to get rid of the smell.

After the sun set, my parents returned. The three of us ate together, had baths and then slept.

I led a similar life also on days I had work.

Then, change visited when I met one girl.

“Hey, you.”
“?”

A short girl, from my perspective, talked to me. However, she was pretty tall for a girl from the village. She did not have other special traits, and had the usual white hair and blue eyes.

“You’re the person working at the lord’s place, right?”
“?”
“Could it be, that you still don’t know the language!?”

The girl said something to me, but I couldn’t understand anything.

“Come here!!”
“?”

I was called over to a small house.
She pulled up a chair and gestured for me to sit.

“I’m Aina.”
“?”
“Aina! Name!”

“Aina?”
“Yes!”

She pointed to herself and said Aina. ‘Aina’ might be her name.
Likewise, I pointed to myself and said, “Miruporon.”

“Hmm, so you’re called Miruporon.”
“……?”
“Hey, Miruporon. You’re trying to learn the words here, right?”
“?”

From that day, my exchange with ‘Aina’ began.

◇◇◇

Aina appeared stealthily and dragged me to her house.
Surprisingly, she was teaching me the language of this village.

“Hey, what are you making for dinner?”
“……Meat.”
“Hah? Be more specific!”
“?”

I learned many words after some time, but I still couldn’t converse well. When Aina chatters away, it becomes impossible to pick up the words.

I didn’t tell the king and the queen that I was learning the language. I wanted to surprise them.

“Miruporon, thank you. You’re a great help.”
“!”

Now that I could understand his words, I understood that the ‘great king’ is a warm and kind person just as his appearance suggested.

“Miruporon, it’s late, so you can go back.”

I also understood the kind considerations of the queen

Since I could now understand the language, the number of times I felt touched by the words ‘thank you’ continued to increase.

I want to say ‘thank you’ quickly. However, I’m ashamed of my poor speech so

far.

I started visiting the village more to meet Aina.

“Oi, giant woman, what are you happily skipping about for!”
“……”

Understanding the language was not all pleasurable.
I now also understood the harsh words that man threw at me.

“Looking forward getting picked up by a man or something? Well, it is the tourist season now.”
“……”
“Unfortunately, no one wants such a large woman like you!”
“……”

I knew very well that I am inferior in comparison to other women. The women in this village are all small and lovely. They are always smiling, and seeing them heals the hearts. Men are having such women as wives.

I waited for that man to go away while holding on to the edge of my skirt. The vivid blue skirt I was wearing is made by Aina. It probably didn’t fit well on me who did not have white skin. I felt sad and ugly, a level further.

“Oi, are you listening!?”
“!”

I flinched from having my shoulders grabbed.
Then, I had noticed.

That my eyes were locked with that man’s.

“Ah!”
“Eh!?”

Because I suddenly let out a loud voice, the man’s eye’s went wide.
Come to think of it, it might be the first time speaking in front of him.

“What was that, you surprised me since you suddenly spoke!”
“You, height, will grow.”
“Ha!?”
“Tall, grow.”

“!”

The man took a few steps back.

It had been a few years since I met him. His first reaction was so refreshing. I also had some frustration pent up from getting shouted at.

“Why, come, me, speak?”
“Sh-Shut up!”
“Reason, tell me.”
“Such a thing, that doesn’t matter!”
“Loud, voice, no.”
“It’s you who has a loud voice!”
“Not, you. Miruporon.”
“!”

Then I remembered that I didn’t know the man’s name yet.

“Name, tell me.”
“Who are you to look from above.”
“Look, From, Above, name?”
“Wrong!”

My counterattack began from that day.

When I found that man, I sneaked up to him.

“Find you!”
“What do you mean ‘find’!! It’s ‘found’.”

He angrily corrected my mistakes.

Because of such events, my language skills improved rapidly.

◇◇◇

Today, I chopped firewood again.

I liked chopping wood.
The feeling of cleanly splitting wood with an axe gave me an indescribable pleasure.

Someone came up behind me while I was chopping firewood.

“Morning, Miruporon. You’re early again today.”

When I turned around, there was the kind king.
“Good morning,” the morning greeting. Our family lived without knowing that for a long time.

“Here, a reward.”

A warm bread was placed into my hand.

“I baked some because I had some free time. It’s got cheese in it. If you don’t mind, please~.”
“Th-Thank you.”

His wide blue eyes opened wide.

“Eh, Miruporon, just now, did you say thank you!?”

It seemed that my first “thank you” was delivered properly.

◇◇◇

“Ah~ really!”

Aina threw the bow on the snow.

“This is impossible!”
“Everyone, starts, like this.”
“You’re lying!”

For the past few days, I helped out with Aina’s archery training.
She probably wants to surprise her family by hunting a small animal by herself.

She first taught me the language because she wanted to learn archery.

“Don’t worry, until, it’s good, I’ll come.”
“Of course you have to! We’re friends, right?”
“!”

‘Friend’. Aina was my first friend.

I found out some time later that I was also her first ‘friend’.

On another note, our relationship with the ‘great king’ changed slightly.

“Please accept this offering, a bear.”

“My lord, father says, this bear, is for you.”
“I see. Thank you, Teoporon.”

I could translate for them. Recently, father and mother also started putting in effort to learn the language.

The man who pestered me for many years, Luca, was not as he usually was.

“Luca, found you!”
“!?”

My counterattack is still continuing.

“D-Don’t surprise me like that!”

According to Aina, he was pestering me because he wanted to get my attention.
Once I knew that, his abusive language felt cute, and I did not mind it at all.

Thanks to Aina and Luca, my life was changing.

Every day is fun now.

Raw link

Chapter 51: Ritzhard’s Lonely Years — First Half

Chapter 51: Ritzhard’s Lonely Years — First Half
Side Story

Grandfather died.

He passed away when the sun did not set, when the forest shined the brightest, the favourite season of his.

Grandfather taught me how to make traditional handicrafts, how to hunt, how to butcher animals and taught me everything about being a lord. He said that he had no regrets and then left this world.

I really think that he tried his best for a really long time.
I laid him next to grandmother, so that he may rest in peace.

After that, every day was a struggle. Though I acting as the substitute because grandfather fell ill, it didn’t mean that I could do everything perfectly.
After I was being chased by work for some months, my parents summoned me.
The bad feeling I had was spot-on.

Father said this.

—— It’s getting a bit cold, so I’m going on an adventure to someplace warmer.

It wasn’t surprising. Father always wanted to explore the world for a long time. He was finally free from grandfather who did not allow him to go on an adventure that left his family behind.

However, what surprised me was what mother said next.

—— I’m worried about dad so mum’s going along.

Oh no, it’s doubly destructive with the two of them.
How should I describe my parents? Aloof, or unworldly.

However, I thought that for my parents a more relaxing environment was better than this bleak town, so I didn’t stop them.

Father prepared for the journey carefully, taking his time. Meanwhile, mother made other preparations, such as arranging a maid for the mansion.

Then, it was the day of their departure.

“Ritchan, sorry we had to go at such a tough time.”
“It’s alright. It’s not like I expected anything from you anyways.”

Even though I said something rude, Father relaxedly murmured, “Really? That’s a relief.” Mother too was all smiles.

“Oh, my, dear, Ritchan, look, it’s pretty butterfly-san~”
“……Eh, uwah!?”
“?”

Seeing the butterfly float about, father let out a surprised voice.

“Th-That’s the globally rare legendary butterfly, Helena Morpho!! Why is it here!?”

With that, father started chasing after the butterfly.

“My my, oh my~”

Mother flutteringly waved her hands and started running after father!?…… with a slow speed that one might doubt that was even running.

……This feels enervating, somewhat.

My worrisome parents set off without much special warning.
I wanted to reassure them or something by talking about my position as the lord, but they went off in a very carefree manner without listening to my story.

In this manner, I began living alone.

◇◇◇

It was my first year as a lord.
The first thing I wanted to do was to return the Spirit stone Siedi that grandfather removed back to the village square.
However, the stone is quite big, so I can’t carry it by myself.
I considered getting someone else to help, but in this period all the villagers are desperate preparing for the polar nights so I couldn’t talk to them.

In addition, I was also busy preparing for the polar nights. Mother made some preserved food in bottles, and I preserved some hunted meat in the snow. Since

the maid won't be coming during the polar nights, I'll have to rely on the preserved food mother made.

Then, once the time that the sun was up grew shorter, I went around and checked if everyone had enough.

Well, I did sorta expect it, but the people are cold to me.
Because of my grandfather's reforms, my family is disliked by the villagers.
There's also that I have foreign blood mixed in.
Anyway, the sun was setting, so I ended with that for the day.

On my way back. While I was walking down the snow-filled street, I heard the shrill cry of a chicken from behind me.
When I turned around, I saw a chicken desperately running away.

There was also a girl desperately chasing after it.

"S-Stop!! I told you to, stop!!"
"……"

Only thinking of the shortest distance, the chicken ran straight towards here. It was trying to go between my legs, so when it came close I seized it by its wings.

"Are you alright? Aina."
"……"

The girl breathed heavily, her shoulders moving up and down.

"Hey, is this, dinner?"

In the village, people eat the chicken before it becomes too cold to raise outside.
Just during the winter, the clucking sounds of chickens disappear from the village.
The caught chicken still had much vigour. The girl looked a little frightened.

"Could it have, run away?"
"……T-Tag! We were playing that."
"I see."
"……"

When I placed the chicken in the bag Aina had in her hand, she looked a bit

tense because the chicken kept jumping about.

“Are you alright? What about the slaughtering?”
“……”

Aina is six now. At this age, children start helping with slaughtering small animals.
Her eyes darted about from my question, so she might have been ordered to slaughter the chicken.

“Want to do it together?”
“Eh, r-really!?”
“Sure.”

Thus, I helped with slaughtering the chicken and returned when it was completely dark.

And for the first time, I hailed the polar nights (kaamos) alone.
Just until last year, we gathered together in one room, making traditional handicrafts, singing spirit songs (joik), spending the dark days merrily.

However, spending the polar nights alone was very depressing.
I also told the maid to not come during the polar nights. So I have to cook for myself.

The breads were buried en masse in the snow. Cooking started from excavating the breads from the snow.

It was the first time I cooked. Mother did all the cooking, and even when I was assigned tasks, they were just simple things such as finely chopping ingredients.

Today, I was making soup with reindeer meat and root vegetables.
I placed a pot of water on the fireplace-cum-stove and sliced the ingredients in.
Recalling what mother did, I put in some spices from the shelf too.

“……?”

Somehow, a sticky soup was created. While wondering about it, I poured some into a wooden bowl.

As for the bread, I wrapped it paper and steamed it on the pot.

Warm bread and steaming soup.

I praised myself that I could do it if I put my mind to it.

After giving a prayer in thanks to the blessings of nature, I had a spoonful of soup.

——Mm, disgusting!!

My first soup was unfortunately not as delicious as I had expected.

I poured my passion and energy into improving my cooking during my first polar nights.

When the polar nights were over, I came to meet a surprising situation that my parents returned.
They were just here to visit. They dropped off a family from a martial race somewhere, briefly told me the circumstances then left again.

“H-Hello”
“……”
“……”
“……”

The martial race family consisted of three members, the father, the mother and the daughter.
It seemed that they were also a nomadic race, and they were dressed in strange attire not seen in these parts.

Light brown skin, black hair and black eyes. They look valiant like lions…… all three of them. Father said that they had been wandering around for a long time, so maybe they became like that from their journey.

Their clothes were strange too.
What especially bothered me was the biggest person, the man named Teoporon. In this cold, he did not have anything on top. He had trousers at the least, but the fabric was thin.
He had a large dagger, and he was barefoot, wearing no shoes. However, his feet showed no signs of freezing, so he should be fine.
Still, I was worried that he was barefoot, so I asked him if he was okay. To that, Teoporon gestured for me to touch the soles of his feet.
When I carefully touched them, the soles of his feet were rock-hard. I felt

relieved at that.
The women weren't wearing thick clothes either. They were wearing brown clothes made out of animal hides, decorated with fringes. It was their traditional clothing. On the heads, they had colourful decorations, with some bird tail feather around their ears. They adorned their ears with feathers.

"N-Nice to meet you."
"……"
"……"
"……"

Like so, I suddenly started living with foreigners. I wanted to complain to my parents who brought this family over, but they were already gone.

We couldn't communicate, our lifestyle, culture, religion was all different. We were very different people, but we got along mysteriously well.

Also, I was now able to do things I wasn't able to do alone.

I could return the heavy stone to the village with some help from Teoporon. Though, the villagers criticised that I was feigning magnanimity. I gave up because they wouldn't listen no matter what I said.

I faced many problems, and desperately tried to solve them. From that, my first year as a lord passed by very quickly.

Raw link

Chapter 52: Ritzhard’s Lonely Years — Second Half

Chapter 52: Ritzhard’s Lonely Years — Second Half

Side Story

Spring of my second year as a lord.
The villagers are still cold to me.

However, there were some small changes. I could now see elderly people placing offerings and making prayers at the Spirit Stone.

The busy days continued.
While I continued to do my work as a lord, I also had to do work to survive the snow country.
The herb picking in spring is important for gathering the necessary spices and herbs for the whole year, so I have to put a lot of effort into it.

I still had more work. I had to till the fields outside the village.
This was done by everyone in the village.
The harvested goods aren’t distributed among the villages. Everything is sold and collected as tax.

Until a few years ago, the harvested vegetables were distributed among the villagers. Back then, tax was collected by one reindeer a year, but because of beasts the number of reindeers were reduced greatly.
The lord at the time, my grandfather, immediately stopped getting taxes through reindeers and got the taxes through selling vegetables.

Seventy reindeers from the village, and vegetables from barren land.
The difference is great.
However, reindeers are important for the village and for survival. Since their numbers had dwindled, we could not afford to haphazardly collect them.

Because of that, the farm work in spring is done by everyone in the village.

Of course, there are more fields.
Everyone tills their own fields to grow their own vegetables for winter.

When I returned home, the martial race lady was cooking.

Because the maid quit since she had to look after her newly born grandson, my new housemate was making them instead.

The martial race lady, Ruruporon, seems to have learnt cooking from mother, providing me with food that had similar flavour that I had when I was young. Even so, I continued the research for improving my cooking skills.
I asked the shop lady for things I didn't know, and soon I became able to cook some moderately delicious things.

Summer. To try my hand at making jam and alcohol, I went out to pick berries. For the method of jam making, I learnt it from the village ladies when I helped out with making fabric. For the method of alcohol making, I got it from the notes in grandfather's library.

On the way to my berry picking, I saw some ladies so I approached them to hear what might be good for making jam today, but there was a chilly atmosphere.
They all then remembered something and left.

When I asked what it was to the few remaining ladies, it seemed that they were discussing who picked the most berries.
It seems that they were betting that Mrs Aria will win.

It is said that women who can pick berries well make good wives. Berry picking is that important for the villagers.

"It seems that Your Lordship ended up winning today."
"Uwah, that's a bit……"

It seemed that I came late, didn't read the mood and ended up winning. I apologised and awkwardly made a thin smile.

"Isn't it great, my lord. You'll be very popular."
"H-How nice."
"……"

To avoid the ladies' cold gazes, I quickly left.

Autumn was the season of fruition. I gathered mushrooms and berries from the forest, while the fish in the rivers and the lakes fattened up, that they became tasty.

The prohibition on bird hunting was lifted as well, so I was busier in autumn than I was in summer.

When it became winter, I started preparing for the polar nights.
Then when it began I laboured at crafting.

Like so, my second year passed by in a flash.

I spent my third year mundanely as well.
Change came in my third time of the polar nights. I couldn't get motivated, nor could I make progress on crafting.

I had the tools in my hands, but I ended up wasting the time away.

When the long polar nights ended, I finally realised. I was lonely.

For the first and second year, I was desperate trying to catch up with work, so I had no leisure to feel lonely.

I thought I had to make new family.

In my fourth year, I went to my grandfather's country to attend the ball.

It seemed that there were balls in my country as well, but I was never invited. It is just said that House Revontulet will never be invited because of something an ancestor did.

When I sent a letter stating that I was going to attend the ball, grandfather kindly sent some dress suits. I was thankful for that.

The lord leaving the village might be irresponsible, but I couldn't marry with a woman from the village who have low birth rates. Plus, the girl close to my age was a close relative even.
As a count, I needed an heir. Thus, with that obligation, I went overseas while leaving the village to people around my age.

Like so, I arrived in the foreign country before the sea froze.

It's been a decade since I met my foreign grandfather. That was when he came over across the sea with father. By the way, mother was told to leave the country by grandfather. In retrospect, I think it was to force her to return to the village.

Grandfather had thinned a bit, but he was healthy, as ever.

“Really, to not show up for a decade?”
“I’m sorry.”

I could only apologise.
My grandfather back home did not allow me to go overseas.

“Well, it’s fine.”
“……Yes.”
“So, your objective is to find a marriage part.”
“Yes.”
“Hmm.”

Grandfather suggested having a marriage interview with one woman he thought would be good. So I agreed and asked him to do so.

The day of the marriage interview.
My hair was combed and tied into one knot behind my head, instead of the usual braid. Most men in this country have their hair cut, so apparently there weren’t any men with long hair like mine.

“The best you can do is to take advantage of your face that resembles your mother’s.”
“……Yes, sir.”

I never thought deeply about it, but according to grandfather it seems that I am handsome. The people from my remote lands were all like this so I never thought of it this way.
I’ll take advantage of this as something limited only to the limited lands.

Grandfather introduced me to a lady from a prestigious house.

“——So, we have these polar nights where the sun doesn’t rise for about two months.”
“……”

For some reason, I was rejected that day.

“Of course. What kind of woman would want to be married off to a poor noble in the arctics!”

“……”

Grandfather said to silently accept the results. Was that really okay? I tilted my head.
That year, my search for a marriage partner ended there.

I went overseas again on the fifth year.
The fourth polar nights alone was really terrible, very depressing. So, I followed grandfather’s orders to take back a woman who already agreed to a marriage.

Well, anyone might guess what would happen if a woman was suddenly taken to a self-sufficient village.

Some time afterwards, I had received the infamous nickname of ‘the Yeti of the Borderlands’.

◇◇◇

“……Well, I was this kind of scum.”
“……”

As I told Sieg about the past ten years as a lord, for some reason I was sort of confessing my sins.

The long polar nights make people depressed. It’s probably because there’s no sunlight.
Though I was out of choices, but in retrospect it really wasn’t something I should have done as a person.

Now I knew. Loneliness drives people mad.

However, because I felt that I shouldn’t repeat the same mistakes, I told everything about the village to Sieg. My explanation back then might have been a really sloppy one though, for her to agree to such an unreasonable marriage to such a crafty person.

However, Sieg is here.
She said that she will become my wife.
This was a miraculous story, if nothing else.

“I didn’t know.”

Sieg suddenly murmured.

She must have been uncomfortable. I was talking about haphazardly finding a woman for marriage.

“I should have told you sooner, right. Erm, sorry.”
“Indeed. Why didn’t you tell me sooner.”
“……”

My chest tightened from her reproachful words.

“I’m really sorry that I was insincere.”
“Insincere? What are you talking about?”
“Eh?”
“What I wanted you to have told me sooner was the story about you becoming depressed in the polar nights.”
“!?”

Sieg said that the story about women wasn’t interesting, and also said that the story didn’t worry her too much.

“I also took advantage of this marriage. I’m in no position to criticise you.”
“Sieglinde, but,”
“I told you to not worry. ……But to think that you were cornered that badly, I should have become your true wife sooner.”
“Yes. Thank you.”
“I had no confidence as a woman. I thought that Ritz might regret choosing me as a marriage partner, so I thought I shouldn’t accept it so quickly.”

The truth was finally revealed.

But that might have been why it was good.
While I spent time with Sieg, I think I slowly regained myself. I finally managed to say farewell to a depressed me that I had been wrestling with for a decade.

“So, you see, don’t degrade yourself.”
“……”
“I know that Ritz is a sincere person.”

But the blunders I made yesterday don’t disappear. I have to reflect.

Maybe to change the dark atmosphere, Sieg smiled briefly and turned into a serious expression as she started talking.

“There’s a fairytale that I read when I was little.”
“?”

For some reason, she suddenly started talking about a fairytale.

“The Snow Fairy of Happiness.”

Long time ago, far far away, there was a village that snowed all year round.
The village was a strange one, where a fairy lived as well.
The fairy lived together with the villagers for a long time.

When there were blizzards that prevented the villagers from going outside, the fairy delivered food to the villagers.
The happiness of the villagers was the happiness of the fairy.

One day, the blizzard did not stop for many days.

The villagers wished to the snow fairy for bright sunlight to shine down on the village.
The snow fairy brought strong sunlight to grant the wishes of the villagers.

The sun melted all the snow in the village, and the villagers rejoiced at their first coming of spring.

They held a festival for three days, but then the villagers noticed something.

“Where did the snow fairy go?”

The villagers searched hard, but they could not find the snow fairy.

The village grieved, but something happened.

One day, the villagers discovered it. The clothes the snow fairy was wearing.

It was something a woman of this village had made. It was small, fitting only for the snow fairy.

Then, the villagers realised it.
That the snow fairy disappeared with the snow.

The festive village fell silent.

They could not regain something that is already lost.
The snow fairy was already gone, they could not wish for it to come back.

From that day on, the villagers went far out to the mountains.
On that mountain, there was a lake that was frozen all year round, and the villagers took some ice and offered it to the snow fairy.

People hoped that the snow fairy might appear again, so they kept offering ice.

Then, a century later, the strong sunlight turned into a normal one, and snow started falling again.

The villagers celebrated the days when it snowed, and passed on the story of the snow fairy which had now become a legend.

There was something that watched over such a village.

It could not do anything, but it wished for the happiness of the villagers every day.

It is said that something invisible to people silently watched over the village.

"……or so it goes."
"Hehh, that's the first time I heard it."
"It might be a fairytale only in my country."
"How unfortunate."
"So……"
"?"

Sieg hesitantly said it. That I was like the fairy in that story.

"When I first saw you, I was surprised because I thought you were the snow fairy."
"Fairy!? Not a Yeti!?"
"Aa. Without a doubt."
"A man turning thirty is a fairy!?"
"A fairy."

No, it's not possible. I denied it, but Sieg insisted that I was similar.

"But then, weren't you surprised when you came here?"
"Aa. This is a village of fairies."

As to why she started talking about that, she was worried that I might disappear like the snow fairy from overworking.

“It’s alright. But, it’s a coincidence.”
“What is?”
“During the polar nights, I found the sun.”
“?”

As she looked puzzled, I caressed her hair with my fingers.

“I wonder if the sun is coloured like this?”
“!?”

I said that and kissed the hair that had the colour of the sun.

“See, I didn’t melt.”
“……”

Sieg looked extremely troubled.
I only recently found out that this face was her embarrassed expression.

I held her shoulders and kissed her on the lips.

I thought I was going to melt from just touching her, but thinking that it was in a different sense of the word, I focused on the act.

The sun from overseas enveloped me in a warm light.

I could not be happier.

Raw link

I

Chapter 53: Sieglinde’s Activity Diary

Chapter 53: Sieglinde’s Activity Diary

Volume 2 — The Honeymoon of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

Author:

※Honeymoon volume, chapter 1.

Today, we are travelling to my country.
We will spend about two days on a boat, and move by carriage to the capital.
From the first day to the third day, we will participate in the ball.
For the last day, we will stay inside and then return home.

For this trip, we spent some time busily for it. I already had expected that Ritzhard won’t rest even in the boat.

“Ritz, why don’t you take a break?”
“Nn, just a bit more. Thanks.”
“……”

Ritz was doing the finishing touches on the wooden reindeer that was to be gifted to my family. He’s been doing it for three hours after the boat departed.

“I thought that was complete.”
“I thought so too, but on second look, it still had flaws, so I just had to fix them.”

With a knife, he was smoothing out the already grand antlers. He delicately carved the wood silently.

I can stare at him working with a serious face for so many hours, but worrying too much is one of his bad points.

“Ritz, let’s go buy some alcohol.”
“……Okay.”

For now, I managed to make him stop working.

On the ship, there is a shop selling some stuff.
Though I’m not sure why they sell more alcohol than food.

Wheat spirits (Korn), black tea liqueur (Tiffin), many different types of wine, beer and also many drinks from my homeland.

"Sieg, what's that?"
"A cocktail of herbs, spices and fruit alcohol (liqueur)"
"Hehh."

What I had in my hand is Jägermeister.
It's both bitter and subtly sweet at the same time, and it even has herbs used for medicine so it is said to be good for the health.

"This might be a bit strong for Ritz."
"I see. But, I want to try something different for a change."
"Then, how about noble rot wine (edelfäule wein)?"

Noble rot wine (edelfäule wein) is one of the sweetest alcoholic beverages in the world, made from raisins. It's not very sour, and has a deep sweet taste, with a smooth scent like honey. Even people weak to alcohol liked this drink.

"Then I'll have that."
"Good choice."

We also bought snacks that went well with alcohol.
Cheese, chocolate, boiled eggs, smoked bird meat, dried fruits.

After buying alcohol, we went back to our cabin.

I sat on the bed, dragged the small round table close and served the snacks on a plate. Then, I took out glasses from the shelf and poured alcohol.

"Uwa, it's red!!"

Jägermeister is red like blood. It's strong, but it's clean.

What Ritz was having had a beautiful amber shade. When I tried a sip, I ended up frowning from the sweet taste. I like sweet snacks, but I prefer my alcohol dry.

I turned towards the snacks on the plate.
Realising my gaze, Ritz looked at me while getting something from the plate.

"Chocolate?"

Before I could answer, he pushed it into my mouth.

Sweet. But it went well with the flavour of the alcohol still left in my mouth. And I could also feel myself heating up.

“Sieg, what’s wrong? Was the chocolate not good?”
“……No”

I ended up remembering the thing that happened before so I hid my mouth, but Ritz unexpectedly leaned in closer.

“Sieg?”
“Nothing. The chocolate was normally good too.”
“I see. Then what’s this hand for?”
“……Nothing.”

When I said that, he softly grabbed my wrist and moved my hand away from my mouth.

A moment later, we were locking our lips.

The lips were warm, making me feel fuzzy.

……Somehow, it became a ridiculously sweet mouthful.

◇◇◇

As for the rest of the trip, we spent time playing games, watching the sea on the decks, drinking alcohol and chatting together. Time passed quickly.
When I was on the boat trip from my homeland, I remember being very bored. However, with Ritz, it was so fun.

A few hours before the disembarking time, I started dressing up. My family had sent me a dress.
I took off the men’s clothes I was used to and reached out to an undergarment.

“……”

It was structured so that it was tied at the waist. I couldn’t do it alone.

“……Ritz”
“Yes?”

I spoke to Ritz who was sitting across from me on the bed.

“……”
“Sieg, what’s wrong?”
“No, well, erm, I might want some help.”
“What?”
“Can you tie the undergarment string behind me?”

Ritz casually agreed.

Corsets do not only tighten one’s waist, but also make women’s breasts look beautiful. I untied the strings and placed my breasts well, above the thick steel wires in the corset.

Then, all that was left is to tie it from the back.
The dextrous Ritz deftly tied the string.

“Sieg, it doesn’t hurt, does it?”
“I’m alright.”

However, there was a problem. The dress waist part was a bit tight.
I only recently discovered it. The strings have to tightened as much as possible.

“……Ritz,”
“What is it?”
“I have a wish.”
“Okay.”
“Can you tighten the strings a lot?”
“Why? It’s not good for your body.”
“……”

The new diet consisting mostly of meat made my body fit for the snow country.
I wonder where the muscles that covered my body went. Now they’re being protected by layers of fat.

When I told that sad story to Ritz, he reluctantly sympathised with me.

I put both hands on the wall and strained my feet.

“Then, here I go.”
“Yes.”

That moment, the string pulled around tightly, but it didn't feel like it was enough.
It's not possible to wear the dress like this.

"A bit more."
"Sieg, that's,"
"Do as I say."
"……Okay."

The second coming of pressure. This time it was somewhat hard to breathe.

"Sieg, is this alright?"
"A little, more."
"This is the last time."

The string contracted tightly around my body.

"……Ku!"

I was clenching my teeth, but my voice spilled out.

Once the sound of the string tightening was no longer there, I let out a sigh of relief.

Thanks to Ritzhard, I was able to wear the dress naturally.
I then went to the washing basin to put on makeup. I put on hair extensions, and hid my face a little with a hat. As I looked into the mirror, I thought that this way I would at least be seen as a woman.
The dress too was designed along the lines of the body, without much exposed areas or decorations, so it was better than the dress full of frills and exposed areas that I got from my family before.

Once I finished dressing up, I went out of the bathroom.

"Uwa!! Sieg, you look cute——!!"

Ritzhard reacted as I expected he would.

"……"
"What's wrong?"
"That, appearance is,"
"It's the foreign clothes that grandfather gave me."

A squared-shaped fluffy white hat, and a fluffy coat. The black trousers and the black boots accented the white nicely.

In the middle of the room, there was a snow fairy.

I ended up feeling lost whether to feel regretful that my husband was much cuter than me or to sincerely appreciate it.

Raw link

Translator:
Chocolate~

The illustration is here:

Chapter 54: Sieglinde’s Activity Report No. 2

Chapter 54: Sieglinde’s Activity Report No. 2

Volume 2 — The Honeymoon of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

Translator:

Don’t ask me why the chapter title is like that. Ask the author.

We arrived at a port of my homeland a little after noon. Being one of the biggest port cities in the country, it was crowded with people.

“Sieg, what about lunch?”

“Let’s see……”

We had about an hour and half until our carriage ride. The restaurants probably are crowded.

“Let’s grab something from the marketplace.”

“That might work.”

The market at the port city had many goods, truly worthy of its title ‘Gateway of Food’.

“It really is the season of harvest.”

“Indeed.”

The fruit store near the entrance had mountains of autumn fruits. Ritz let out cries of joy.

Apricots, peaches, pears, apples. We were surrounded in a sweet scent.

Ritzhard bought two green apples.

Then, we casually went around many stores, such as a vegetables store, a flower shop, an alcohol shop and a sundries shop.

Finally, we arrived in a street that had many stalls selling food. First, we went to the bakery.

“Hehh, there are many different kinds of bread.”

“From big ones to small ones, I heard that there are approximately thousand

different kinds.”

Since he didn’t know what to choose, we bought something called knoten, which looked as if long strips were just put together.

Also, we could’t forget sausage. Most people around us were eating one with yellow powder that had a spicy taste. These are popular at stalls.

Finally, we bought coffee and sat down at the wooden chairs at the town square.

Because we heated up the knoten bread, I could feel warmth from the paper wrapping, and when we split the bread in two it was emitting a bit of steam. When I bit in, it had a soft texture and a subtle sweet flavour.
I used to prefer harder bread that had firm chewing taste, but as I had bread that Ritz requested the lady of the Rango family to make, I came to like soft bread.

The currywurst was cut so that it was easy to eat, and it was on skewers.
It has tomato sauce on top, so there’s just the right amount of spiciness and sourness.
Grilled until its crisp, when bit into the outside crunched nicely. The roughly ground meat overflowed with meaty juices.

“Sieg, this is amazing.”
“I’m glad you like it.”

As for dessert, I had one of the apples we bought. They were a bit hard, but it wasn’t too bad.

Ritz too had an apple. Then he said one thing.

“Uwa, sour!”
“?”

Maybe he had an unripe apple. Or maybe the apple is of that sort. It was indeed sour, but not inedible.

“Sieg, is your apple sweet?”

While placing the apple on his knee and looking like he has no appetite, Ritzhard asked.

“No, it’s not sweet, but it’s not too sour to be inedible.”

After asking if he wanted a bite, I handed over the apple to Ritz.
He took one bite, and the next moment his face contorted.

“This is sour too!!”
“That’s unfortunate.”
“Huh, Sieg, did you like sour fruits?”
“……No not really.”

The apples in this country are taste sourer compared to other apples. So I was used to the sour flavour, but it felt different today. My body too was different from usual. This peculiar feeling could be that.

“S-Sieg, c-could it be!?”
“Wait, calm down. We won’t know until we see the doctor.”

Suddenly growing restless, Ritz advised that I should take my corset off.

“If I take the time to take my corset off, we’ll miss the carriage, and I won’t fit back into my clothes. It’s not that bad, so just be patient for a bit.”

It takes about an hour by carriage to the capital. It’s not that long. After we arrived, we went to Ritz’s father’s family house to offer a greeting. We received a passionate welcome from grandfather-in-law who came out wearing bear fur. Then, we said that we had business in the city and headed to the hospital.

The doctor diagnosed us, but because the only information we had was that I could eat sour food, so we could’t conclude anything.
I didn’t like sweet things to begin with, so it didn’t help.

“Well, it’s like this, so it might be best to not tell grandfather-in-law yet.”
“Alright.”

It seems that it’s possible to know by hearing the pulses using a stethoscope five months in, but the doctors said that it was uncertain in this period.
In five months time, the belly will start getting big so I might know then.

Anyhow, since it was an uncertain piece of information, I warned Ritzhard to not get too excited.

So I was warning my agitated husband like that, but after I had meat with red

wine sauce for dinner, I suddenly felt queasy and left the seat.

……Probably the so called morning sickness.

“Why didn’t you tell me sooner!”

After dinner, grandfather-in-law was trying to call over a doctor out of worry so the two of us had to stop him.

“Even the doctor said that it’s uncertain whether it really is pregnancy.”

When Ritzhard explained the details, grandfather-in-law also understood.

“I see. So can I be happy that you are now a real couple?”

I recalled that our relationship back then was found out by grandfather-in-law.

“Grandfather-in-law, back then,”
“Don’t worry. The one who’s bad is my grandson who is dense to death.”

Ritzhard made a face as if he was getting punished. To that, grandfather-in-law said, “Are you a scolded dog or something!”

◇◇◇

For the ball on the second day, grandfather-in-law prepared a comfortable dress that did not strain the body. That’s my homeland. I could find what I needed ready-made.

When I went inside, my noble title was recited.

Countess Revontulet, they said.

Every time I attended these balls, I was surrounded by young ladies, but this time no one approached. Though I can feel glances.

Then I greeted many acquaintances. Everyone was surprised at my change.

“Well, you appearance changed, but your personality became softer too.”

Hearing them say that, I became curious at just how menacing I was then.

Emmerich didn’t come. When I asked a soldier I knew, he told me that Emmerich went straight home after work because he has a new wife back home.

I talked to some other acquaintances.
Everyone was surprised at my appearance.

Finally, I talked with Ritzhard's friend. He sincerely congratulated this sudden marriage that was decided a year ago.

After greeting people, I moved to a corner and got some fruit juice. Because there was the possibility that I was pregnant, I decided that I won't have alcohol.

"Shall we celebrate?"

While spinning the glass in his hand, he gazed at my belly.

"It's still uncertain."
"But still."

To my emotionless words, Ritz dropped his shoulders.

However, it was not as though I didn't feel anything.

"Well, shall we celebrate just in case?"
"!"

I lifted the glass and gave a toast.

"To new family."

The glasses struck each other with a clear clang. The drink I had was amazing, and was unlike anything I had before.

Until the month that my belly would start getting bigger and that it would become certain that I had a child, Ritzhard and I spent the months restlessly.

The new life would be born many months later, but we were already dreaming of the baby.

Raw link

Chapter 55: Sweet & Sour Cake

Chapter 55: Sweet & Sour Cake

Volume 2 — The Honeymoon of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

It's already been three days since we arrived at Sieg's homeland. Today, the three of us, grandfather, Sieg and me, are going to out together. At night, we will visit Emmerich and Aina.

In the living room, Sieg and I waited for grandfather to finish dressing up. Today, Sieg's clothes were tightened below her breast, but put on strain on the belly. It was a mild dress. Of course, this was prepared by grandfather for Sieg who might be pregnant.

Yes. She might have a baby in her belly. It wasn't certain yet, but just from thinking about it my heart beat faster and I grew restless.
It seems that it showed on my face when I grew careless, so I was warned by Sieg many times.

Her crimson hair was tied into one. Her hair had some natural curls, so it was tied into a round shape. I slowly observed her, thinking that her hair grew quite a bit during the past year.

Because I wasn't glancing but looking straight at her, I was pointed out by Sieg.

"What is it?"
"No, I just thought that my wife is really lovely."
"……I don't want to hear that from you."
"What do you mean by that?"
"……I invoke my right to remain silent."
"?"

I asked her what it was, but Sieg crossed her arms and shut her mouth with a frown. Well no matter. I sipped some coffee, which had gone cold.

"By the way, grandfather wouldn't wear bear fur, right?"
"Surely he wouldn't?"

Grandfather really liked the bear fur coat we gave him. Every time he had the

chance he wore it, wearing it like a cape as Teoporon did, and imitating his actions cheerfully.

While we were chatting, grandfather came out of his room.
He wore neat clothes for going out.

“I made you wait.”

To grandfather who said that, I waved no.
It was just that Sieg and I were uselessly fast.

“Grandfather-in-law, where will we go today?”
“I’ll leave that fun for later.”
“Is that so.”

While getting dragged along by grandfather, Sieg asked awkwardly.

Now, let’s go! With that line from grandfather, our fun trip began.
Grandfather took Sieg’s arm and declared himself her escort. He looked at me and asked, “Want an arm?” with a mischievous smile, but I respectfully declined.

On our carriage, while watching steam cars pass by, we soon arrived at our destination.

“Grandfather, this is?”
“The biggest zoo in the world.”
“Hehh!”

The huge facility named after the capital was created some decades ago, and it apparently is one of the biggest facilities in the world. As soon as we went in we were greeted by a gate that was supported by two statues that had far eastern cultural designs. I was awed.

The vegetation was thick, and the animals were relaxing about.
There were animals that I never saw before, so I ended up asking many questions to grandfather.

“Grandfather, what’s that!?”
“What, you don’t know monkeys.”

There were so many unknown animals in the zoo. It was full of surprises.
Sieg apparently came here a few times with her family. She was dependable.

What I was most surprised about was the white bear exhibition. I tilted my head because it was different from the white bears back home.

“These are polar bears.”
“H~m.”

On the information plaque, it says that polar bears live on the seas in the arctics.
I heard the information from father so it wasn’t that surprising, but I was curious because it was different from the white bear I saw in the forest with Teoporon. It was also strange that it lived in the forest but did not hibernate.

“Oi, what’s wrong?”
“Nothing.”

I decided to not to think to much about them and continued on.

After we finished looking around the zoo, we went to a store for lunch and went home.

After we returned, Sieg and I just rested. Tonight we have an appointment with Emmerich. So we don’t have anything else to do.

Grandfather went out because he had work. He bequeathed his title over to uncle, but he’s still busy, or so the butler said.

“Sieg, I’m going out for a bit.”
“Where to?”
“To buy confectionaries for Emmerich.”

After saying that, I stood up, but my coat was grabbed.

“Nn?”
“I’ll go too, so wait a bit. I’ll go fix my makeup.”
“Sieg, please stay home.”

The zoo was big, so you must be tired, I said.

“Why are you leaving me.”
“Because……”

We walked around quite a bit. I didn’t want her to push herself.

“I don’t want you to go alone.”
“Even if you say that, I can speak the language and I’m used to the streets.”
“……It’s different. That’s not what I mean.”
“……Then?”

Sieg hunched and looked up here.
I wonder what my wife is being shy about.

I grabbed Sieg’s hand.

“What is it, Sieglinde.”
“……”
“I won’t know unless you tell me.”

I touched Sieg’s cheeks and turned her head towards me.
She was frowning, so I caressed her cheeks to make her feel better.

A while later, her frown disappeared and she returned to the usual Sieg.

“So, what is it?”
“Well, it’s not that important, just,”
“Just?”
“A young woman was looking at Ritz at the zoo.”
“Eh, that’s all!?”
“……”
“Were you ashamed because I was like a country bumpkin!?”
“No, stupid!”
“Eh?”
“……”

I was slapped lightly, but I was still clueless.

“You look at an attractive person of the opposite sex, right!? It’s that!!”
“Ah~”

I forgot. That I was handsome here.

“So you were worried that a woman would whisk me away if I went out alone! I see!”
“……”

I did propose to Sieg because I fell in love at first sight so it might be natural that she's worried.
However, after I married, no other women came into my sight. I want to tell her this, but it's probably hard to convince her.

"M~m"
"……"
"After I married, I could only see Sieg though."
"!"

Her grey eyes opened wide.

"……Indeed, there were many pretty ladies at the ball, but Ritz did not look at any of them."
"See?"

It seemed that Sieg did see that. How thankful.

"Then, there's nothing to worry about, right?"
"……"

I wondered if she was convinced, but seeing her face it didn't seem like that.

I can't leave with Sieg like that, I thought.

"Don't make that face, Sieg."
"What kind of face."
"……Somehow provocative face."
"……"

But there was the possibility of her being pregnant so I can't knock her over now.

"Okay!"
"?"

I clapped.

"Let's make a simple confectionary as a gift! Sieg, you can help too!"
"!"

I grabbed her hand and pulled her up.

“Sieg, what’s your favourite?”
“Fresh berry cake made by Ritz.”
“……”

Hearing her say that with a serious expression, I became embarrassed.

“There aren’t ay fresh berries in this season, so something else please.”
“Then there is a confectionary of this country, called ‘Black Forest cake (Schwarzwälder Kirschtorte)’……”

It seems that the confectionary Sieg is talking about is made using cherry liqueur. If it’s this, I can make this by getting the recipe from the people in the kitchen.

In the kitchen, all the ingredients were prepared and a patissier was there to help us. While receiving instructions, we started making them.

First, for the cake sponge, we whipped egg whites to make something fluffy. Chocolate was mixed in as well.
While the dough was being baked, we boiled alcohol and sugar to make syrup, mixed alcohol into a bottle full of cherries for flavour and made cream.

Once the cake was baked, we sliced it was a knife. The cakes back home had a heavier texture, but here the cakes are soft and fluffy.

Using the leftover heat, a layer was soaked in cherry alcohol syrup then left. Afterwards, we spread cream on top, placed cherries on that and then covered it with cream again. Another layer was placed on top, then pasted with cream so that the joint won’t be seen.

Finally, cream and cherry was placed on top, and it’s finished by placing on chocolate shavings that look like bark chips.

“Looks pretty nice.”
“Aa, looks delicious.”

We wrapped it up and took it too Emmerich and Aina’s house.
The four of us shared it together, and it was really nice.
It was soft and moist thanks to the cherry liqueur. The deep flavour of the chocolate and the sour taste of cherries went strangely well.

Aina wanted to learn how to make it, so I taught her. Meanwhile, Sieg and Emmerich were talking about past stuff.

The fun night passed by quickly.

Raw link

Chapter 56: The Couple, Together and Separated.

Chapter 56: The Couple, Together and Separated.

Volume 2 — The Honeymoon of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

The fourth day. We prepared to go to Sieg's hometown, and left after having breakfast.

Grandfather saw us out. While wearing bear fur.

"I prepared a carriage that doesn't put much strain on the body."
"Grandfather."
"Thank you for your concern."

To Sieg who might have a baby, grandfather was kind.

"Next time, let us watch the foxfires or something together."
"When it gets warmer."
"I'll look forward to our next meeting."

The two of us bowed and left the Marquess's mansion.

In the carriage, blankets and cushions to reduce the impact were prepared. How thankful, I thought as I locked my gaze with Sieg's.

It took about three hours by carriage to Sieg's hometown.

"Sieg, do you want to lie down until we arrive?"
"Aa, right."

On the first day, she had morning sickness so Sieg had a really tough time. She couldn't have her favourtie food, and she was a bit emotionally unstable. The doctor that visited last night said such things are commonly seen in the early phase of pregnancy.

"Sieg, here."

Sometimes, the carriage wheels can bump into rocks making the carriage shake. So, thinking that I had to support her body while she slept, I gestured for her to use my lap as a pillow.

I laid a sheet on my laps and told Sieg to lie down.

“Is it alright?”
“Please go ahead.”

Sieg lied down, so I covered her with a blanket. Then I signalled the driver to start moving.

For some time, maybe because she was unused to such a situation, her body was stiff, but after I caressed her for some time, her eyes closed and she started making soft breathing sounds.

Moving for long periods of time, travelling, was not recommendable for pregnant women, but she did get better after the first day, so the doctor said to just not put a strain on her.

We decided that we won’t tell Sieg’s parents yet. We couldn’t say for sure if there really is a child so that’s why we decided so.

Grandfather suggested that we rest at his house until her condition is better. However, a letter from Sieg’s house arrived, saying, “Looking forward to the meeting”. When I told grandfather that we shouldn’t change our schedule like that, he too acquiesced.

Four hours later. We had been moving slowly, resting many times on the way for Sieg.

Because we arrived later than expected, it seemed that the Wattins were worried.

“We just took it slowly, enjoying the scenery.”
“Is that so, my lady.”
“I’m no longer ‘my lady’.”
“Ah, indeed.”

The elderly butler was someone who served House Wattin since Sieg was young, so he said that he ended up saying that from habit, while smiling bitterly. That butler then guided us to the drawing room where hot coffee was served.

After the butler left, we sighed that we arrived safely at her home.

“Sorry it’s disorderly here.”
“No, not at all.”

While chatting, Sieg only enjoyed the smell of the coffee but did not sip it, just holding cup the cup.

“Pregnancy has surprisingly many limits.”
“Indeed.”

Last night, we heard things that shouldn’t be eaten during pregnancy, and the two of us were surprised at the amount.

Coffee too was one of them.
It didn’t matter if it was just a little, but Sieg thought that shouldn’t have any.

“Even so……”
“?”

She looked over here with a serious expression. When I asked her what it was, she replied that the lap pillow was good.

“How should I say it, it feels good to sleep while feeling someone else’s warmth.”
“Yeah. It feels nice to sleep together on cold nights.”
“Indeed.”

We laughed while talking about trivial things.

Our life together was good.

So I did think that all was still good even if she wasn’t pregnant.

As Sieg was pouring fruit juice into a cup, the door opened with great force.

The person who opened the door was Sieg’s energetic nephew, Claus.

“Oi, you arrived, gra……!?”

Because of Sieg’s instantaneous glar, Claus was cut off. Diffidently, he started talking.

“Erm, grandpa, I mean, dearest grandfather wishes to talk a bit with gra…… er, aunt.”
“Father does?”

Claus nodded.

“Alright. Claus, be with Ritzhard in the meanwhile.”

"……"
"Where's the reply!?"
"Y-Yep."

Claus was left in the room with me. For some reason, I felt sorry for him.

"Why don't you take a seat?"
"……Yes."

I held out the cup of juice and recommended him to sit down.

"You grew big in such a short time."
"Thank, you."

Claus turned 13 this year, I think? It's an age where interacting with adults is hard. I took care to not make him nervous.

He talked about school.
Apparently, Claus is in the school club for tennis, a sports that is played by hitting the ball with a racket.

"I got an award in the last competition……"

He started because Sieg taught him tennis when he was little. However, for the past few years, Sieg only taught for short intervals and did not spend much time with him.

"Tennis, I could do it well so I wanted to show her, but she always said that she was busy, so to draw her attention……"

That was why he was calling Sieg granny. Well, what should I say, I do know how it feels to want to tease a girl one likes.

"However, I was surprised to see aunt today."
"Surprised?"
"……She was well, womanly now."

Indeed. Sieg became prettier every day. So one must be surprised to suddenly see such a change.

"It's been a year since she started living in the forest, so we were thinking that she might have become like a wild beast, heavier than before."
"That's"

It seems that they're thinking that we're a tribe eating raw meat.
Mm, our people did eat raw reindeer meat and drink their blood, leading nomadic lives, but now our life isn't that different from the capital.

Not a long time later, Sieg returned to the room.

"Claus, you weren't being rude, I hope?"
"I-I wasn't!"

While looking at Claus who couldn't look straight at Sieg, I told her that he had been a very good boy.

Then Sieg's parents came as well.

"Ritzhard-kun, I'm thankful that you came all this way."
"Yes, indeed!"

Sieg's mother and father too were happy to see Sieg again after a long time.
Claus said that adult talk was boring and then exited the room.

"My, I was surprised at my daughter's change!"
"Indeed, I never thought that I would see my daughter so feminine and plump."
"Father, Mother, surely you exaggerate."

Mother-in-law wiped her tears with a handkerchief.

"It's a good timing, so let us have a meal now."

When mother-in-law rang the bell in her hand, servants came in the room to prepare the meal.

Today, they said that they prepared what Sieg likes. Hearing that, her expression went stiff.
For the last few days, she said that she didn't want meat that had fat, so we led a lifestyle centred around fruits, vegetables, and light meat dishes.
Pregnancy changed how food tasted, so Sieg was avoiding heavy meat dishes.

When she was in the military, she had a lot of grilled meat for strength. She was nervous that such dishes would be served today.

I patted Sieg on the back to reassure her.

First came the aperitifs. Sparkling wine. Sieg told the servant that she

preferred water.
Next came appetisers. Mashed potatoes and ham with cheese, and root vegetable soup.
The main dish was grilled veal with red wine sauce.

But of course, as soon as that came out, Sieg pressed her mouth and stood up. She stared for a while, but soon ran out. A maidservant who seemed to have realised the reason ran after her.

I pondered what I should do, but her parents' surprised expression I decided that there was no reason to hide it from them.

"Erm, morning sickness."
"What!?"
"Well."

I was worried about Sieg, but for me to exit as well would be even more worrying, so I told everything while continuing to dine.

"……Or so they say."
"Is that so?"
"Sounds tough."

Modern medical science can only discern pregnancy after five months.

"Indeed, my intuition, shall I say…… well, I had thought that she might be. She's gotten a bit plump after all."

She really was a mother of ten. She told me that it was fine that we didn't tell them.

"Giving birth back in your country?"
"……No, we haven't decided yet."

The doctor discouraged travelling during pregnancy. So I had thought of leaving Sieg here and going home alone. However, this was not something I could decide on by myself.

After having lunch, I rushed over to Sieg who was resting in her room. She was sleeping. The servant said that she had some fruits then went to sleep. It seems that a doctor came over as well.

In the afternoon, father-in-law was going to take me to a lounge. I had to prepare. I kissed Sieg's forehead and left the room.

In the lounges, me played card games, pool, drank alcohol and talked about world events, away from women. It was a rising resting place for gentlemen.

Father-in-law invited me to enjoy some alcohol.

"Nice place, isn't it? You can drink however much you want here."
"It's like a secret base."
"Indeed."

Secret base, a place where children spend their time out of their parents' sight. I knew the word, but I didn't have the leisure to make such a base. I just said what I learned from books.

"Now then, let's start off with a toast!"
"Alright."

Father-in-law ordered dry black beer. I contentedly thought that the father and the daughter were very much alike.

"How is it?"
"A bit too strong. I prefer ales."
"No. I mean about my daughter."
"Ah, that?"

So it was about Sieg, not about the beer. How embarrassing.
Since it was a serious topic, I put down the glass and fixed my posture.

"Sieglinde-san is a lovely woman, someone that is more than I deserve."
"Ha!?"
"Eh?"
"R-Really!? Are you sane!?"
"Yes, I'm not lying."

Father-in-law looked bewildered and disbelieving. I told him again that it was true.

"……No, sorry for suspecting you."

Father-in-law invited me because he wanted to let my pent-up frustration out,

but he was surprised at my response.

“Well…… my daughter was very strong and not a bit feminine. We, my family, all thought that she was in complete control in the marriage.”
“No, not really.”

Sieg is skilled in many things, but she never tried to do something better than me, her husband, nor did she try to force her stance on me. When there is a problem, we talked it out.

“I really am glad that my daughter is happy, and knows the joy of being a woman.”
“……”
“However, I believe that it’s all thanks to Ritzhard-kun sacrificing himself.”

Father-in-law, just how were you seeing your own daughter.
Working in the military from when she was 13 to 31, Sieg may have never had the time to relax with her family, to know each other better.
While sipping alcohol, I talked about our life in the snow country. In the end, father-in-law also stated that he wanted to come, which made me happy.

We returned home late at night. When I realised it, we were talking very enthusiatically.

When I heard that Sieg was waiting for me from a servant, I panicked and ran over to her bedroom.

“Sieg, sorry, I just returned.”
“……No, it’s fine.”

Sieg had her back on a backrest and was doing embroidery. Her complexion was better than before, so I felt relieved.

“So we were found out.”
“Yeah. But that might have been for the best.”
“?”

After stroking Sieg’s head, I sat down next to her.

Then I told her what I had been thinking of.

“——Sieg, why don’t you spend some time here?”

“Eh!?”

Here, the doctors can come over quickly, along with midwives that had birth experience. She could also probably spend her time more comfortably than in the remote lands.

“I’ll be back in summer.”
“!?”

Well, if she turns out to be not pregnant, I can come in spring. Either way, I can’t take her to the extreme cold while she is weak.

“I-I don’t have any plans to rest here a long time.”
“There might be a child inside, I can’t let you ride a boat for two days.”
“……”

The doctor said that miscarriages are possible in this phase, and there are no doctors on board. It will be bad if anything happened.

There are elderly people who knew a lot about giving birth, but the chances of them helping Sieg is low.

“I’m sad to be split from you, but not having you for the rest of my life is more painful.”
“……”

Sieg accepted it.

“I’ll write letters.”
“……Yeah.”

Her dejected expression made me feel pained as well.
However, this was for the best. I can’t push her to go back and possibly lose a life.

“Are you going back tomorrow morning?”
“……Yeah.”

There’s probably mountains of work to do back home. There isn’t that much work to do as a lord, but things do pile up when I leave the house for a few days.

“I wonder how I can get rid of this fear.”
“Sieg, I’m sorry.”

“No, you didn’t make a wrong decision.”

I distressed over how I could calm her trembling grey eyes, but the right words did not come out.

“What should I say, I’m surprised myself. It seems that I relied on Ritz quite a bit.”
“That’s not true. You were doing well in foreign lands.”
“Then why is this parting so painful?”
“!”

I hugged Sieg tightly. For me right now, this was the best I could do to console her.

While I was hugging her and patting her back, someone knocked on the doors.

When I opened the door, a servant delivered a letter to me.

The sender as grandfather. It was an express delivery. When I opened the envelope while worrying that something bad might have happened, something absurd was written on it.

—— My son and his wife, I captured your parents. How should I cook them up?

It seems that grandfather found father and mother who were missing.

Raw link

Translator:
Me:……
[There is no response. It is just a corpse.]
Me:……

Chapter 57: Parents, Punishment!?

Chapter 57: Parents, Punishment!?

Volume 2 — The Honeymoon of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

— My missing parents are captured after a decade!? What's more, I can cook them up however I want!?

"Ritz, what happened?"

"!"

I had been absent-minded, imagining about how I should cook my parents up.

"Ah, sorry, I was just surprised."

"?"

I folded up grandfather's unsettling letter and put in the inner pocket of my coat. I then explained everything to Sieg who was watching worriedly.

"It's a letter from grandfather, saying that my parents are found."

"I see."

I wonder what this is. I don't know whether to be feel good or bad. Sieg too seemed confused about what we should do.

"Hm. What should I do."

Right now, there are no carriages. I don't know how to ride horses, so I can't hire a horse either.

Maybe it might be best to go next morning and take my parents to my village. If possible, I want to go right now, but I can't bother Sieg's family.

My thoughts may have shown on my face, because Sieg then suggested something.

"Ritz, why don't I ask my father for a carriage?"

"Eh, no, it's alright. It's not like they can escape from grandfather so tomorrow's fine."

"But, aren't you worried?"

"……"

Worried, right. There's grandfather who's at the climax of frustration, and my parents who don't realise the graveness of the situation.
I'm more worried about grandfather. He might faint from high blood pressure at this rate.

"You don't have to refuse. We're family, aren't we?"
"Thank you. Then, please ask father-in-law."
"Alright."

We moved to the living room and asked father-in-law for a carriage.

"That's a piece of cake."
"Thank you."

The preparations proceeded smoothly, and it was soon time to head to the capital.
Father-in-law too understood what I meant by making Sieg rest here. Now I could rest easy.

"Sorry, things became hectic now."
"No, it's alright."

I felt that I won't be able to catch my boat tomorrow, so I promised to come back here tomorrow.

"Then, see you later."
"……Yeah."

I kissed Sieg, who came out to the front entrance, on the cheek and left.
If I dally here she'll be staying outside in the cold.

Three hours after I parted with Sieg.
When the day turned over to a new day, I arrived at the marquess's mansion.

"Welcome, Ritzhard-sama."
"Sorry for coming at such a late hour."
"It's nothing, sir."

I left my coat and hat to the servant and rushed over to where my parents were.
According to the butler, they were waiting without sleeping because I might

come.

The butler opened the doors for me and I went inside.

“——Father, mother!”

My parents were there.

“My, Ritchan.”
“Waa, Haru-kun, long time no see.”
“……”

See their unchanging relaxed nature, any ill will disappeared.

By the way, father calls me ‘Haru-kun’, because he called my maternal grandfather who had a similar name (※ Rikhard) ‘Haru-san’. When grandfather was still alive, father called him with ‘kun’ many times.

My father was in a weird posture.

“Why are you like that……”
“Father told me to reflect on my actions all night.”
“……Alright.”

Father was kneeling on the stone floor with both knees folded. It seems that it’s a posture for reflecting in some faraway country. Mother stood behind him with a face that said, ‘How troubling~’.

Then I asked what I always wanted to ask.

“Just where were you?”
“Sorry, Ritchan, mum and dad were lost. Even though we wanted to, we couldn’t get back home~”
“……I see.”

I sort of expected that. Well, I was never inconvenienced from the fact that my parents weren’t there, so I didn’t really have anything to condemn them about.

“Still, I’m happy that you’re healthy~”
“Mother and father, you look healthy too.”
“Indeed, we’re very healthy! Anyway, Ritchan, you seem to be doing well, and you’re an adult now, I’m glad.”
“Right. Your face is that of an adult now.”

Well, I did age during a decade, and I had responsibilities as well. Ten years would change a person a lot.

We now learned what we wanted from each other, so we fell silent after that.

A while later, warm tea was served. Then, the door opened with great force.

“Ritzhard, you arrived?!”
“Grandfather……”

Grandfather came into the room wearing pyjamas and a coat.
It looks like he was waiting for me. I felt sorry.

He looked at father with an expression that said, ‘How ridiculous,’ then he started talking.

“Oi, I caught your parents. Do whatever you want.”
“……Ah, thank you.”

Even if he says to do whatever I want, it’s troubling. I don’t really feel anger or resentment towards my parents.

“Why aren’t you doing anything!? You’re going to feel much better if you hit my idiot son at least once, no!?”
“But that’s a bit.”
“You’re not angry!? Even after seeing your parents who forced the position of a lord on you and abandoned you for a decade!?”
“N~n.”

Grandfather was trembling from rage, but I did not have that emotion, which was weird. Most people would get enraged.

“Ritzhard, let out your anger on that man loafing around!”
“Erm, what should I do.”

I strongly wished to live up grandfather’s expectations, but I still had no reason to hurt someone.

“Nuu! Richelle, why is your son, so, kind!”

With a frustrated expression, grandfather complained to Richelle — to mother.

“Dearest father-in-law, we were taught to ‘not rely on others’ by father from a

young age, so Ritchan doesn't think to rely on us a single bit, which is why he's not angry~"

That might be true. I didn't expect anything from father or mother.
I could say the same for any others, but then I realised that there was an exception.
Sieglinde. In all senses of the meaning, she was the only woman I could rely on. I felt happy that I realised I had someone like that.

I felt refreshed to know how I felt about my parents, but that was only me.
Grandfather was shaking and holding his head.

"Uwaaa!! I can't bear it anymore!"
"Grandfather?"
"You, you idiot of a son!! You're the root of all evils!!"

After saying that, grandfather slapped father with all his might.
Father rolled on the floor, and mother chased after him slowly while saying, "Oh my oh my~".

"I should at least do this to feel better! Ritzhard, make this idiot son the lord! Then you'll be living here for some time."
"Ah, that might be nice."
"Being so soft aga— ha!? ——This easily, really!?"

Grandfather ended up being surprised and questioned me.

"Truth be told, Sieg's condition wasn't very good, so I was planning on leaving her here until the child is born, but leaving her alone makes me feels anxious and lonely."
"R-Right!"

Grandfather ran over to father and gave him a kick.

"Oi, you heard, right?!?"
"……D-Dad, I have something I want to ask before that."
"What? I'll tell you this now, but you have no right to refuse!"
"That's, well, yeah. Alright. Probably."

What father was curious about was Sieg.

“Sieglinde is Ritzhard’s wife.”
“Hehh~ Haru-kun, you married~”
“My my, Ritchan, is that so~”

My parents didn’t react that surprised to their son’s marriage. Well, I did expect this though.

In this unchanging relaxed mood, grandfather concluded the story.

“Let’s rest for today. You stay here and reflect. Richelle, you can go rest in a bedroom.”
“Well, father-in-law, it’s alright. I’ll stay here.”
“I can’t let you do that.”
“No, it’s paradise here. It’s not cold, nor are there any beasts.”
“……”

Grandfather ordered only father to sleep on the hard floor, but mother insisted that she’ll stay. In the end, grandfather yielded and gave a blanket for mother.

The next day. We left early to go the Wattins’ mansion. Not only did my parents accompany me, but my grandfather came as well.

“You moron son, don’t say anything needless there, alright?”
“Yessir~”
“Tighten the end!”
“Ye~s”
“Don’t extend it in the middle either!!”
“Alright alright.”
“Don’t say it quickly, and don’t say it twice you idiot.”
“This is hard.”
“……”

Thinking that it was a waste or something, grandfather poked father’s pinky finger, but father happily said, “This is good for my shoulder pains~”

The mood was a mess, but at least the plan was decided.
Either way, we have to go back to my country and write a paper to delegate my duty as a lord. Then I have to ask the martial race family to take care of my parents, and prepare for the polar nights.

“It’s fine about preparing for the polar nights~ Mum’s used to it.”
“Ah, I see.”

Mum was good at hunting small animals. She knows how to preserve food and how to make handicrafts, so I probably didn’t have to worry about that.

The problem was my father’s ability as a lord.
Since he did receive education, he probably would be fine regarding administering the realm, but I’m worried about how he would interact with the villagers or the soldiers in the fortress.

“Father, will you be alright being the lord?”
“It’s alright, alright~ probably.”
“……”

Seeing father all smiles, I could understand painfully well why grandfather gave up on the education for being a lord on his son-in-law.

As I grabbed my brows, mother tugged at my sleeves.

“Ritchan, don’t worry. If anything goes wrong, we’ll apologise~”
“……Right.”

I felt worried.

While I was still distressed, the carriage departed.
Grandfather kept lecturing father about what it was to be a lord, but I’m not sure if that got through.

◇◇◇

Three hours later, we arrived at the Wattins’ mansion.
Mother prepared a simple gift. The basket has a berry pie she baked. Of course, we couldn’t get fresh berries, so she baked it using jam and syrup. She made it when I said Sieg liked berry pies.

“It would be nice if she likes it. But she’s pregnant, so her taste might have changed.”
“If that happens, let’s eat all together.”
“Alright.”

Being scolded to not say anything needless, father was very docile.

It was the first time I saw wearing neat clothes. He was always wearing shabby clothes, and his hair was always unkempt. Seeing him wear dress suits, he did look like a dignified noble.
Mother too had a dress on. I was amazed at the fine embroidery on it.

The nice people of the house received my parents warmly. I'm really thankful.

From my grandfather's lead, father could only introduce himself and reply with short answers. However, thanks to that, the first meeting went well.

Sieg liked the pie mother made. She said that she was happy because she didn't have anything because of morning sickness.

Then, we talked about delegating the duties of a lord to father.

"After delegating my work to father, I'm thinking of spending time here until the child is born."
"That's a great idea!"

Fortunately, father-in-law agreed.

"I want to do some work here if possible."
"Then, won't you help with my ranch? We're lacking hands recently. Ah, that's if Ritzhard-kun wants to."
"If I can, please!"
"Great!"

Full of greenery, this region is also called the 'green heart'. Father-in-law, after retiring from the military, cultivated his private lands and was managing a ranch now.

It would take at least a month until I could come back here though. We'll taking the boat tomorrow evening. Father-in-law said that we should take spend the night here, so I graciously accepted his kindness.

Mother-in-law too said that a couple should spend time together, so I moved to the room that was prepared.

The moment the door closed, Sieg hugged from behind.

"Uwa!"
"Ritzhard!"

“W-What is it?”
“I’m happy.”

She said that was free from that anxiety of having to be alone, so she felt as though she could fly.

“We have to be split tomorrow though.”
“That much…… I can wait.”
“I see. That’s good.”

Then we chatted together until it was time to sleep.

The next morning, I left while making as little contact with Sieg as possible because it would be painful to part otherwise.

I returned to my country and taught my father the duties. Then I also checked all the houses for the polar nights. As I did that, I also informed the villagers that I was leaving the village for a bit and that my father was taking over for a bit.

The month passed by quickly.

Then it was the day I left for Sieg’s country.

“Then, Haru-kun, see you~. Give Sieglinde-san and her family my regards~.”
“Alright.”
“Ritchan, have this in the boat.”
“Thank you.”

Maybe it’s because he’s a lord now, he was wearing the traditional clothes that he said he didn’t like neatly.
Mother too was moving a bit faster to support him.

“Father, mother, I leave the village in your care.”
“Leave it to me.”
“It will be alright~”
“……”

Ah, it’s worrisome after all!!

However, more importantly, I was worried about my wife.

Even as I apologised to the villagers in my head, I left for the foreign country.

[Raw link]

Translator:

I love his gramps.

Oh, by the way, I set a new personal record! 2190 words in an hour and half!

Chapter 58: Claus von Wattin’s Activity Report

Chapter 58: Claus von Wattin’s Activity Report

Volume 2 — The Honeymoon of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

Author:

From Sieg’s nephew’s point of view.

Having been a soldier for eighteen years, she had a sharp personality and was more popular with women.

She was tall for a woman, had a sharp gaze and looked valiant. According to the women, aunt was ‘someone that fulfilled the dreams of women’.

I’m not sure, but the aunt I know is stoic, and if she talks it’s to lecture me. Peckish. Not a bit feminine.

But she does play tennis well. That sort of person.

But then, even for aunt who was unfortunate as a woman, a change came. It’s called marriage.

I did hear from mother that aunt was looking for a marriage partner, but I thought she wouldn’t be able to find one. Even if she did, I thought that she would marry a man that kept divorcing or an old man. My family all thought that too.

My uncles were making bets on when she’ll find a marriage partner. The consensus was that it would take about three to five years. While everyone was complaining that it didn’t make much of a bet, a surprising news came from the capital.

My aunt’s marriage was decided.

However, who it was was not written.

As everyone’s expectations gathered, aunt brought over a foreign nobleman three years younger than her.

Everyone suspected that she forced him to marry. However, he called her by a nickname, and he didn’t look scared of her. Also, he was a man of valour who treated aunt as a proper woman.

The foreign noble looks fluffy, but he's apparently a hunter living in the remote regions. Won't he fall over if he holds a gun, that's what I felt.

However, as I listened, I really did think that the place fit my gallant aunt.

Even after she left, my life did not change that much.
It might have been different if it was when I was living in the capital with mother, but now that I was enrolled in a school with a dormitory I didn't meet aunt that much. So I didn't feel lonely anyway.

But then, news came that aunt was returning home after a year. We all worried that she might have been divorced, but we were surprised that it was not that.

When we all gathered at the Wattins' mansion, everyone was thinking the same, and the topic of the day became aunt.

Everyone thought that she would return with thicker arms and bulging muscles, but when she returned with her husband the change was different.

When I went to the living room, thinking of saying 'granny', as well as attaching 'chased out', there was some madam there, and the usual crossdressing man was nowhere to be seen.

The person in front of me was my aunt for sure. I only knew one woman who had red hair like the sunset along with grey eyes.

The aunt I saw after a long time was very different. Before, she had short hair, an intimidating glare, and wore men's clothes. That was the crossdressing granny called Sieglinde.

However, today, aunt looked normal. She gained a bit of weight, and she looks softer now. Her short hair was now longer. And just where was she hiding those big breasts.
{TN: Armour……}

The people in the mansion were surprised about aunt's change as well.
My uncles and cousins all said that "her husband made her into a woman". I'm not sure what that means, but alright.

I wanted to talk with her marriage partner, but I didn't have the leisure to do

so.

Another surprising news was delivered the next day.
Aunt might be pregnant with a baby.

Since it's not good for pregnant women to go on boats, aunt will stay here while her husband is returning to his country.

I was worried about many things, but I had to go back to the dormitory now. I wanted to say goodbye before I left, but the servant said that her condition was not good so I couldn't.

A week later, I visited the Wattins' mansion again.
According to grandmother, she's waiting for her stable period? I'm not sure, but she's being docile until the chance for a miscarriage becomes low. Until then, she can't move much.

So she can't play tennis, or so grandmother said. I'm not really here to play tennis though.

I was caught by grandfather. Then I helped with the ranch until night. How careless.

For dinner, the sausage we made during daytime was served. Maybe because I made it myself, it felt tastier than usual. Aunt too praised that it was good. I felt a bit happy.

After that, I visited her three weeks later. Aunt was very bored.

"What, this ain't like you!"
"Claus, speak more politely."
"……"

Even when I said something rude, she just let me off with a soft warning. She's so different from usual, it's strange.

"It looks like you've become docile thanks to your husband's love."
"I wonder. How was I anyway?"

Aunt.
Always having a frown, with an aura that seemed to declare everyone around her as an enemy.

“What’s that.”
“Since everyone who saw auntie said that you were scary.”
“Well, that can’t be helped. I never had an ally I opened up to. In the military that only had men, one mistake and I would be criticised, and people would denounce me for being a woman if I ever failed, so I had no leisure to be relaxed.”
“……”

I wonder if she couldn’t find rest even amongst family. What a lonely life, I thought.

However, it’s different now. Anyone can tell. Aunt found someone she could rely on, and was now living in peace.

“Sorry for saying that it wasn’t like you.”
“Really?”
“I like you better now.”

When I said that, aunt smiled with a bright expression that I never saw before. I felt embarrassed somehow, that I said something rude again.

“What a relief. There wasn’t even a trace of it, but your husband made you into a woman in just a year.”
“What did you say!?”
“!”

Her soft expression disappeared, and she narrowed her eyes.

“Where did you hear that!”
“M-My, uncles, I, guess.”
“Hoh, so my brothers said that.”
“Y-Yes. W-Without a doubt.”
“I see.”
“……”

I lost to her intimidating aura and ended up blurting everything out.
Since it’s winter vacation from today, my uncles are also coming back here.
It’s going to be very uncomfortable. I ended up shuddering even though it wasn’t me.

During dinner, my uncles had a dark expression, as grandmother asked what was wrong. However, aunt glared at them so no one could say anything.

Just who is this husband that made this aunt who has this glare of a raptor. Just how did he tame this ‘crimson eagle’, I wondered.

After that, every time aunt saw my uncles, she looked annoyed. Her anger did not subside easily.

A few days later, her husband came. My uncles welcomed him as much as possible.

How lame.

Raw link

Translator:
Back after breakfast.

Chapter 59: Reunion

Chapter 59: Reunion

Volume 2 — The Honeymoon of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

The long awaited reunion with Sieglinde! I was so happy that I was so restless during the two days trip on the boat.

At the port, a servant from Sieg's house was there to guide me.

In the carriage, a brother-in-law told me about the recent interesting happenings in the Wattins' mansion. I'm glad that Sieg's healthy.

Three hours later, we arrived at the lush lands that the Count ruled over.

In front of the entrance, Sieglinde's brothers were waiting for me.
I wonder what's happening. They all greeted me with bright expressions. It's not weird if it's just one, but there were many bulky soldier men lined up.

A strange scene.

"Welcome, Ritzhard-kun, we were waiting for you!"
"Eh? Aa, thank you very much."
"You do not have to be so polite here! We are brothers, are we not?"
"I see. I'll try to get used to it."

I was troubled at how I should react to these soldiers who spoke with such a neat manner. In addition, there were people I saw for the first time. Rather, out the five present, I'm seeing four of them for the first time.
They all had red hair, and faces of raptors. They were all a head taller than me, so it was a little scary to be surrounded by them.

"Brothers-in-law, why are you here though?"
"Eh, no, erm, that is."
"Ah—, that is. That is because our strong…… I mean, c-cu, cute little sister…… nuo!! I am getting chills here!!"
"Aa, that is because you are saying something that you do not mean for real!"
"Anyhow, Sieglinde is slightly cross!!"
"Sieg is? Hehh, how unusual."

Suddenly, my brothers-in-law all gasped and stared at me in disbelief.

“Erm, where’s Sieg?”
“To her room, please hurry!”
“U, wa!!”

I was pushed by the burliest brother to Sieg’s room. He opened the door, threw me in and closed the door.

I looked back at the door that was closed with great force, and tilted my head in wonder.
And when I looked around the room, Sieg was sitting by the window. When our eyes met, she stood up from surprise.

“Ritzhard!”
“Ah, long time no see, Sieglin……”

Before I could say her name, Sieg ran over to me and hugged me.

The moment our bodies met, I wondered if this was a dream, but when her red hair brushed my cheeks I realised that it was real.

I savoured the hug.

“……Sieg, I missed you.”

I whispered that into her ears, as Sieg silently nodded. When my lips touched her earlobes, they slowly dyed light red.

For now, I split away from Sieg and made her sit down on the chair beside the window.

“How is your body?”
“Aa, not bad.”
“I see.”

But she says that she still has morning sickness.

“Ritz, you look like you thinned a bit.”
“Is that so?”

I might have lost weight from stress. I didn’t have much time to rest because I had to teach father for a month. I was straining myself without realising it.

My thoughts on living together with my parents are utterly unspeakable. They were travelling for a decade, so their common senses became really weird. I got very tired from taking care of them.

“Really, living with Sieg was the best.”

Sitting down in front of Sieg, I reminisced about our life during the temporary period. I could only remember enjoyable things.

“Sieg, what were you doing for the past month?”
“Well, they said that I can’t do this or that, I had many limits.”
“Sounds tough.”

Mother-in-law and Sieg’s sister-in-law were next to her, keeping watch on her.

“They seem to think that I’ll go out exercising the moment they take their eyes off me. Really, what a rude family.”

Because her family was worried, she was quietly sewing or knitting.

Sieg showed me her works.

“You made a lot.”
“Well, I was bored.”

Woollen coat, gloves, scarf, socks. They all had neat trapezoid patterns.
Sieg put on the scarf on me.

The scarf felt good to touch, being made with blue yarn. The soft feeling healed me.

“This, is this for me?”
“Aa, everything here is for Ritz.”
“Eh, really!? I’m happy!”

Guess what, all the woollen goods are for me.

“Thank you, Sieglinde!”

I thanked her and kissed her on the cheek.

When I split from her, my eyes locked with her grey eyes. Since we were separated for such a long time, I ended up getting embarrassed.

We were staring each other for a long time, but Sieg averted her gaze first. Her

eyelashes were fluttering slightly.

Leaning against the wall, Sieg looked embarrassed. When our gazes met again, she tried to escape, so I put up both arms against the wall to capture her.

“Hey, Sieg.”
“!?”
“Can I kiss you?”
“……”
“You don’t want to?”
“……Not really.”

Since she said didn’t dislike it, I took one arm off the wall and wrapped it around her waist.

“Ah, I should have taken my coat off.”

Because of the fluffy coat, I couldn’t feel her. Because my brothers-in-law were waiting outside, I didn’t have time to take my coat off.

However, if I back out now, it might be hard to capture the embarrassed Sieg again, so I continued.

She had hung her head down, so I put one hand to her chin and lifted her head up and kissed her. I wanted to savour this, but the brakes won’t listen so I kissed her lightly.

I slowly split from her and looked into her face. Her cheeks were dyed red, and her grey eyes were moist, that it had a deeper glint than usual.
When I stroked her chin, her eyes were closed. Since I didn’t have this opportunity that much, I kissed her lightly near the mouth and let her go again.

“Now, I have to go to father-in-law.”
“……Aa, that’s right.”

This was Sieg’s house. I couldn’t stay here all the time.

“Where’s father-in-law?”
“He seems to be in the office.”
“I see. Thank you.”

I gently patted her and started to leave, but Sieg grabbed my coat flap.

“Ah, right, my coat. I have to take it off.”
“No, that’s not what I mean.”
“Nn?”
“As Ritz said, living together was the best.”
“Well, with family, we can’t really have each other at the highest priority.”

For some reason, the time we lived together felt like a long time ago. We were split for just a month, it’s weird.

Sieg too made a bitter smile.

“I wish we can go back home soon.”
“Don’t worry, we’ll be able to go back soon.”

I didn’t make the vapid remark of pointing out that this was Sieg’s home as well.

◇◇◇

Then the two of us went downstairs.

“Aa, Ritzhard-kun, nice work!”
“?”

I’m not sure what’s nice, but my brothers-in-law were welcoming so I bowed.

“So, about the ranch.”
“Eh!?”
“Is there anything wrong?”
“You, you are planning to work?”
“Yes, I am, so……?”

I seem to have said something strange, so I looked at Sieg.

“Father is just surprised that Ritzhard-kun is so diligent.”
“Eh, really?”

When I looked toward father-in-law, he nodded in agreement to Sieg’s words.

“You came a long way, you should rest for two or three days.”
“No, I can’t possibly.”

It feels bad to laze around. I pleaded for some work.

“Haa, really, I wish my sons would be a bit like this.”

It seems that my brothers-in-law, who are soldiers, aren’t helping with the ranch. But well, they’re here on vacation, so that doesn’t sound fair.

“Ritzhard-kun, to be frank, it’s a great help. Can you start helping me from the afternoon?”
“Yes, of course.”

Thus, I challenged myself to this new work.

Raw link

Chapter 60: The Unfortunate People of House Wattin

Chapter 60: The Unfortunate People of House Wattin

Volume 2 — The Honeymoon of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

Father-in-law said that the ranch he started for fun after he retired was a small one, but for a country bumpkin like me it was plenty big.
In the fenced field, there are sheep, horses, cows, goats. There are pigs in the large hut and there are chickens in the small hut.

“First, let us start with cleaning.”
“Yes, sir.”

I was to clean the pigsty. The pigs go out strolling once a day, and cleaning is done in the meanwhile.
A large dog is guiding them. It’s barking towards the easygoing pigs to move them.

Cleaning involves collecting the hay and replacing them with new ones. I am also to clean the feeders.
Father-in-law showed me an example, so I understood the feeling, so I asked him to leave it to me.

I thought I would be fine because I was used to taking care of reindeers and chickens, but the smell in the pigsty was beyond my imaginations. I didn’t think I could endure it, so I tied a handkerchief around my mouth and nose before I continued working.

When I was almost finished, I heard a dog barking.
When I opened the gate, there were many pigs waiting with a dog at the lead.

“Can you wait a bit more?”

I asked them to wait then quickly finished up.

After that, there was more work and more work to do. There were about ten people working on the ranch. He was doing this as a hobby, so he decided to not get too many people.

“Iyaa, you really helped out a lot.”

“No, I’m still a bit slow.”

Father-in-law and I rested alongside each other. We were covered with dirt, but everyone was like that here so I didn’t care that much.

I washed only my hands and sipped warm milk.

“Delicious!”

Unlike reindeer milk, cow milk did not taste strong and went down the throat easily. The flavour was thick, and the scent was soft.

“It feels good to have something this tasty after working hard.”
“I’m glad you say that.”

All the dairy products they have at home are from this ranch. There’s also sausage, ham and smoked meat. Most of them are not sold, but used by family members and servants.

After the short break, it was time to feed the animals. While taking care to not stare into the pigs who were rushing over with great vigour, I put in feed in the feeders that I just cleaned.

Today’s work is finished! I didn’t do much work, but my stomach shamelessly growled.

“Now, let us go back. Are you hungry? Ah, before that, we should take a bath first.”
“Alright~”

On the wagon back, there were fresh milk, chunks of meat, and cheese wrapped in cloth. I sat down somewhere while father-in-law drove the horse.

The day was already almost over. The cold breeze brushed my cheeks, but it felt softer compared to the breeze back home.

Where I lived, the leaves all disappeared in winter, but here there was more green than white.

The fir trees surrounding the ranch are supposedly evergreens, trees which do not have their leaves fall.

“Since I see it all the time, it is not that interesting for me, but I see that it is

interesting for someone from the snow country.”
“Well. The trees back home all shed their leaves before winter.”
“I see. By the way, there is a song.”
“About firs?”
“Right. Celebrating Christmas.”

Father-in-law seemed to remember it well. He sang the song while humming some parts. Though he said that it’s a song for Christmas, it was totally a song for the evergreen fir tress.

After we arrived, we delivered the goods to the servants in the kitchen and went straight to the bath.

“Ritzhard-kun, you can go first.”
“No no, father-in-law, you should go first!”
“No, I cannot go in before the person of honour today.”
“I didn’t do much today!”
“Everything is alright. Just go in first.”
“I’ll be fine with just some water in a barrel!”
“What are you talking about. You will catch a cold then.”

We kept telling each other to go in first, so in the end we went in together.

In the count’s mansion, there’s a special bath for people who came back covered in dirt from the ranch.

“Now now, shall I wipe your back?”
“Eh!?”
“I am doing this out of gratitude. There is nothing to worry about.”
“N-No! Father-in-law! It’s alright. I’ll just receive your feelings!! I can wash by myself!”
“Hey, you don’t have to hesitate.”
“Hii!”

The first bath I took with father-in-law was awkward in another sense.

◇◇◇

I returned to my room without drying my hair properly. I undid my hair which was tied up carelessly and started drying it with a towel.

We are having dinner soon, so I am wearing clean clothes. I also have to make sure my hair is clean.

While I was drying my hair, there was a knock on the door.

“Ah, come in~”

When I answered half-heartedly, the door opened. Sieglinde came in.

“Huh, what is it?”
“No, I just wanted to see you.”
“I see.”

I moved the chair in the centre and offered her a seat.

“Sorry about this.”
“No, it’s alright.”

I didn’t want to show her me letting my hair down, so I always came out after fully drying my hair, but today because there was father-in-law I more or less ran away from the bathroom.

“It’s the first time seeing your hair untied.”
“……Yeah.”

It’s like a sad wet dog so I didn’t want to show her though.

“Shall I dry it for you?”
“Eh, what!?”

The towel was taken from my hand.
Sieg moved behind me and dried my hair with smooth movements.
After she dried it, she tied my hair.

“Should I have tied it tighter?”
“No. It’s tied well.”
“I see. That’s a relief.”

Sieg said that she played with dolls with her niece in case this might happen.

“What should I say, I feel like I’m dying.”
“What do you mean?”
“I can’t do anything for this kind and cute Sieg.”

I can't touch Sieg that much because she has morning sickness. So I could only gently caress her hand.

I had been off Sieg for a month, so just touching her energises me.

Until dinner was ready, the two of us spent the time quietly.

◇◇◇

Unexpectedly, dinner was held at a small table for eight people. Sieg's parents and two of her unmarried brothers, in total six people.

This was because father-in-law thought that dining with too many people would make it hard to talk together.

"Today was a really good day. Work went well thanks to Ritzhard-kun."
"Sorry, we made you work the day you arrived."

I felt much obliged from father-in-law and mother-in-law's kind words. I wasn't used to receiving praise, so I could only put on a shallow smile.
My brothers-in-law were being criticised by father-in-law, "Help at least a bit."
To that, they humbly retorted, "We do not need to help with a ranch that is run as a hobby."

"Even so, it is a relief. Sieg was getting rough…… I mean, getting lonely."
"Brother, that is,"
"It is better now, a little bit."

My brothers-in-law talked about Sieg.

"Sieglinde sometimes become ferocious…… I mean, tomboyish."
"But that's her cute part!"

Suddenly, my brother-in-law's expression stiffened and he dropped the glass he had in his hand.

"A-Are you alright!?"
"A, aa. Sorry about that."

After reviving from his stiff state, he said that without meeting my gaze.

"Ah, so that is why."
"?"

The brother-in-law who is a year older than Sieg, sitting diagonally across from me, spoke up.

“Sieglinde can sometimes be overbearing…… I mean, she is sometimes strong-willed, how are you doing?”
“But her words are correct, so,”
“How much is he train…!! Gefu!!”

He suddenly looked down at his foot and looked to be in pain. I wonder what happened. Sieg, sitting across from him, also looked at him worriedly.

“Sieglinde, how nice that Ritzhard is a magnanimous man.”
“……”

With father-in-law’s mysterious words, the conversation was over.

Raw link

Chapter 61: Lovely Sieglinde

Chapter 61: Lovely Sieglinde

Volume 2 — The Honeymoon of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

After dinner I accompanied my father-in-law and my brothers-in-law in their drinking. They're Sieg's family indeed, they really can hold their drinks. Because I said before that I like ale, they prepared a fruit-flavoured beer for me.

The side dish is of course sausage (wurst)! The Thuringian sausage is handmade using pigs raised at the ranch and spices grown here.

We're using only charcoal to grill the sausage, because that's what's needed to proclaim the sausage as a Thüringer. In addition, father-in-law warned me that the sausage being sold with the name 'Thüringer Art' is not the real thing.

"Why don't we make sausage together tomorrow."

"Yes!"

I was interested in making sausage from some time ago, so I was excited about tomorrow.

"Father, how about letting him rest tomorrow?"

"Ah, is that better?"

"Brother-in-law, it's alright. I'm interested in making sausages, so I'm looking forward to it.

When I said that, everyone shot me a strange look.

"Er, erm, brother-in-law, did I say something weird?"

"No, no. We are just surprised that you wish to work so much."

"Haa, is that so~"

I had a similar conversation with father-in-law.

"It seems that Ritzhard-kun hardly rest throughout the year."

Upon hearing father-in-law's words, my brothers-in-law looked surprised again.

"This is normal in our village, so, erm, I've caused trouble to Sieglinde-san."

"No, use my daughter. She has enough energy."

“Right. She does have energy left over……”
“Oi, stop, do you want to face a miserable situation again!?”
“Ah, ah. Right.”
“?”

When Sieglinde became the topic, my father-in-law and my brothers-in-law made a sad expression. They must be lonely that their lovely little sister married off somewhere far away. I didn’t realise it. Maybe it would be good to visit for some time at least once a year.

“Ritzhard-kun, what part of my daughter did you come to like?”

It seems that I should tell. However, to tell something that I didn’t even tell her to her family.

“It is alright if you do not wish to tell us.”
“I will tell you.”

Everyone looked sad, so I had to say it.
I reminisced about many things: learning true love, receiving love, feeling relieved…… though that was only a few months ago before I returned to my country.

“I fell in love with her at first sight at the ball.”
“!?”

Grey eyes opened wide. I wonder if they’re thinking I’m a light man.

“Well, it’s not just her appearance, I was captivated by her spirited eyes.”
“Ah, that! Hm, I see. Then I can understand. Indeed, my daughter’s eyes are special.”

Indeed, she did have the eyes befitting the title ‘the Crimson Eagle’.

While living with her, I learned many things about her.
About her diligence, her kindness, her undaunted stance towards the hardships of life. Everything about Sieg was lovely.

“And then~”
“It’s okay now, thank you. I understand your love for my daughter!”

My father-in-law and my brothers-in-law were blushing. I might have talked

too much about Sieg's cuteness.

"Should we sleep now?"
"Alright."

Because the alcohol did not go down well, the party was over.

My face felt hot, so I washed my face and brushed my teeth before I went to my bedroom.
The room next to the one I was assigned was Sieg's room. There was no light flowing out from under the doors, so she must be sleeping. I thought of seeing her face before I went to sleep, but I didn't want to wake her so I went straight to my room.

Under the light of the fireplace, I slowly walked to the bed.

"Nn?"

There was a lump on my bed.

"You're late."
"!"

I almost screamed.

It was Sieg.

"Huh? Did I enter the wrong room?"
"No, this is your room."
"Oh yeah~"

In the dark, I took off my coat and changed into the thin silk pyjamas prepared on the chair.

"What is it? Is there something wrong?"
"Nothing, I just wanted to sleep with you."
"!"

……Oh no, my wife is too cute.

I wanted to be by her side quickly so I quickly changed and climbed into the bed.

Under the covers, there was Sieg. This might be paradise.

Just it case, I checked her body.

Yup. She's wearing clothes.

"How unusual~"
"They said that a pregnant woman should keep her body warm."
"How unfortunate."

I put all my effort into not having wicked thoughts.

"Good night."
"Are you going to sleep now?"
"……Yeah."

It would be nice if my love for Sieg was always pure.
Sadly, I am a man, so I normally it would be fine but once my desires start boiling I don't think either my mind nor my body would be satisfied from light touches.

"Sieg."
"What is it?"
"I love you."
"I know."

Even as she said that coldly, she hugged me tighter.

Uwa, my wife is too cute (the rest is omitted).

Because I was wearing thin pyjamas, I felt her heat directly. Moreover, I discovered that she did not have any underwear on.

……Let's think of something else.

What should I do. Since I just told her that I love her, maybe I should tell her about what I talked about with her father and brothers?

"What's wrong?"
"No, erm, well,"

Too much stimulation. I can't sleep like this.

"Come to think of it, you took a bath with father."
"!"

My head was drenched in pink, but from thinking about the embarrassing (?)

bath scene with father-in-law, I remembered the dark past from a few hours ago.

What a relief. I think I can become unconscious now.

In the end, I fell asleep as I talked about how I came to take a bath with grandfather.

◇◇◇

The next day, I went out to the ranch in the morning.
I milked the cows and got eggs. Fresh eggs came in the morning.

I took off my working clothes and changed into clean clothes before I went to the dining room. It's hard being a noble. If it was my home, I would probably be just in my working clothes all day.

There were only pretty people from House Wattin for breakfast.
Mother-in-law, the wife of a brother-in-law and her two daughters (6 and 9 years old) and Sieglinde.

The little princess next to me was staring at me intently.

"What might it be, princess?"
"Princess!? Mother, he said princess!"
"Don't raise your voice."

Ah, I failed. It's hard to talk to women.

"Hey, that headband, did you get that from aunt Sieglinde?"
"Yes."
"I thought so!"

So Sieglinde played dress-up with her little niece.

"Aunt, you are very good!"
"Thank you, Adeltraud."

Is the story over now? I thought, but she was still staring at me.

"Hey."
"What is it?"
"Did you come from the snow country?"
"Yes I did."

“I never saw a white-haired person before.”
“There are many of us back home.”
“Hehh!!”

It seems that a six-year-old girl’s curiosity is endless.

After breakfast, the little princess of House Wattin, Adeltraud came over and told me to lend my ear.
When I crouched down, she started whispering.

“You’re actually a fairy, right?”
“!”

I ended up making a surprised expression at Adeltraud.

“Don’t worry. I won’t tell anyone else.”
“Ah, thank you.”

I ended up saying yes. What should I do? I’m almost a middle-aged man, but a young girl told me that I am a fairy.

When I discussed that with Sieg, she laughed. I’m being serious here though.

“Isn’t it fine, a fairy.”
“I’m almost thirty, and I don’t have special powers, though?”
“A special power?”

Sieg smiled, then came over and whispered something.

“The Snow Fairy of Happiness.”
“!”

From the surprise attack, my face heated up.

I crouched down on the spot and waged a desperate battle against embarrassment.

Raw link

Chapter 62: Thüringer

Chapter 62: Thüringer

Volume 2 — The Honeymoon of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

Today, I will be making sausages.
The workroom did not have any heating, that my breath was white.

Since we were making food, I tied up my hair and put it under a hat, tied a cloth around my mouth. I also wore different working clothes, a white one with an apron.

I thought father-in-law's eyes were kind, but before we started making sausage, his two grey eyes beamed. They were like those of a noble raptor soaring through the sky.
Sieg and father-in-law were daughter and father indeed.

After we finished changing, he told me the secret to making sausages.

"Anyhow, make sure that the temperature of the meat does not get high. You must keep the meat's temperature low for a delicious sausage!"
"I see!"

When it was about sausages, father-in-law became passionate. As the student, that energy was infectious.

"This is important for making sausage."

From a cold storage, a white object was brought out. When I wondered what it was, he answered that it was salted sheep intestines.

"The salt will be washed away for about an hour."

It seems that father-in-law put the intestines in water before breakfast. Then, that will be washed properly and wrapped around a stick.

"And this is the most important thing."
"Oh, ohh!"

With a bang! two large pieces of meat were placed on the table. They're pork, the lean meat and the back meat, kneaded with salt and saltpetre then frozen.

“What’s most important is to not let the meat get warm!”

Sausage is made under low temperature, so that the spice and the fat would mix well. If the temperature goes, apparently the fat comes off and the texture becomes worse.

“Then you grind the meat! It is alright in winter, but in summer you have to wash your hands in ice water before you do it!”
“Hehh!”

Even in winter, if the work drags on, the hands get warm so they still use water to keep their hands cool. The tools are also chilled. Even the meat is half-frozen.

“Unless we do not take this much care, we will not be able to get the delicious texture. I am saying this many times, but be careful about the temperature.”
“Yes, sir!!”

I diced the meat and then ground them finely in the meat grinder.

“Once it is ground, add the powdered spices.”

Fitting of the name ‘Thüringer’, it uses herbs harvested from the forest or grown in the area.

Garlic, majoram, caraway, coriander. There were many spices I saw for the first time.

After the meat is seasoned, it is put into a metal container that had many blades that looked like feathers. The lid is shut tight, then the contents are stirred by rotating the handle.
Even in this container, there was ice. It seems that they are needed to keep the meat cool.
Even as I kneaded the meat, ice was added. Even though I wasn’t touching it, the fast rotating blades heated up the meat.

While taking shifts, we managed to grind the meat into soft and lustrous meat.

“Hm. Great emulsion!”
“S-So, this is, a great emulsion!?”

Emulsion, finely ground meat.

The finished meat is then put into the sheep intestines.

One end is tied, then the processed meat is stuffed into the intestines.

“Ritzhard-kun, do not let your focus slip!”
“Yes, sir!”

Even though a nice emulsion was made, the sausage was not complete. Here, if too much time is taken to stuff the meat, the temperature rises and the quality becomes bad.

I quickly stuffed the meat into adequate lengths.
At the end, I wiped the water off and dried them with a drier. If the water is not removed properly here, the skin apparently becomes crumbly.
After that, it is processed a bit, boiled then cooled. Then it’s done.

Father-in-law took out some Thüringers that were just made. He lit the stove outside, laid on a metal wire grill and put on some sausages.

“Sir, these are the goods you requested.”

Coming on horseback, the servant had a basket covered with a white cloth. The contents were unknown.

Father-in-law wordlessly received the basket as he continued to grill the Thüringer sausages with a sharp gaze.

The tools for grilling sausages were interesting as well. The handles were like those of scissors, but the ends were flat to make it easier to grab sausages.

With a clicking sound, the surface was cut open. From that part, oil flowed out. As a nice smell flowed out, father-in-law flipped the sausages over with a serious expression. Nicely cooked, the sausages were like works of art.

With swift movements, father-in-law removed the covers from the basket. What was there were long breads that were slit open.
In one of them, he placed in a grilled Thüringer sausage. It was a bit strange, with the sausage being longer than the bread. As a finishing touch, he sprayed on mustard.

“Eat!”
“Yes!”

One bite. The sausage was long, so the first bite did not reach the bread.

It did not have the mustard either, so I could savour the taste of the Thüringer itself.

It made a nice, crisp crunchy sound as I bit into it. And from inside, the meaty, spiced juices flowed out. The meat was firm and bouncy, and the more I chewed the more I could taste everything.

I burned my tongue a bit from the juice, but I couldn't stop eating.

"Father-in-law, this is amazing!!"
"Of course, of course!!"

Father-in-law too was eating a grilled sausage.

At the third bite, I reached the bread and the mustard.

"——!?"

The Thüringer on its own was plenty delicious, but together with bread and mustard it was amazing beyond knowledge.

The hard bread and the juices from the sausage went well together. The spicy mustard was outstanding in combination with the Thüringer which did not have a spicy flavour.

It's delicious. It's just delicious!! I could only say this.

"How is this?"
"I want to be a child of this house!"

When I said that, father-in-law laughed heartily while showing his white teeth, returning to the usual kind old man.

◇◇◇

"Adeltraud was bored because Ritz wasn't here for lunch."
"Oh."

It seems that the princess wanted to have a secret conversation with the old fairy. I did a bad thing.

After that, I did not return to the house even at lunch, filling myself with sausage with bread. I worked a bit more then I returned. By then, it was already dark outside and my belly was already empty.

“Anyway, I didn’t expect that you would take a bath with father again.”
“Yeah. Well, I was surprised too.”

After returning home, we had a similar exchange to yesterday’s, and ultimately bathed together again.

Just like yesterday, Sieg came over to my room while I was drying my hair after fleeing from the bathroom.

Again, Sieg tidied my hair.

The way she stroked my hair felt good. At this rate, I’ll end up falling asleep. To hold on to my consciousness, I talked about what happened at the ranch today.

When my hair was dried, she decorated it and even put on a headband.

“Thank you, Sieg.”
“……Yeah.”

Sitting next to me, her tone was grim. Maybe she overexerted herself. Out of panic, I looked at her.

“Sieg, what’s wrong? Are you unwell?”
“No, it’s not that.”
“Are you tired from drying my hair?”
“It’s different.”
“Then why do you look so sad?”

When I looked at her, her mouth was tightly shut.

“Sieg, I won’t know unless you tell me.”
“……”
“Sieglinde, please tell me.”

Because she didn’t stop being stubborn even after I pleaded, I teased her plump and soft lips with my finger.

“!”
“There will be trouble if you don’t tell me quickly.”
“……It’s different, it’s just my unruly behaviour.”
“Hehh, I see. However, I want to know that side of Sieg as well.”

While saying that, I gently caressed her thighs. They still feel very good.

“Ritzhard, wait.”

As she commanded, I stopped and fixed my posture.

After a moment of silence, Sieg started talking.

“I know I shouldn’t say this to diligent workers, but,”
“?”
“……I felt displeased because you looked so friendly with father.”
“I-I see.”
“……”

Sieg was feeling down because I was being so friendly with father-in-law.

However, I can’t suddenly stop meeting him. It’s a difficult problem.

Then, I had a good idea so I blurted it out without thinking it through.

“Right, okay! Let’s bath together from tomorrow on!”
“Alright.”
“!?”

“You can’t do that!” or so I thought she would say, but she coolly agreed.

When I was about to say that the words slipped, the servant came and informed us that dinner was ready.

What should I do? What will happen from tomorrow.

Even as I thought of such things, needless to say, my face became loose from happiness.

Raw link

Chapter 63: Sieglinde’s Activity Report

Chapter 63: Sieglinde’s Activity Report
Volume 2 — The Honeymoon of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

When I heard that Ritzhard will be staying with me, I was really happy.
Last year, we spent all the time working together, so I thought that it wouldn’t be too bad to relax together.

However, reality was not as satisfying as I had imagined.

Ritzhard, being the workaholic he is, went out to help father at the ranch. Time passed by quickly without the leisure to relax.

I wanted to help with at least some light work at the ranch, but mother disallowed it. She told me to stay still at home until I entered a stable phase, so my actions were restricted.

Even I do know my situation. I do understand that my arbitrary actions may have a bad influence on the baby inside me.
I said that it wouldn’t be that bad to mother, but she only shook her head.

“The snow is piling up, and the cold northern winds are blowing as well. It would be bad if you caught a cold.”
“……”

Compared to the cold of the remote lands, the wintry winds here felt like warm spring warm breezes. I said that, but it wasn’t believed.

However, it was the advice of someone who gave birth to ten people, so I decided to listen to her.
I kept saying that I wanted to go out on the first and second days when Ritzhard came, but from the third day on I spent the time quietly at home.

Another unexpected development was that my family took a liking to Ritzhard.

Father along with my brothers and even my nieces took a liking to him.
Amongst them, father especially likes him. I got a headache from trying to figure out why.

Ritzhard also said this, you really can't weigh family members about who is the most important. I could really experience it.

I wanted to return to the remote village and live with just the two of us, but it will put a strain on my baby so I have to endure it.

However, I was putting up with frustration and loneliness when I was separated for the past month. So I was thinking, let's enjoy the second newlywed life.

However, reality was not that sweet, so yet again I ended up just waiting for Ritzhard's return home.

Though I'm only complaining, I do think that Ritzhard is amazing.
Most people don't really want to go to the family of their spouses, nor did they interact well with them.

I would receive divine punishment if I ever complained.

Evening. Coming back from work, Ritzhard joyfully talked about what he did with father today.
Though I was thankful that he was doing work for father in stead of my brothers who did not work, I felt a petty jealousy for father that I used to be the one who was working next to Ritz.

From the second day of living together, I reached the limit of patience. Now, I can't help but draw his attention.

◇◇◇

Early morning. After waking up, I quietly went to my room as to not wake Ritz. In the room specially made for storing clothes, there were many dresses. I called over a maid and discussed which dress would be good.

"How about this dark one here?"
"Ah, right. Let's use that."

The dress the maid picked out had the colours of the summer forest that Ritz liked.

The dress was designed so that it would not put stress on a pregnant woman's belly. It's open from around the neck to the breast, but from there the dress

tightens, and below that the soft fabric unfolds into a long skirt so that it would not constrict around the body.
To make sure that my body would not get cold, a piece of fabric like a blanket was placed over my shoulders and my knees.

After that, it was time to put on makeup. Of course, the maid did it for me. She put on light makeup.

What decorated my chest was something that my father gave me a long time ago…… when I turned sixteen, when I made my debut in high society. A necklace with thick diamond decorations. It was very out of trend, but unfortunately this was the only accessory that I had.

My hair, which reached down a little longer than my shoulders, were tied into one behind my head with many pins, then decorated with a flowery ribbon.

"Sieglinde-sama, you look beautiful."
"Thank you."

The maids and servants behind me praised my looks as I checked myself with a mirror.

When I looked at the clock, it was already time to wake Ritzhard. While clutching my long dress skirt, I hurried to his room.

◇◇◇

Ritzhard was curling up on the bed. He probably is tired from doing work he wasn't used to doing.
He was sleeping soundly. I woke him with a loud voice even as I felt sorry.

"Ritz, wake up."
"……Yes."

As usual, he's weak when he's waking up. I woke him up, but after responding he blinked a few times and returned to sleep.

Because it couldn't be helped, I put one knee on the bed, approaching him to shake him awake.

"Ritzhard!"
"!"

When our gazes met, he opened his eyes wide and got up.

“Uwa, what the!”
“What’s wrong?”
“What, it’s just Sieg~ Iya, I thought a goddess came for me.”
“……”

Dressing up from the morning had some effect. Though I only acted as an alarm before anything.

Ritz moved with vigour unexpected of someone who just woke, changing his clothes and washing his face. I thought he would want to braid his hair, but he went out with slight wet and unkempt hair like yesterday and came back in with his hair tied up neatly.

Ritz sat down next to me and showed me a kindly smile.

“Sieg, are you going out somewhere today?”
“No, not really. How about you, Ritz?”
“Making cheese.”
“Is that so.”

Even dressing up failed to draw the attention of the dense Ritz.

However, there was no reason to worry like yesterday so I answered composedly.

“Still, I’m glad.”
“About what?”

Ritzhard stroked the back of my hand, and tiptoed as he gently touched my lips.

“……I don’t want to show such a beautiful Sieg to anyone else.”
“!”

I take everything back.
My effort from the morning were properly coming into fruition.

◇◇◇

That day, I made sweets with my two nieces. The house’s patissier guided us. Today, we were making foreign sweets called chocolate truffles.

“Hey, what’s chocolate truffle?”
“Chocolate truffle is a sweet that is made by coating small round chocolate ganache with oily chocolate, then finished by sprinkling cocoa powder.”
“Hehh~ sounds nice!”

The ever curious Adeltraud kept asking questions to the patissier, who was from abroad. Her older sister, the nine-year-old Edelgard was listening quietly. Their personality was opposite of each other’s.

“First, we cut chocolate into small pieces.”

For handling the knife, Edelgard and I did it. Adeltraud watched from afar on a stool.

“Next, the chocolate pieces are to be slowly melted in water.

There were two bowls stacked up. One had hot water, while the other was for chocolate.

The older sister held the bowl while wearing gloves, as the younger sister stirred the chocolate with a spatula. Meanwhile, I warmed cream in a pot, making sure to turn the fire off before the cream started boiling.

Once the chocolate melted nicely, I mixed in the cream until it went soft.

“This is ganache?”
“Indeed.”

Soft chocolate made by mixing chocolate and cream is called ganache.
The finished ganache is cooled to make it easier to round.

Until the chocolate hardened, we took a short tea break.

“Do you two usually cook?”
“No, it’s the first time today! Right, oneechan?”

Edelgard shyly nodded.

It seems that they are planning to surprise their parents and grandparents with a present.

“Aunt Sieglinde, you also have to tell us how uncle Ritzhard reacted!”
“Alright.”

While we were chatting, a servant came and told us that the chocolate was ready.

The hardened chocolate is made into bite-sized round shapes. Then, those are put on a skewer, then submerged in liquid chocolate called couverture chocolate to coat the surface. After that, it's finished by sprinkling cocoa powder on top.

Neatly wrapped, it looked like a product from a shop.

I asked Ritzhard to give me some time when he came back for lunch.

"Sieg, what do you need?"
"Aa, I made this with Edelgard and Adeltraud."
"Uwa, what is it?"

Ritzhard unwrapped the box.

"Ah, chocolate."
"It's a foreign sweet called chocolate truffle."
"Hehh!"

Ritz asked if it was okay for me to eat, then threw a chocolate into his mouth.

"Delicious."
"I see."

Since I thought his mouth would be filled with sweetness, I asked if he wanted some sparkling water with fruit juice.

"Rather, I need the goddess's kiss."
"……"

Even when I asked where this goddess was, he called my name in a carefree manner.
Since he suddenly said that, I quickly kissed his forehead.

"Huh, it's for cleansing my palate, but you're doing it on my forehead~?"
"……"

So that's what he wanted. I hung my head down.

Ritzhard closed his eyes and stayed still.

Since a light kiss isn't that embarrassing, I drew my face in closer. However, the

moment our lips locked, we were locked in an embrace and savouring it.

Though he looked aloof, when I approached he came all out to me so I was surprised.

Everything tasted like chocolate.

Yet again, the memory of chocolate overlapped with the memory of kissing.

Raw link

Translator:
Sorry for not posting any chapters yesterday, real life ambushed me.

Chapter 64: Like a Noble

Chapter 64: Like a Noble

Volume 2 — The Honeymoon of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

After dinner, I was called by mother-in-law and her daughter-in-law that there was something something they wanted to talk about.

A secret talk maybe, I thought as I headed to the room. When I opened the doors, I was greeted by two women with scary faces and my father-in-law who looked uncomfortable.

I sat down next to father-in-law.

“Ritzhard-san, I heard that you do not drink?”

“Ah, yes. Please don’t mind me.”

The drink on the table was left alone, and instead brother-in-law’s wife poured some juice for me. Meanwhile, mother-in-law kept opening and closing her fan.

“So, what might it be?”

Snap. As if they planned it out beforehand, they stopped moving simultaneously. I became scared, so I looked towards father-in-law to request help. However, father-in-law also looked terrified.

Sister-in-law opened her mouth first.

{TN: She’s the brother-in-law’s wife, but for convenience’s sake I’ll make it sister-in-law.}

“Since Sieglinde would start worrying if we kept you for too long, I’ll say this honestly. Ritzhard-san, you are overworking.”

“!?”

“Of course, working is not bad. However, before that, are you not a noble?”

“Are you saying, that mother-in-law and sister-in-law are angry because I did not act like a noble?”

“Yes!”

“W-Wait, it was I who requested Ritzhard-kun’s help with”

“Father-in-law, please remain silent!!”

“……Yes.”

Though I was the one who said that I wanted to help out, I decided that it would be better not say anything unnecessary here so I watched on. I felt sorry, but the two amazons in front of me were too scary. Father-in-law, I won't forget your sacrifice.

"There's still more that I want to say!"
"!?"

The talk wasn't over, nor was her anger gone. I pondered whether I should hide behind father-in-law's back, which was trembling, but I decided to fix my posture and listen.

"You are neglecting Sieg too much!"

I don't have anything to say against that. Really, I'm only meeting Sieg in the morning and in the evening, and for the rest I'm at the ranch.
When I thought about lazing around without doing any work, I felt bad so I ended up helping even when they didn't ask me to.

"Sieglinde-san was always looking forward to meeting Ritzhard-san, but to never spend a day with her!"

I'm sorry. That was the only thing I could think.

"Any objections?"
"No, nothing."

I was overwhelmed by sister-in-law's force. Rather, mother-in-law is scarier, saying nothing with a smiling face.

"Ritzhard-san!"
"Yes!"
"Starting from tomorrow, under mother-in-law's guidance, you will live like a noble!"
"……"

What do you mean by living like a noble!? Or so I thought but I thought that I would end up receiving another long lecture so I could only answer, "Yes, surely~."

◇◇◇

After receiving that declaration, they coolly let me go. I thought of having a drink with father-in-law, but he was still left in the room. I wanted to rescue him, but there was sister-in-law and mother-in-law so I could only return to my room while praying for him with teary eyes.

In the bedroom, Sieg was already waiting on the bed.

"You're late."
"Nn, I was with father-in-law."

We were being scolded, I couldn't say that.
But then I remembered that she felt annoyed at me being so friendly with father-in-law, so I quickly changed the topic to the schedule tomorrow.

"Ah, tomorrow, I'll be with mother-in-law."
"What did you say!?"
"Of course, with Sieg as well."
"With me?"
"Yeah."

Her sharp eyes returned to normal.
She almost thought that I was getting friendly with mother-in-law as well.
Dangerous.

"How did it turn out like that?"
"Well, I thought it might be good to learn what it is to live like a noble."
"You don't really have to change though?"
"Is that so~?"

I won't tell her about them getting angry. So, I told her that I wanted to learn.

"I don't think that there were any problems."
"N~n."

Come to think of it, even though I am a count, I didn't live like a noble. Back home, I was no different from the villagers and had no dignity as a lord.

Maybe there is a fatal flaw in my behaviour. Maybe the villagers will see me in a different light if I fix that.

"Well, experiencing it isn't a bad idea."

“That’s true.”

While talking, I changed and climbed into the bed.

“That’s how it is, so please take care of me starting from tomorrow.”
“Alright.”

I gave her a goodnight kiss on the forehead and went to sleep.

◇◇◇

In this country, the season for high society is autumn. From grand balls held by the king himself to small tea parties held by noble madams, there are many opportunities for socialising.

Today, there is a luncheon held here.

“Ritzhard-san and Sieglinde-san, you only need to come to the meal. Until then, you may rest.”
“Thank you, sister-in-law.”

With sister-in-law’s orders, Sieg and I waited in a room.

“We haven’t felt this in a long time, have we.”
“Indeed.”

It really has been sometime since we relaxed together like this.

As always, Sieg woke up early. Maybe because of the luncheon. her makeup was thicker that usual.
She was wearing rouge on her lips. They almost looked like ripe seasonal fruits. However, I cannot taste them. If I do as my desire leads, her lipsticks will be ruined.

“Right, Sieg, let’s play games!!”

To disguise my immoral thoughts, I asked Sieg if she wanted to play.

“Then, why don’t we wager something?”

Sieg suggested. Of course, I answered.

“What should we wager?”
“How about the right to order one another forever?”
“Nn, well, alright.”

What should I say. I would be happy to listen to Sieg's wishes, and I would be happy to make her do what I want, so it wasn't much of a wager.

"What is it?"
"No, nothing!"

I had a sly smile again, so I was suspected.

The result: I lost. It was a clean defeat. It's not as if I thought that it would be better to be ordered around by Sieg, it was an earnest match.

To the winner, Sieg, I kneeled on one knee like a knight swearing his loyalty to his liege.

"What is your order, my queen?"

Since her cute nieces are princesses, Sieg is the queen. Of course that's just inside my head.

"Then,"
"Yes."
"Here, from now on, live as you wish."
"Pardon?"
"I don't mind if you want to go out to the ranch all day, and I don't mind if you want to stay alone when you're tired."
"Why so suddenly?"
"You were told something by sister-in-law or mother, weren't you?"
"N-No, n-not really."
"Tell me the truth."
"……They did."

Surprising, Sieg saw through everything.
From the posture of swearing loyalty, I bent another knee and changed to the reflecting posture of a foreign country.

"So, Ritz, you have to listen to my orders."
"To live as I wish?"
"Indeed."

I never heard of such an order.
When I looked at Sieg in my confusion, she had a warm smile. My chest

tightened.

How can I explain this feeling.

I almost wanted to cry.

Raw link

Translator:

Real life, why must you do this to me……

Chapter 65: As a Noble

Chapter 65: As a Noble

Volume 2 — The Honeymoon of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

For the luncheon at the mansion of House Wattin, it was being held at a different dining hall from usual, a much bigger one.
After reciting to myself that husband and wife should go in with their arms locked, then greet the participants at the door then take seats, I went in with Sieg.

In the dining hall, there were already many people there. I made a shallow smile, bowed down and went to our seats as per the butler's guidance.

"How fancy."

Looking at the well dressed up ladies, Sieglinde said in a quiet voice that only I can hear.

"But Sieg is the prettiest."

I whispered as I parted from her to sit across her.

It seemed that we were the last to arrive, since as soon as we sat down father-in-law gave a toast to thank everyone for coming.

As the servants busily started setting the table, I started talking with the people around me.
Everyone seemed to be interested in me, a foreigner, so they asked many questions.

"That's a rare hair colour."
"All the people back home have the same hair colour."
"I see. It's like the hair colour seen only in stories."
"Well, yeah."
"What was it. There was this story I read when I was little."

I wonder if the snow fairy story is famous here. If this many people say that I'm alike, it's worrying as to how similar I am to that.

The luncheon ended without much event. I had two flowers, young ladies, next to me, but I found out that I only yearned for one flower. Thinking of how I used to love all women equally, I did change a lot.

After the meal, we split into men and women and spent relaxing times.
The women had an elegant tea party. The men had vulgar talks with cigar and alcohol, to vent out their frustration.

Since there were many people around father-in-law, I sneaked away to a corner to not be spotted. I sipped a glass of sparkling fruit liqueur, almost lapping it.

"May I sit next to you?"
"Ah, yes."

The man who approached this lonely corner was the husband of the lady who had been sitting next to me.

"Conrad von Baer Walbgen, at your service."
"Ritzhard Salonen Revontulet."

We introduced ourselves and raised our glasses.
Conrad was the same age as I was. Moreover, he was Sieg's subordinate.

"Today, I got really tense."
"Indeed."

Sieg looked happy throughout the banquet because she was enjoying her reunion with a former colleague.

I also learned something unexpected. He was also an acquaintance of the only friend of mine in this country, Kayneth von Brzenska.

"I told him about Lieutenant Wattin, ah, she's Lady Revontulet now. Anyhow ——"

It seems that it was him who told my friend about the 'Crimson Eagle'. What a coincidence.

"Truth be told, it wouldn't be weird for her to have a higher command, but she refused promotions and stayed in our unit to continue commanding us."

The stories of Sieglinde in her military career were brave and valiant.

“I apologise. I ended up talking to much.”
“No, no. It’s alright.”

Since I couldn’t possibly say that I wanted to hear about Sieg’s heroic exploits, I told him that I was thankful to hear such priceless stories.

“Right. This weekend, there will be holding a hunting competition. Kayneth is coming. Why don’t you come as well?”

Since I had my head full of Sieglinde, I haven’t been in contact with my old friend. I did meet him at the ball last month, but I only exchanged brief sentences with him, so I want to have an opportunity to slowly talk with him.

“Ah!”
“How about it? Is it the first time hunting?”
“N-No, I enjoy it.”

I didn’t have any worries about hunting, but I couldn’t arbitrarily decide here.

“May I ask my wife first?”
“Yes, of course.”

After saying that, I regretted it. It’s bad to say that my actions were being controlled by my wife.
When I hastily made up an excuse, he smiled and said, “The lieutenant is a good commander after all.” Conrad, you are a good man.

◇◇◇

After safely finishing the luncheon and having a reflection meeting with father-in-law, we had dinner.
When I went to my bedroom after taking a bath, the goddess was lying in the bed as always. Since I was thankful, I clasped my hands in my head.

I changed into my pyjamas and dived into the bed. I talked about Conrad.

“So, I was invited to a hunt.”
“Of course you can go.”
“Thank you. What about you?”

My wife is having a tea party at Conrad’s mansion. Sieg too was urged, so I tried asking.

“Can I also?”
“Alright. I’ll write that in the letter.”
“Please.”

Since I didn’t have anything more, I closed my eyelids to go to sleep. But then Sieglinde poked my shoulder with her fingers.

“Sieg, what is it?”
“Just a bit before we sleep.”
“Okay.”

Sieg talked about many things that happened today.
While listening to her story, I thought that it’s tough being a lady.

“Today, there were only young and pretty ladies, but I was glad that Ritz said that I was the prettiest.”
“Of course Sieg is the most dazzling person in the world.”
“Is that so.”

Saying that, I brushed back her hair and rubbed the ornament on her earlobes with the tips of my fingers as if to check it. Maybe because that act was ticklish, she had her eyes open thinly.

“I just wanted to talk. Sorry, this is somehow embarrassing, it got long. Let’s sleep now.”

The hand that was caressing her earlobes were grabbed and returned to its original position.
Even though I felt disappointed, I shut my eyes tight from the thought that Sieg too must be tired.

“Good night, Sieglinde.”
“Aa, sleep well.”

The quiet night passed by peacefully.

◇◇◇

At the weekend hunt, we were looking for a small animal called roe deer.
Surprisingly, it seemed that hunting was done for entertainment among nobles.
Even the target is predetermined: Royalties hunt deers, nobles hunt roe deers,

and the rest hunt rabbits.

“The dogs will find the prey in the forest, so please wait.”
“Alright.”

I learned the rules then mounted the horse, proceeding into the forest with my old friend, Kayneth.

“Kayneth, we’re finally alone together.”
“You idiot! Don’t say something so disgusting!”
“Sorry. I just felt happy.”

Kayneth von Brzenska.
He has many circumstances, and became a noble when he was eighteen. He doesn’t speak like a noble, but thanks to that attitude I quickly got close to him.

“Really, I didn’t think you’d marry the ‘Crimson Eagle’.”
“Right. I never thought that she would agree.”

When I told him about the one year long temporary couple life, Kayneth said that it’s nice that I had a miracle.

“Really, Sieg is the goddess of miracles.”
“So, I was right about getting a strong wife, eh?”
“Well, indeed.”

Kayneth advised me to find a strong woman who could survive the harsh life in the remote lands. However, because I only went after women who were pretty, I kept getting rejected. He had not wrong about getting a strong wife.

Since we were chatting so much, the animals didn’t come near us, and the dogs looked disappointed because they could not find any prey.

“Since it’s hunting, I thought you’d go all out.”
“Well, it’s a bit different from back home.”

Indeed, hunting animals for entertainment didn’t feel good so I couldn’t put my heart into it.

For me, hunting is done for survival, not for entertainment. Old habits die hard.

When I returned to the meeting point, people were evaluating who got the

biggest one.

Seeing that, I really did feel the difference in culture.

Raw link

Chapter 66: Family

Chapter 66: Family

Volume 2 — The Honeymoon of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

While learning how to act like a noble, or helping father-in-law's ranch, or relaxing with Sieg, the first winter at the foreign country passed quickly.

It's already about five months since I came here. Sieg's belly was heavy with a child as well. According to the doctor, she's about seven months pregnant. At the beginning of summer, a new life will be born.

Sieg wanted to return to my country since she was now in her stable phase, but because people around us fiercely objected we decided to stay here until childbirth.

I am happy that she loves the remote lands. However, there are no doctors in the village. In contrast, here there is mother-in-law who is experienced in giving birth along with servants, so it was reassuring. Thus, I decided to stay until summer.

◇◇◇

Today, I strolled the lush spring forest with the two little princesses and Sieg.

Edelgard and Adeltraud walked with baskets to put flowers into.

Without delay, the energetic princess looked over here and asked me a question.

"Dearest Uncle Ritzhard, what's that violet flower?"
"That's blue mallow. It's used for tea."
"Really!?"
"The tea is blue like the flower, but with lemon it turns a pretty light pink."
"Hehh, amazing, I want to see it."
"Then, why don't we try it back home. Though it will be a few days later because we have to dry it."

Blue mallow is good for sore throats. It also protects mucous membranes, so it's good for stomachaches as well.

As I told them, the sisters picked only the flowers into the baskets.

“It is a little hard to drink though.”

Blue mallow doesn’t have a particular taste or smell, so it isn’t really tasty. When I was little, I remember drinking it with honey when I became sick.
The flower tea doesn’t taste good. I refrained from saying such a dreamless thing to the two who were joyfully picking flowers. Well, they might still be able to enjoy it from seeing the colour change, or so I thought and gave up about talking about the taste.

With slow steps, Sieg followed by. The servant holding up a parasol behind her was sweating profusely, so I held out a handkerchief.

“Sieg, are you alright?”
“Aa, I’m fine.”

I took off my coat and laid it out on the floor to offer her a seat.

“Sorry about that.”
“No need.”

The two of us sat down on the grass and narrowed our eyes from the sunlight.

In the forest, many birds were chirping about as if they were whispering. From above the trees, the squirrels occasionally peeked out. The breeze brushing the leaves carried fresh air here.

As I enjoyed the genial forest, I heard an energetic voice approach.

“Dearest Uncle, is this enough?”
“You’ve collected a lot.”

Their baskets were filled with violet flowers.

“Shall we go back soon?”
“Alright.”

In this country, the tree branches intertwine greatly, that the lush colours turn dark deeper in the forests. There are not many places where one can stroll in the light.

Moreover, it was not good to make Sieg walk for too long so I decided to

return home.

After drying the blue mallow that was collected from the forest for few days, a beautifully coloured tea is made by extracting the substances of the flower with warm water.

“Pretty~~!!”

Seeing the freshly brewed tea, Edelgard and Adeltraud gleamed their eyes. Then, when I dropped in some lemon juice with a teaspoon, the blue liquid turned pink.

“Waa!!”
“Amazing!!”

Even Edelgard was exclaiming in surprise.

“Blue mallow is also called the herb of dawn……”
“Dearest Uncle Ritzhard, this is magic, right!?”
“Pardon?”

Even though we lived together for many months, it seems that my image as a fairy had not changed. I ended up smiling wryly. Because I did not want to disappoint the two princesses, I boasted my trivial knowledge about herbs. Then, Adeltraud said, “That’s the fairy for you!! You know everything about the forest!”

This old fairy is moved to tears.

◇◇◇

The season quickly changed, and it was now summer.

When the sun peeked out from below the horizon, a new life was born.

The red-faced newborn was declaring its birth.
When I gave words of encouragement to Sieg, who became completely haggard, she vigorously responded, this is nothing.

The baby was washed by the women and wrapped in a soft cloth before handing it over to mother-in-law.

The hair colour was white. The eyelids were chubby as though they were

bloated, that it seems like it will take some time for the eyes to open.
Even from marriage with foreigners, the babies born from the village have white hair. It's a mystery of the village.

"We don't yet know who's more alike."
"But it's so cute."

Mother-in-law said as she looked at the baby's face.

"Hey, Ritzhard-san, are you alright?"
"Yes."

I was still a bit agitated, and the fact that a baby was born didn't feel real. I was hugging it in my arms, yet it felt like a dream.

I took the baby to Sieg who had now recovered.

"Sieg, look, it's our baby."
"Aa, what a relief."

After seeing the baby, Sieg looked very relieved.

"Sieg, thank you. I am glad that you are both healthy.

No words of thanks were enough.

"Protect the family, dad."
"!"

I cam to my senses from mother-in-law's words of encouragement.

Then I really felt it. That I finally had a new family that I had been yearning for.

◇◇◇

The baby is a boy, and the name is Arno.
Grandfather named him. "Become strong like an eagle," it meant.

Grandfather was fawning over his great-grandson.

"It's a son fitting of the name of a raptor. Look at his sharp gaze."

Arno had white hair and blue eyes like me, but his face was more like Sieg's. He had all the traits of a creature living in the village of fairies in the remote lands, but he was more like a brave eagle chick than a baby fairy. Grandfather must

have been thinking the same thing, since when we looked at each other we ended up laughing.

“If it’s this child, he will live well in those remote lands as well.”
“I hope he does.”
“Of course he will.”
“Thank you, grandfather.”

Arno, whom grandfather was holding, suddenly started crying. Since he was just drinking milk, it might be the diaper.

“By the way, can you change the diapers in the ship.”
“We can.”

The servant brought a new diaper over, so I continued chatting while swiftly changing it.

Tomorrow, I am finally returning to my hometown after nine months.

Father-in-law wished for me to stay here, but I was worried about the state of the village, and Sieg too wish for the life of the village so I respectfully declined even as I felt sorry.
In addition, I was worried about how father was doing as the lord. I received letters a few times a month. “Everything’s alright~,” that sort of loose reports were being sent, but worryingly no letters came from the villagers. I felt anxious because something bad might have happened to the village.

“About that, are you really fine with it.”
“Well, for now.”

Almost as if we were swapping places, it was decided that father and mother will come to this country to live. There was a request to father to present his research or something. If it’s only the two of them, I would be worried, but there’s grandfather so it will be alright.

The next day.
It was the day to return home. Before we left, we bid goodbye to grandfather.

“Ritzhard, a parting gift.”
“?”

Grandfather pointed to a square black bag on a small table. The marquess's butler held up a document to sign.

"Eh, what's this?"
"Chocolate."
"Pardon?"
"It's special chocolate, so there is a special procedure for this. Stop yapping about and just sign it!"
"Y-Yes."

It didn't exactly know what it was, but I wrote my name where the butler was pointing towards. To the carriage, a servant carried the bag.

"Why chocolate?"
"It's the parvenu style that's trending recently."
"Ah~ that."

I recalled that I heard about it a few days ago from brother-in-law. It seemed that recently nobles are stacking chocolate shaped like gold bars on tables like parvenus to enjoy their drinks.

"I already had these. I don't need them, so take them without complaining."
"U-Understood."

The butler opened the bag slightly and showed the chocolate inside. The dazzling wrappings looked like the real thing.

"Huh? These look real"

I flinched from grandfather clearing his throat, and was reminded that it was time to go.

"Grandfather, thank you for so many things. I will be back again."
"Alright, so go already."

I bowed my head down to and ran over to my family who were already waiting in the carriage.
While watching the scenery move as the carriage started moving, I bid farewell to Sieg's homeland.

◇◇◇

During the two-day-long boat trip, when I grabbed the bag grandfather gave me to have some chocolate, it was suspiciously heavy. It was almost as heavy a kid in their early teens. Since the servant from the Marquisate carried it to the cabin, it was the first time I was touching it too.

“Eh, what the, this, it’s sort of, heavy.”

To me who was not moving from in front of the bag, Sieg came while hugging our son.

“What’s in this bag?”
“Chocolate, from, Grandfather?”

The weight wasn’t that of confectionery for sure.

When I carefully opened the bag, there definitely were gold bars inside.

“Th-This is!?”
“It indeed is real gold.”
“……”

Believe it or not, grandfather’s parting gift wasn’t chocolate, but thirty gold bars. Other than the gold bars, there were many documents and a letter from grandfather, which could be summarised as, “Non-returnable.”

“I was tricked……”
“No, didn’t you realise it when you were told to sign a document?”
“No, but, he was rushing me!”
“……”

A son and gold bars, I returned home with great gains.

Raw link

Final Chapter: With Gratitude

Final Chapter: With Gratitude

Volume 2 — The Honeymoon of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife

Visiting after a long time, the remote land was now completely summer. By now, the village women must be putting their effort into picking berries.

It was a long two day's trip, but it ended without much trouble.

"Sieg, you must be tired."
"No, I'm alright."
"That's good to hear."

My wife was dependable as always. My newborn son also did not cry except for milk and diapers.

My son, Arno, was staying still in my arms. His hard and gleaming gaze was sharp for a baby. That's indeed the child of the Crimson Eagle. His eyes, which opened about a week after his birth, are blue like mine. With those blue eyes, he gazed at us.

"Arno, at the village, grandpa and grandma are waiting for you~"

It's also pleasant to imagine just how my parents would react at seeing their grandson.

The carriage stopped in front of the fortress, and the coachman opened the door.

"The luggage will be moved to the mansion."
"Thank you."

Since the bag full of gold was hard to move, I requested for the servant to accompany us on the carriage. It was someone who was from the marquisate, so we trusted the servant.

While carrying Arno in my arms, we went into the fortress.

"Ah, my lord!?"

There was a relatively young soldier at the reception desk. With his shout as a

signal, people flooded out from the room behind him.

“Oh, your lordship has returned!”
“Please say that you won’t leave us now!?”
“We’ve been waiting for youuu~~”

Because of their mysterious greeting, Sieg and I stared at each other and tilted our head.

“Aa, it’s been a while.”

A little later than the rowdy soldiers, Captain Artonen came.

“Wow, how cute.”

Captain Artonen stared at Arno, and had a smile as if he was melting. Then, he glanced at Sieg and asked, “Girl?” with a serious expression.

“A boy. The name’s Arno.”
“Ah, I see. Ah, no, he just looked so like the Countess.”

As if to console Captain Artonen, Arno had a nihilistic smile. Rather, what’s with this smile that’s not like a baby. When I asked Sieg, she said that she didn’t know how to teach people to smile, while having a smile similar to her son’s.

“By the way, how’s the village?”
“Eh!? Ah, erm, right. Peaceful.”

What is this. What is this report that feels incomplete.

“Erm, could it be that, father did something?”
“His lordship has been doing his work perfectly.”
“Really?”
“……R-Really.”

The captain responded without looking at me.

“Ritz, let’s get going soon. We’re disturbing their work.”
“Ah, right.”

Hearing that, Captain Artonen offered, “Why don’t you have some tea?” with a dismayed look. However, I politely declined, saying that my parents were waiting. We exited the fortress and proceeded into town.

As I had my attention drawn to the village surrounded in greenery, I came across a villager.

“Ah!”
“?”

The young man who met my eyes shouted, “The lord is back——!”

“What!?”

We were surrounded by the villagers in an instant, and were warmly received. There were even elderly people. They joyfully looked at Arno.

“My lord, you will keep being the lord here, yes!?”
“The lord is back, thank goodness~”
“Please be a lord again quickly!”

Maybe it’s because I have a baby. It seems a bit too much.

“Erm, did father do something?”

When I asked that, everyone’s faces grew grim. When Sieg said, “Father-in-law and mother-in-law are waiting for us,” people quickly dispersed.

Just what happened. I was curious, so I went to shop lady to learn what happened.

◇◇◇

“Waa~ Haru-kun, Sieglinde-san, welcome ba~ck.”

The person in question was relaxedly sketching plants in the front yard. Hearing that, mother also came out.

“My, welcome back, Ritchan, Linde-chan~!”

Of course, ‘Linde-chan’ refers to Sieg.

Father said, “so cute~” while looking at Arno, while mother was teary-eyed.

“Father, will you explain what happened?”
“Pardon?”

I questioned my father, who stopped sketching plants and was about to start sketching Arno. For now, mother suggested that we come inside, so we moved

to the living room.

“So?”

Sieg, Father and I, the three of us talked together. I left Arno to mother.

“It’s not ‘so’. Why did you act as you wished?”

Father tilted his head. It seemed that he did not know why he was getting scolded.

What I learned from the shop lady was my father’s tyranny.

He didn’t disrupt religion like grandfather, but he ordered the villagers to report every detail on the number of prey they hunted, acted harshly to the elderly people who disliked foreigners, and forced people to participate in the spring farm work.

“But I did nothing wrong.”
“……”

Of course, the number of the animals in the forest nees to be tracked. If the balance collapses, some animals might even become extinct. However, the villagers know which animals are diminishing and which animals are increasing in number. Thus, we controlled what was hunted by ourselves.

Let the elderly people be free, that was something I decided on when I became a lord. Of course, fixing their xenophobia might be good for other people from foreign countries and Sieg. However, getting that scared is too much.

The farm work that is being done as an alternative to taxation is not forced. That was because not every family had a working man.

There were many people resistant to change, so I did my duties as a lord with the mindset that small changes will be better. However, like grandfather, father did not care for how the circumstances or the feelings of the villagers.

“Well, you are too soft, and there were problems because of that, so isn’t it all good?”
“Really?”
“Right. Plus, won’t it be easier to work after an evil lord ruled?”
“!”

Indeed, the elderly people were overjoyed at my return. It probably wasn't just thanks to Arno.

"Father, could you have aimed for that?"
"No~ It just ultimately turned out like that~"
"……"

I heard from grandfather that father is shrewd man, but he was the usual fluffy. He might actually be cold-hearted, I had thought, but I soon regretted thinking that.

◇◇◇

From there on, the five of us lived together peacefully.
I went out hunting, while Sieg worked indoors. Father devoted himself to research, and mother joyfully took care of Arno.

A month later, a letter from grandfather arrived, demanding father to come. Even that aloof father seemed to like Arno, that he started mumbling that he didn't want to leave.
However, the next month, an intimidating servant from the marquisate came and took him away.
I thought mother would of course accompany him, but she waved her hand to father, saying "I have to take care of Ar-chan~"
Father looked crestfallen as he left.

So, it became four, but the relaxing warm life did not change.

After having lunch with Sieg, I took Arno from mother to let her have some food as well.

Drinking milk properly every day, sleeping well every day, crying and living energetically, Arno was now a handsome baby. His cheeks were puffy that they looked as though they would be tasty.
When I hold out my finger, he holds tightly onto them. Even that feeble grip was lovely.

Sieg, sitting next to me, was also staring at Arno.

"Hey."
"What is it?"

“How do I convey feelings of gratitude.”

No matter how many times I said thanks, it never felt like it was enough. I couldn’t express this joy in words.

“Ritz, there’s this thing you do all the time, no?”
“Pardon?”

Showing gratitude, what did I do last time.

“What was it?”
“……When we hunted wild reindeer together for the first time, when I gave you the bracelet I made, and when I accepted the marriage…… you still don’t know?”
“Ah!”

I remembered that I kissed her on the cheek when I was overjoyed and excited.

I put my lips to Sieg’s cheek, and also kissed Arno’s forehead with feelings of gratitude.

A warm feeling filled my heart.

Arno made a nihilistic smile again, so Sieg and I ended up laughing.

◇◇◇

In the following years, four more children were born after Arno.

The eldest son Arno took after Sieg, in both his appearance and his personality, growing into an honest and earnest boy.
The eldest daughter Veronica took after both her parents, growing into a relaxed girl.
The second son Ulrich was docile and liked reading.
The second daughter Krimhilde was wild and energetic.
The third son, Erenfried was spoiled and loved Sieg and mother.

Arno’s looks took after Sieg, but the other four looked just like me.

Before I realise it, I had the most children in the village.

The village was slowly changing, but it was still peaceful.

There were more permanent residents from foreign countries.

My parents were the same, the children were healthy, and Sieglinde was still a

hard worker.
I really am a blessed one, I felt every day.

And this joyous life continued every day.

The Snow Country Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife — Extra — fin.

Author:
Reference list
http://ncode.syosetu.com/n9073cj/2/
{TN: a list of about 25 books on culture/cuisine/way of life. Which I won't translate.}

Raw link

Translator:
Not finished! We're only halfway through the whole series! There's still a lot more to come! 66 more chapters to go, everyone!

<< | Project Page | >>
Characters List

Characters List

Characters List

Character introduction

Ritzhard Salonen Revontulet
Height: 175cm
Age: 28
Traits: white hair, blue eyes
Country of origin: Finland
A lord of a snow country village deep in the forest. He has a cheerful and calm personality. He is good at housework across the board and is also good at sculpting.

Sieglinde Salonen Revontulet
Height: 174cm
Age: 31
Traits: red hair, grey eyes
Country of origin: Germany
Looks cold-hearted, but is sometimes sensitive. She is confident in her roundhouse kick.

Teoporon Ponu Rango
Height: 193cm
Age: 36
Traits: black hair, black eyes
Country of origin: America
The head of the martial race family from overseas. Diligent and just. He treasures his family over anything else. He respects Ritzhard for accepting him into the village.

Ruruporon Ponu Rango
Height: 180cm
Age: 34
Traits: black hair, black eyes

Country of origin: America
Teoporon’s wife. Kind-hearted. Makes food with love.

Miruporon Ponu Rango
Height: 177cm
Age: 16
Traits: black hair, black eyes
Country of origin: America
Teoporon’s daughter. She is diligent and likes animals.

Aina Salonen Bergholm
Height: 170cm
Age: 16
Traits: white hair, blue eyes
Country of origin: Finland
The most beautiful of the village. She has a strong personality, and is not very honest with her feelings. She secretly looks up to Ritzhard as an older brother.

Emmerich David
Height: 182cm
Age: 27
Traits: blond hair, blue eyes
Country of origin: Germany
Good-for-nothing soldier. He is usually absentminded, but sometimes he is uselessly swift. Nothing gets through. He has a heart of steel.

Adalbert von Lüneburg
Height: 178cm
Age: 75
Traits: white blond hair, blue eyes
Country of origin: Germany
Ritzhard’s paternal grandfather. He looks difficult because he is imposing, but he is a gentle person worried about his grandson.
He likes wearing bear fur.

Harold von Wattin
Height: 181cm
Age: 50s

Traits: red hair, tea-coloured eyes
Country of origin: Germany
Sieglinde’s father. A military man. Unlike his raptor-like appearance, he is gentle.

Franca von Wattin
Height: 174cm
Age: 50s
Traits: brown hair, grey eyes
Country of origin: Germany
Sieglinde’s mother. She acts like a lady, but she used to be a soldier. None in her family can go against her.

Claus von Wattin
Height: 150cm
Age: 13
Traits: red hair, tea-coloured eyes
Country of origin: Germany
Sieglinde’s nephew. Wild personality, has a bad mouth. He secretly admires his aunt. He’s at an age where he can’t easily get honest.

Edelgard von Wattin
Height: 130cm
Age: 9
Traits: red hair, blue eyes
Country of origin: Germany
Sieglinde’s niece. Docile. Dextrous.

Adeltraud von Wattin
Height: 112cm
Age: 6
Traits: red hair, blue eyes
Country of origin: Germany
Sieglinde’s niece. Tomboyish. Sincerely believes that her uncle Ritzhard is a fairy.

Lukas Salonen Revontulet
Height: 177cm
Age: 40s
Traits: blond hair, blue eyes

Country of origin: Germany
Ritzhard’s father. Scholar. Aloof personality. Has wanderlust and a personality problem.
But he does care for his child in his own way

Richelle Salonen Revontulet
Height: 155cm
Age: 40s
Traits: white hair, green eyes
Country of origin: Finland
Ritzhard’s mother. Amiable and does not fuss over small things. Dextrous.

Rikhard Salonen Revontulet
Ritzhard’s maternal grandfather. A strict man.

Hermann Artonen
A friendly captain recently assigned to the fortress.

Albert von Hertling
Sieglinde’s uncle, mother side, and former superior.

Hildegard von Hertling
Sieglinde’s beautiful cousin. Missed her marriageable age because of her handsome cousin.

Anna-Maria von Hertling
Sieglinde’s strong-minded cousin. She tried to pour wine at Ritzhard at the ball, but failed.

Raw link

<< Final Chapter | Bonus Chapter: Lukas Salonen Revontulet’s Activity Report >>

Bonus Chapter: Lukas Salonen Revontulet’s Activity Report

Bonus Chapter: Lukas Salonen Revontulet’s Activity Report

Author:
From Ritzhard’s father’s point of view.

Translator:
A little explanation to clear things up. From here, there will be about 40 chapters of side stories, some from Ritz’s pov, and others from side character’s pov. Then from chapter 108 it goes back to the main arc, picking up from when the couple returned home with Sieg.

When I returned to my homeland, what awaited me was father’s reception.

“Kukuku, ha~hahaha!!”
“……”

Father laughed loudly as he pointed towards me.

“Hey, how about calming down now?”
“Hah, hah, as if I can not laugh at this! Fu, fuhaha!”
“……”

As to why he is so happy, it is because he was amused at seeing depressed from coming here without my wife.

“Hmph. Serves you right. You’re receiving punishment for pestering your son.”
“Well, I wonder about that?”
“Being so carefree like that again, you really have no shred of cuteness!”

Father especially doted on Ritzhard from a long time ago, according to the servant. He does have other grandsons, but maybe they aren’t cute like me.

“As a researcher, I thought that I shouldn’t disturb the village’s customs and cultures too much.”
“So you thought that you shouldn’t help you son?”

“Right.”
“Then you’re just a shitty parent!”
“I won’t deny it.”
“I hope your true nature is revealed to your family, you black-hearted man!”
“But everyone will coolly accept me.”
“Go to hell!”

Father clicked his tongue and left the room. I felt glad that he is healthy.

Then I was also surprised at myself for thinking that.

People do change.

◇◇◇

I started adventuring the world a few decades ago.

When the research that I have been doing for many years was finally recognised by the world, my colleague said that I must be happy but I said that it wasn’t so, which surprised surprised him. That might have been the motive.

Lacking emotions. Father always said that to me.

I thought that it was fine if I was okay with it. But I was told that I am a black-hearted man.

Then I remembered a line that was bothering me, from someone’s research paper. “I felt the joy of life and how important it is for people to have one another.”

Joy of life, the importance of meeting people, I never felt that. But I didn’t have any hardships because of that.

However, I was curious at this feeling inside me that I did not have.

If I travel around the world, I might be able to experience this mysterious thing. People around me tried to stop me, but I went out travelling after all.

Travelling the world costs a lot of money. If I want to travel safely, it would cost just as much.

My savings were quickly depleted, and I even had to use the allowance I was given by father.

I read the travel guides written by a certain man again. When I went to the countries and the villages written on them, I received a warm welcome just because I was one of his kind. From their words, I could also learn of his kind personality.

Of course, not all was good.
I was tricked by an interpreter once lost all my money. I was assaulted by bandits when I was moving on a wagon. I even spent a night in prison.

Even so, I couldn't stop travelling.
More than the fear of losing something, the want to learn about the world was greater.

Also, I was bothered.

In one village, an elderly lady whom I owe a favour said, "There is a treasure that cannot be replaced for you somewhere on earth. If you find that, you will definitely become happy."

She didn't explain what the treasure is. Something that is irreplaceable for me, I couldn't imagine it.

Something irreplaceably precious. I could only tilt my head.
A healthy body and money for living is important, I can say for sure that they are not treasures.

Without a clear answer, I continued my travel.

The travel guides moved on to talk about the arctics. Amongst them, there was an interesting people.

'Inuit'. I was greatly intrigued by this people eating raw meat.

Inuits live north of the arctic line.
They live in the arctic circle. Even among that, the place where the Inuits live are detailed as 'the worst possible environment for human survival'.

The guide also had what I should look out for.
First, I was to be careful of 'scurvy'.
Simply told, scurvy is caused by the lack of water-soluble vitamins found in fruits and vegetables and is a lethal illness that leads to death by blood loss.

Throughout history, there are many books about scurvy. What tormented the sailors of the Age of Exploration and the soldiers going to war was this as well.

Water-soluble vitamins dissolve from heat. And raw meat has lots of water-soluble vitamins. Inuits are eating raw meat to prevent scurvy as well.

In addition, the Inuits were never invaded. Because those regions have no value, according to the guide.

Why do they live there. I was curious about that, so I headed north.

However, when I arrived there were no Inuits.

It was written that Inuits are mongoloids, but the woman in front of me was without a doubt white. When I turned around to my guide, he was already gone.

"My, a visitor~"
"……"

She spoke Finnish. I didn't think a subject I took out of whim in university would help.
When I looked at the passport I received from the guide, it was issued from somewhere else.
I was tricked again. I hung my head down.

"Did something happen? Are you hungry?"

I noticed that the woman in front of me kept talking to me.

"Erm, where is this?"
"This the village of the Sami people."
"Sami."

White hair, white skin. The woman who looked like a fairy smiled while holding a bloodied rabbit in her hand.

The place where the guide led me to was a relatively temperate village where people called 'Sami' lived.

Compared to the Inuits, who are said to have warm temperaments, the Sami had tough temperaments befitting the extreme cold.

However, from hearing their story of getting abused by outsiders, it felt natural

that they would be cold to others.

The more I saw, heard and learned, the more I felt the harshness of the Sami.

However, the lord's daughter, Richelle was different.
She was broad-minded and kind to anyone.
It didn't take long for me to come to like her.

I married Richelle and had a child. Then I learned what it meant by my treasure.

I wanted to say thanks to that elderly lady who gave me an objective to travelling.

However, it took quite some time to get back to that village.
When I visited that village again after a few years, she was already gone from this world. It was just at her grave, but nevertheless I thanked her with Richelle that I was able to find my treasure.

I wasn't really reflecting about neglecting my son because I was confident that he will be a good lord.

◇◇◇

I adequately cleaned up my research and presented them for a few years, then returned home.
When I got back home, my family greeted me.

I had five grandchildren already. It was decided that this old man who had no talent in hunting would do the babysitting.

It was the land of extreme cold, yet I felt warmth. The village was overflowing with treasure.

I thanked God for this miracle and vowed to enjoy this life.

Raw link

<< | Project Page | >>
Characters List

Bonus Chapter: Extra — Afterstory

Bonus Chapter: Extra — Afterstory

My room was taken over by father, and in was infested with books. There were books even on the bed. I was at a loss for words.
Within that, I found an old and used book. It was something like a travel guide written by an adventurer.

That adventurer went to many places and interacted with many peoples. What interested me the most was a hunting people called ‘Inuits’ that also lived in the extremely cold regions like us.
Like this village, they lived in the arctic circle but it is recorded that they live somewhere even colder.
Their prey are animals that live under the ice.
Their main source of food, seals, are shown to be long and slender. Seals are mammals, breathing through their lungs. They come above the ice to breath in air, so they hunt by aiming for that moment.
Other than that, narwhals, dolphins that have horns (to be exact, a fang protruding from the forehead) are also hunted. They too are hunted when they come above the ice to breath. Depending on the region, they hunt polar bears, rabbits or reindeers.

As for the culture, there are aspects that are similar, and those that are not. It seemed that cherishing children was similar all throughout the world.
I was most surprised about their sense of virtue.
When they go out for long periods to hunt, they leave their children and wives to other men. Then, if a husband does not come back from the hunt, the wife and children become the man’s. Of course, hunting does risk one’s life, but it’s hard to believe that such a culture existed.
That was plenty surprising, but it also stated that it was not surprising for a husband to come back and be greeted by a pregnant wife. It seemed that such a thing was not that much of a big deal. Such custom came out of the thought that children are the treasure of the whole tribe.

“Or so I read.”

“To think there would be a place colder than this village.”
“Surprising, eh.”

Before dinner, I spent time with Sieg by talking about the ‘Inuits’.
Arno, maybe satisfied from getting milk, was looking up here.

“Though I don’t think I want to leave Sieg and Arno to anyone else.”
“Well, the world is wide.”
“Even so.”
“Well, it’s not easy to accept cultural differences.”
“Sieg, was it hard for you as well?”
“No, come to think of it, not really.”

I was worried if she holding many things in, but I felt relieved that she wasn’t.

While we were chatting, dinner was delivered to the table.

“Thank you for waiting~”

Mother served the dishes.
On days when Ruruporon was not here, mother prepared dinner for the day. When Sieg and I tried to help, she said, “Leave it to me~” and chased us out. Not just Ruruporon, it seems that people don’t like others messing with their cooking.

I put Arno to sleep in his cradle and then sat down.

Mother learned cooking from all over the world and was enjoying our reactions. The village women were also interested in foreign cooking methods, that she was opening a cooking class once a week.

Today, there were only dishes that I saw for the first time. Mother joyously started explaining.

“Today, we have shepherd’s salad~”

Shepherd’s salad is a refreshing salad, made from many summer vegetables with a dressing made from herbs, oil, pepper and citrus juice. It seems that it was named so because shepherds ate this at ranches.

“Then we have~ rustic red bean soup and wrapped reindeer meat and mushrooms!”

The red bean soup had a simple taste. It was good because the beans had a subtle sweetness. The wrapped dish was a top grade dish, made with a thin wrap, made from mixing flour with water, and herbs. The reindeer meat and mushrooms are wrapped in those and grilled. When I put a knife, it sliced easily. When I asked how the reindeer meat got so soft, she answered that she put the meat in yoghurt, a fermented dairy product. Apparently, this method is used often in foreign countries. Yoghurt was also used as sauce. It had a sour taste and deepened the meat's flavour. It was a refreshing sauce that I never had before.

"Mother, what's this?"

I said as I spread a black paste from a jar. It had an exotic flavour, but I quite liked its texture. I was curious as to what it was, so I asked mother.

"That's cannabis spread~"
"!?"

I heard her reply when I was swallowing it, and choked from hearing what it was.

"Ritz, that is made from the fruit, not from the leaves or the stalks. It doesn't have poison."
"I-I see. What a surprise!"

It seems that cannabis is a common ingredient in Sieg's country.

"Ritchan, is it not good?"
"No, it is tasty."

I fixed my posture and continued eating.
For dessert, we had raspberries that Sieg picked from the forest. It was sweet and sour.
The herb tea mother made from plants picked from the forest was handmade, but it was strangely bitter. I endured it thinking that it was medicine for my body.

"Mother-in-law, it was very delicious again today."
"Good, good~. I'm glad it's to Linde-chan's liking!"

I was a bit worried about living together with mother, but it seems that there

won’t be a problem. It seems that she is on friendly terms with Sieg as well.

After dinner, I bathed Arno.

First, I washed myself and then asked Sieg for a small bath for Arno.
The bath for the baby had a perfect temperature. Miruporon prepared it.
First, I put a towel on my lap and put Arno on top of that. I started from his hair, then washed his body, hands, feet and back. Does it tickle~? When I asked that, he giggled. Finally, when I put him in the bath, he looked so comfortable and pleased that I felt healed as well.

Looks like he’s warmed up enough, I thought and lifted him up. I properly dried him with a towel and put on baby clothes that were warmed up beforehand.

“A warm baby, coming right up!”
“Good work.”

Arno was handed over to Sieg and moved to his bedroom by his mother.
When I came out from the bathroom, Sieg handed me a towel.

“Thank you.”

Sieg and mother already bathed. Then all that’s left is to sleep.

I changed to my pyjamas and headed to my room.

“Ah, Ar-chan’s asleep now.”
“I see.”

Mother, who was gently patting Arno to sleep, said joyfully.

Mother said that she wanted to take care of Arno at night as well, but she doesn’t have milk so she couldn’t. I’m already very thankful that she’s helping us out during the daytime.

She disappointedly left Arno’s bedside. She bid goodnight and left the room.
After that, Sieg came in.
She smiled faintly from seeing her son sleep peacefully and climbed into bed.

The moment Sieg rolled over here, I embraced her.

“We’re finally alone.”
“Right.”

We couldn’t really be lovey dovey in front of mother, so I could only touch Sieg at night.
Well, I was thinking that I should stop being so lovey dovey to Sieg since I’m a father, but at night the joy was double because I was holding back, so this is alright, I suppose.

“Arno, I think he can soon sleep until morning.”
“Really?”

Breastfeeding was done at least ten times a day. It’s easy to know since he cries when he’s hungry.
Day and night did not matter. So the mother usually suffered from lack of sleep.
At the least, I woke up when Arno was crying for the diaper.

“It’s hard, raising a baby.”
“But there’s something very fulfilling about it.”

Indeed. Babies are cute, and it’s fun to watch how he was growing as well.

“We might have about four more children.”
“There you go again~”

I couldn’t imagine that I would be surrounded by five children sometime soon.

There’s no telling what might happen in life.

Raw link

<< | Project Page | >>

Bonus Chapter: Arno Salonen Revontulet’s Activity Report

Bonus Chapter: Arno Salonen Revontulet’s Activity Report

Author:

This takes place a decade and a few years after the main arc.

The morning of the remote village begins before sunrise.

I cleaned the doghouse and the reindeer pen and fed them. I checked how many more firewood we had. We were lacking, so I split some with an axe.

While I was working, someone talked to me from behind.

“Oniichan, it’s time for breakfast~”

The person standing behind me was my little sister Veronica, who is two years younger than me. I couldn’t sense her coming up to me so I got surprised.

“What is it?”

“That’s~”

She looked a bit troubled. It was because she failed to wake little brother Ulrich. He might have holed up in grandfather’s study and stayed up all night again.

After I went back inside, I headed not to the dining room but to Ulrich’s room. He was curled up under his blanket, so I took the blanket off and shook him hard to wake him up.

“Ulrich, wake up already!”

“N~n.”

Weak in the morning, not waking up well, that part was similar to father. However, the fight with the half-unconscious Ulrich is easily settled by taking his pillow away.

“Wash your face and come to dining room.”

“……Okay.”

I took Ulrich to the washing basin, and gave him the bitter powder for brushing the teeth, made specially by grandmother. Now he should be awake.

I thought it was okay now, but from a nearby room I heard a loud crash.

“Krimhilde!?”

The sound came from my little sister Krimhilde’s room. I could only get bad feelings, but I couldn’t possibly pretend to not have heard, so I headed there.

“Rim, I’m coming in!”

It’s a lady’s room, so I knocked before I entered. Though she’s only seven, she’s still a proper lady.

“W-Waa! Oniichan, good morning~. You’re up early again today~……”
“……”

I saw a ripped lace curtain and my little sister lying down on as if she gracefully landed on the cushion.

“Oi, how did this happen!?”
“Well~ I was hanging from the curtain, playing,”
“You idiot!”

Krimhilde is a girl, but she is the most energetic and mischievous of my siblings. Just how did this happen, I agonised.

In addition, Ulrich and Krimhilde are twins, but their personalities are strangely the opposite.

“Oniichan, I have a request!”
“I decline!”
“Eh, n-no way, you’re joking!?”
“You have to apologise this time.”
“No~! Tell me you’re joking~~”

Before, she climbed a tree and got a hole in her skirt. Because she was crying so much, thinking that she will be scolded harshly by mother, I got fabric that had the same colour and fixed them in secret. However, I don’t have the confidence to make lace products, so I declined it this time.

“How cruel~”

“It’s not cruel. You dug your own grave.”
“Still~ you don’t have to say that with such a scary face~”
“My face is innate!”

At this rate, my little sister will keep whining.

I picked up Krimhilde and carried her to where mother was. She was rolling over on the floor, so I had to check her for any bruises.

After I handed my little sister over to mother, I could finally go the dining room.

“Arno, morning.”
“Morning, dad.”

Father stood up and came over here with sleepy eyes, and kissed me on the cheek. It’s the usual daily greeting, but recently it’s become a bit embarrassing.

Though, if I say no, father makes a sad expression so I silently receive them.

Not too long later, the whole family came into the dining room. Mother came in last, with the youngest, Erenfried, and Krimhilde who was half in tears. Looks like little sister was scolded harshly. She needs to hold back a bit when she’s playing, or she’ll get hurt badly. Plus, she’s a girl, so I wish she acted a bit calmer.

When everyone was gathered, Miruporon served soup to our bowls.
The bowl got filled with cabbage and reindeer meat soup. I like both the pickled cabbage that was made in summer and the special soup that was boiled for a long time.
I put a salted herring on top of a thinly sliced rye bread and ate it. The refreshing flavour of the herb and the sour taste in the fish went well with the bread.

When the soup bowls got empty, Miruporn took them away. I bowed in thanks.

“Hey, Miru-chan, are you really alright~?”
“Yes, I recovered now.”
“I see. But take care of yourself.”
“Thank you.”

Grandmother said while looking at Miruporon worriedly.

Miruporon gave birth just a few months ago, but she returned to work a few days ago. Even as we saw her working energetically, everyone was worried. It seemed that the child was being taken care of by Ruruporon. Teoporon seemed excited, wanting to raise the child into a warrior or something. There, the usually energetic husband becomes really timid at home. I don't if I should feel pity or if I should be amused.

After breakfast, everyone went to do their own things.
Grandmother was going to do housework with Miruporon, while Veronica, Ulrich and Krimhilde was going to study with grandfather. I was going to go out hunting with mother.
Father was going to watch the house with Erenfried. Well, though I say watching the house, they still had something to do.

"Go~!"

Erenfried threw a rope with a ring on one end to a tree branch that was carved in the shape of a reindeer antler.
It's the first thing a child of this village learned. If this isn't done well, controlling a reindeer is hard so it's an important technique.

What's surprising here is father.

"Eren! You won't be able to reach the reindeer antler that way! Swing the rope stronger!"
"Muuuuu! Ey~!"

Father is usually fluffy, but when he's teaching he becomes strict. He's merciless even to the three-year-old Erenfried whom he usually dotes on.
I thought that the spoiled Erenfried might cry, "Dad's scary!" or something when he started training, but despite the tears he is trying his hardest everyday.

If he does it well, he'll be praised by father, mother, or grandparents, so he's doing it earnestly.

As I watched father and little brother's passionate class, mother came with dogs and guns.
We went out as the two house-sitters saw us off.

On the way, mother said that she had to visit the shop so I waited outside.

While waiting, I saw the door of the shop diagonally in front of me open. The person that came out was a girl three years younger than us. It's Airi, the daughter of Aina-san who runs an accessory•tailor shop.

The dogs got excited and tried to get to Aina, so I silently calmed them down.

Airi doesn't like dogs, but even still she approached even as she grimaced.

"Sorry. Are you alright?"
"Y-Yes."
"……?"
"……"

I thought that she had something to say to me, but Airi only fidgeted without saying anything.

"Are you going to help at the shop today?"
"It's not related to you."
"I see."

Airi's not very honest, as always. According to her mother, it's a disease that's cured as one naturally grows up, so she asked me to patiently hang out with her.

Well, it's cute compared to my little sisters or brothers.

Then, as she left, she silently handed me a paper bag. I could smell something sweet inside.

"Airi, this is…… Ah!"

When I was about to thank her, Airi had already ran off. Because I was scolded when I chased after her before, so I silently saw her off. It'd best to write a letter and place it on her room's window, like the usual.

A while later, mother came out of the room.

"I made you wait, Arno. Let's go."

When I looked up at the sky, the bright sun was shining down on the snowy plains.
Until the polar nights where the sun does not rise come, we have to secure food from the forests. The hunting in this period is very important.

Some time ago, when father said that he's leaving the hunting this time to me, I was really happy. I resolved myself that I will hunt enough to fill my family's belly.

Like so, the hunting life of my family and me continued.

Bonus chapters done.

Raw link

Translator:
Aina classed up into a tailor! And the tsundere is hereditary!
The best part of being a translator is being able to comment before anyone else, fufufu…
Oh, and, I'll keep numbering the chapters like this since no one seemed to object about it.

<< | Project Page | >>

Additional Chapter: With Father-in-law!

Additional Chapter: With Father-in-law!

Whimsy Additional Chapter

Author:

This is an additional chapter.
The setting is the period when they lived at Sieg's place, before Arno was born.
I want to write this without a set schedule.

Translator:

※ Disclaimer — This chapter may induce hunger. The next five chapters after this one may also induce hunger. Proceed at your own risk.

Morning. I woke up from the violent chirping of the birds. The sun had not risen yet. Today I was going to go help out father-in-law at the ranch, so it's a perfect time to wake up? I wonder I can't feel thankful for getting woken up though. I complained to the bird that it should tweet in a cleaner tone.

Sieg was still sleeping. I whispered "I'm off," brushed her hair and kissed her forehead. I also told the baby in her belly to be a good child.

I changed into my working clothes, washed my face, brushed my teeth and headed outside.

"Good morning!"
"Ah, morning."

Yet again, father-in-law was here before me.

"Is it alright today?"
"Yes! I have permission from both mother-in-law and Sieglinde-san!"

Father-in-law nodded his head, going hm, hm.
Managing the ranch was father-in-law's hobby, so mother-in-law did not really want me to work there. Thus, I can only help about two or three days a week, and for the rest of the week I am living like a noble as per mother-in-law's directions.

We rode on our horses and headed to the ranch, a little way from the count's mansion.

After I arrived at the ranch, I fed the animals.
Cows, horses, sheep, pigs, chickens and more. There aren't that many animals, but there aren't many people either so the work is tough.
For the horses, cows and sheep, the fodder consists of dried plants and many kinds of grains. For the pigs and chickens, the feed consists of ground grains and plants.
Having empty stomachs in the morning, the animals got very rough for food. So I said, "please wait a bit," showing a humble attitude and trying to get into contact as much as possible.

When that was over, we would get away from the ranch for a while. It was time for breakfast.

"Father-in-law, it's almost time for breakfast."
"It's already this late!"

We mounted our horses and rushed back home. If we're late for breakfast, we get scolded by mother-in-law.

We rode through a small trail from the ranch to the mansion. The flora around us were swaying gently in the soft breeze.

"The wind in this season feels nice."
"Is that so?"

After the cold season passed, warm and refreshing winds brushed the cheeks. The spring in the foreign country was this warm. I was surprised. I could understand why people say "I can't wait for spring" here. My relationship with the horse I met here also quite good. I learned how to ride the horse from father-in-law. It doesn't rock as much as the sleigh, and it feels good to ride on. The horses, used to humans, obediently followed us. It was so cute.

"When I was young, I used to go out on rides with my wife on the hill a little ways from here. In this season, the budding trees are very beautiful."
"Hehh~"

Of course, mother-in-law was a soldier as well. When I asked if she valiantly

rode her horse alone, he told me that it was so.

“Though I don’t recall seeing her ride horses recently.”
“Ah, she hasn’t been for about thirty years. She couldn’t after she had children.”

So it’s like that, as I thought. I remembered that mother-in-law said a biting remark to me who was focusing too much on the ranch, “This is the only period where you can still be cared for by your wife.”

“Father-in-law, why don’t we go out on a ride to that hill?”
“Just you and me?”
“No good?”
“No, that is not the problem.”
“?”
“……Well, I am worried about getting scolded by Sieg.”

Sometime ago, Sieg said that it wasn’t amusing when I was being friendly(?) with father-in-law.

Sieg and mother-in-law will soon hold a tea party, inviting other ladies, so I suggested that day.

“Going out together is pretty tough.”
“Sorry, my status within the family is rather low.”
“It’s okay.”

When we were about finished arranging the date for the ride, we arrived at the mansion. We led the horses to the stable and went in through the back door to the bathroom to wash ourselves.

After breakfast, we headed to the ranch again. We milked the cows and sheep, and cleaned their pens.

“Today, we will be butchering a sheep.”

Father-in-law decided to butcher a sheep whose milk was declining.

“Ritzhard-kun, have you ever tried sheep meat?”
“No, never.”

Unfortunately, there are no sheep back home.
I heard that the history of domesticating sheep for wool or milk goes back

11,000 years. In addition, it seems that the area in which wild sheep can live are limited.

When I learned how they butchered, it wasn't that different from what I've usually been doing so I helped them.

First, we drain their blood through their necks, and hang them by tying their hind legs. The part near the bellybutton is slit open, and the sheep in gutted. Finally, it's finished by carving the thigh meat.

"It takes about ten days to mature the sheep. Well, I do not know if it will be delicious since the species is one bred for milking."

There are sheep bred for wool, sheep bred for meat, and short-haired sheep for tropical areas. It seems that there weren't many breeds for milking before. So the taste is a mystery.

"It this region, do you have sheep meat often?"
"No, not very often."

For the sheep meat, there is 'lamb' which refers to meat from sheep in its first year, and 'mutton' which refers to meat from sheep after its second year. Mutton has a deep flavour and a good texture, but the smell is strong. Normally, it is said that mutton is not tasty, but it might be because people usually eat ones that are not refrigerated properly.

"This one was two and a half years old, so this is mutton."
"Hehh~ But it might be tasty because it's a female!"
"Right, female ones are tasty!"

Father-in-law and I got excited at a weird point.

We went to a cool storehouse to age the fresh meat, as well as take meat that is prepared.

"Ah, this looks good."
"So this is sheep-san……!"

Shoulder, spare ribs, rack, short loin, legs, arms, flanks, there are many parts. {TN: I just translated the kana readings. Any suggestions welcome.}

"Shall we have a taste?"

“Sounds good.”

We acted fast when the matter was decided.
A barrel cut in half was placed on some bricks, then gridiron was put on top.
Then a fire was lit.

“How about the shoulder.”

Though he said that it was just for tasting, what was picked was a meat with quite a bit of white parts in the meat. That is then sliced thinly, then grilled with herbs because the smell is strong.

On the heated grill, the mutton shoulder was placed. As it was heated on the fire, the white parts slowly melted and the fat started boiling. Though it is said that the meat has a bad odour, but I could only smell something delicious, maybe because of the smoky smell or because of the herbs.

“Father-in-law, it looks great!”
“Just a little more, wait.”

Waiting in front of the barrel, the two of us probably don’t look anything like a noble. Mother-in-law said that nobles should always act elegantly, but let us off the hook just this time.

“Now looks like a good time.”
“!”

The grilled meat was skewered with a stick carved out of a nearby fallen branch. I took a bite into the meat that was dripping with fat.

“Uwa, delicious!”

The sheep meat tasted surprisingly clean. The tasty is about halfway between pork and heifer beef. I couldn’t think up an adequate description. It didn’t smell. Well, this might have been because I’m used to eating game.
Father-in-law was having a little trouble. Then mother-in-law won’t like it either. Grandfather liked reindeer meat, so it might be a good idea to take some as a gift for him.

“I think Sieg will like it as well.”
“Then you can have more. Sheep meat is abundant in nutrition.”

Sheep meat does not have much animal fat, and does not fatten one much even if it’s eaten a lot. It is also abundant in iron which pregnant women lack, so it’s perfect for Sieg.

As for the sheep meat that came out for dinner, Mother-in-law did not like it as expected. And as expected Sieg liked it.
Mother-in-law said that she didn’t want more, but when father-in-law said that it was good for reducing weight she suddenly started asking more questions.

Later, the tea party was changed to a party to have sheep meat.

Author:
※ There are parasites in sheep meat, so it might be better for pregnant women to not have them. (Though they are killed off from heat.)

Raw link

<< | Project Page | >>

Additional Chapter: With Nieces!

Additional Chapter: With Nieces!

Whimsy Additional Chapter

Today we are going out with the cute girls Edelgard and Adeltraud. The destination is the shopping district in the city.

The nice girls wanted to hold a tea party and invite Sieg, so I volunteered to help out.

“Dearest Uncle, you really know how to make reception goods?”
“Of course.”

This time it wasn’t a normal tea party. We will be serving confection and jam that we made on our own, different from the nobles in the area.

As to why such a tea party was organised, it was because the princesses found a book called ‘the tea party in the little forest’.
In the story, there is an animal princess who made confectioneries with berries from the forest, and tea from wild herbs, and then invited the queen of the neighbouring forest over to a tea party. After reading that, they said that they also wanted to try such a tea party.

While browsing the plan Edelgard wrote, we went shopping.

On the picture, there is a type of round cake with the a hole in the centre, and a small baked good with two kinds of jam and fruit.

“This round cake is?”
“……Lemon pie.”
“I see.”

The usually quiet Edelgard did her best to explain. Though she said lemon pie, it seemed that it was different from the idea of pies back home. For the crust, they used one that is made by folding many layers made from flour and butter. I tilted my head when they said that it was crunchy, but I thought that there won’t be any problems if I have advice from the kitchen staff.

“For the lemon pie, lemon curd is necessary.”

“Lemon curd?”

Lemon curd is something made by clotting lemon, apparently made by heating the juice with butter, eggs and sugar.

“We have pesticide-free lemons, so they’re perfect for making lemon curd.”

Since even the peels are used, it is recommended to not have pesticide.

“Then we’ll have some please.”

Other than lemons, we bought ingredients for other jams, such as strawberries, oranges, and grapefruits for making juice. We then proceeded to other shops.

While I was talking with the shop lady, Edelgard and Adeltraud were hiding behind me. Maybe it’s the first time they were this close when they’re shopping, that they’re embarrassed.

Next we went to the a shop that handled goods for baking.
Here, we bought moulds for baking cake, tools for hollowing out the pie, and jars for jams.

“Waa, oneesama, look, it’s pretty.”

They ran around the store as if the quietness from before was a lie. There weren’t other customers, so the shop lady kindly let us pick out what we needed. Other than the tools, we also bought flour for baking, walnuts and dried figs.

After returning home, the three of us cooked. We washed our hands cleanly and then divided the work.

“Edelgard, please weigh the sugar, and Adeltraud please hull the strawberries.”

I also asked other servants to supervise their work. Though I’m not leaving the dangerous work to them, there are many sharp knives and tool as well as fire in the kitchen.

As for what I did, I brought out a pan to boil fruits to make jam.
It was a copper one I borrowed from the head chef here. The heat conduction is superb, that the fruit is boiled down very nicely.

“This is a specialised pot, called a jam bowl.”

If fruits are boiled for too long, the flavour dissipates slightly. Thus, the copper pot for making jam is an essential tool because one can cook quickly with it.

After I returned to the cooking table, I focused on making orange jam.
First, I washed the orange with lukewarm water and peeled it. The peels are also washed with lukewarm water. The peel is then thinly sliced and boiled to remove the bitter taste. In fact, only the squeezed juice is put into the pot.
After that, it’s boiled with sugar in the pot. The scum has to be removed during the process, and it’s done once the mixture becomes thick.

While I made orange jam, the sisters made strawberry jam.
Strawberries, sugar and lemon juice is put in a pot and boiled as the scum is removed, and it’s done once it has a pretty red colour.

The finished jams were then stored in sterilised jars.

Next is making fig and walnut cake. This was very simple.
The dried figs are shredded into small pieces, and the walnuts are cracked into small bits.
Butter softened in water, egg yolk, sugar are mixed, and then flour and milk are added. Once they’re mixed well, fluffy whipped egg whites are added with a wooden spatula to make them easier to break. Finally, fig shreds and walnut bits are added then the dough is poured into a mould that has plenty of butter applied, then baked.

The cake that has small grains of figs and crunchy walnuts becomes mellow if left for one day, that it becomes better than when it’s freshly baked. I asked for it to be stored somewhere where the sunlight does not reach it.

After making jams, the sisters made biscuits.
Softened butter, sugar and milk were mixed, then flour and corn flour were stirred in. The dough, once it became glossy, was stretched thinly into flower shapes. The surface was then punctured with forks to create small holes, then baked on a tray to create crispy biscuits. It’s not that sweet, so we’ll be having jam with it.

It’s over for today, and the rest will be done tomorrow. We made quite a bit of confectioneries, so I praised the princesses for that.

Th next day, we also worked before lunchtime.
First we made lemon pie.
I asked Edelgard and Adeltraud to make lemon curd.
For the crunchy pie crusts that I was making for the first time, I did it with the head chef. First, I kneaded flour and butter then added water and salt to the dough. It's mixed until the powdery texture is gone, then it's kneaded into thin pieces then left in a cool place for a while. After that, the dough is folded and bent many times to finish the crusts.

The crusts are baked in a tray like biscuits.
Then it's finished by putting lemon curd on top.

Just that, the grapefruit juice might not have got done in time, so I enlisted help.

"Somehow I made it in time! I think?"
"Dearest Uncle, this is amazing! Everything looks delicious!"

Edelgard nodded at Adeltraud's words.

I patted the angelic princesses' head to recover fatigue, then went on the final preparation.

The place for the tea party is a garden full of spring flowers.
On the table brought from the mansion, a white tablecloth was laid on top and cute cups were laid out in a line. The confectioneries were arranged on a three tiered platter and jars of jam were placed on the table with ribbons tied around them.

Cooled grapefruit juice was brought over from the kitchen. The preparations for the tea party was complete.

"Both of you, you did well!"
"……Dearest Uncle, you too."
"You did your best!"
"Is that so? I'm happy to here that."

Mufufu, we laughed and stared at the completed table.

It was almost time for the appointment, so I asked a servant to bring the guest over.

Meanwhile, I quickly changed.

“I made you wait.”

Sieglinde appeared, being towed by a servant. On her head, there was a large decoration made of eagle feathers.

“……Good afternoon. Erm, thank you for, coming.”

Edelgard had a headband that had rabbit ears.

“The Queen of Eagles, we were waiting for you!”

Adeltraud had bear ears.
Both were so cute that I wanted hug them.

We decided that we will dress up like the animals in the book. The well-made animal ears were made by my skillful mother-in-law.

“Princesses, queen, I serve you this juice of the blessings of the forest.

Today, I am a butler, wearing a tailcoat and a trendy black necktie, serving my masters and my guest.

Seeing me like that, Sieg laughed while hiding her mouth with a fan.

“Queen, is there something strange?”
“No, I just thought that the dog ears fit you well.”
“……”

It’s not a dog, but a wolf…… However, if Sieg says “Hand!” I think I would gladly offer a hand, so I couldn’t really deny that I was like a dog.

The jams and the confectionery we put effort into making received good comments. Just by seeing the princesses smiling from enjoying the baked goods, I felt happy.

In the middle, father-in-law came back from the ranch with a dog. The sisters then chased the dog around the garden.
Father-in-law ended up getting chased as well, that I ended up laughing.

“Ritz.”
“Yees.”

When I turned around to her, she beckoned for me.

Since I was a servant today, I kneeled down on one knee.

“What might it be, queen.”
“No, I just wanted to thank you.”
“What do you mean?”

When I tilted my head in wondering, Sieg thanked me for making the sisters’ dream come true.
It seemed that Edelgard and Adeltraud were very much looking forward to the tea party today.

“Here, a reward.”

Sieg put on jam on a biscuit that was broken down into bite-size, then held it out. When I opened my mouth, she put the biscuit in my mouth.

While I munched on the biscuit, Sieg patted my head with the wolf ears.

“It was nice.”
“That’s nice.”
“However,”
“?”
“I’d like something sweeter, queen.”
“?”

Sieg tilted her head and held out a jar of jam, but I shook my head.

“Please give me a kiss.”
“!”

Just from me asking for a kiss, Sieglinde’s expression changed. Maybe it was cheeky for a servant to ask for treasure worth gems. I immediately apologised.

“Erm, I overstepped my boundaries. Please forgive me.”
“No, it’s alright, but father’s gaze is.”

When I gazed into the garden, I found father-in-law looking over here.

I stood up and ran towards them while waving my hands in the air, joining them in the game of tag.

It was at night that I would receive my sweet reward.

◇◇◇

Like so, the fun tea party with my nieces ended.

[Raw link]

<< | Project Page | >>

Additional Chapter: With Pig-san!

Additional Chapter: With Pig-san!

Whimsy Additional Chapter

Today I am making ham with father-in-law.

“We will be making cured ham now. It’s not smoked.”
“Hehh~”

Unlike normal ham, non-smoked ham, called cured ham, is made without heating, that it can be stored for about three years. Unlike normal ham, it’s moist and has a deep flavour, that the melting flavour becomes unforgettable, according to father-in-law.

We will be using thigh meat. It seems that the meat was from one brought over from the ranch, and was meat that was not matured yet.
In addition, the pig was apparently a special one.

“This is a pig raised by feeding it whey.”

The whey created from cheese has many nutrients, and that carries over to the meat. In addition, it seemed like meat from pigs less than a year old were used for making cured ham.

“Since maturing is also included in the process, fresh meat less than three days old are better.”

To get rid of the blood, the meat is placed in salt water and left in a cool place. After removing the blood is done, it is rinsed again with clean water to remove the salt, then salt is added again then the meat is left for a day this time.

Next we are making pickling liquid. With this, the ham’s flavour becomes rich, and the ham can be stored for long periods.
The ingredients for the pickling liquid involve many kinds of spices, berries, salt, molasses, nitrates, water and beer. In a pot, water and three kinds of barley are added. The dried leaves, the spice, are tied and added in the middle of the process. The fine powders are wrapped in a cloth then added. Once the water started bubbling, then the other ingredients are added.

Once it’s boiled for a bit, the fire is put out and it’s left to cool for a while. The solid clotted things in the pot are sifted out and only the liquid is left.
The finished pickling liquid is then put into a large jar. There, the pork is put in after removing the salt, then left from half a month to a month in a cool place. Depending on the temperature, the pickling liquid may be spoiled, so I was told to check on it at least once a day.

Once the meat is pickled, it is taken out and hung up in the air for it to dry for two to three days.

However, this wasn’t the end.
It’s possible to eat as it is after drying, but for long-term storage more work is needed.

“On the cut surface, paste a mixture of flour, salt and water.”

With this process, the flavour of the meat improves.

“Well, it does take some time, but making cured ham is very simple. However, it may smell bad if one becomes careless.”

During the process of making ham, there was a nice ham smell. Father-in-law told me to keep that state.

Then, from the cured ham storage, father-in-law brought out a lump of ham as if he was carrying a baby.

“Father-in-law, that is!?”
“Three-year-old cured ham.”
“Wow!”

It is said that cured ham is matured from half a year to a year. However, three-year-old ones are considered rare luxuries.

I will eating such a ham with father-in-law.

With a knife, he carved out a thin slice.
The well-matured ham had white fat rising, maybe because it was exposed to higher temperature.
I put in the ham dripping with fat into my mouth.
The meaty flavour hidden in the ham was condensed along with adequate salt

and spices, spoiling my tongue. The moment I thought that, it melted away. It only took a moment.

“This is extremely delicious!”
“I see.”

We started talking about the ranch so many times.
Meanwhile, he kept giving me pieces of ham that I felt like a dog but I could not stop myself because of the taste.

“Oh, father-in-law, the precious ham is disappearing.”
“Don’t worry about it. It can’t be preserved for too long after it’s cut.”

How magnanimous.
Aa, I want to be a child of this house. How happy it would be to work at the ranch with father-in-law.

However, Sieg wanted to go the remote village so I can’t help it. In addition, I was worried about my parents.

“Come to think of it.”
“Yes?”
“Today Sieg will be socialising.”
“Yes indeed.”

We were invited to the tea party.
In panic, we returned to prepare.

◇◇◇

First I bathed, then changed into neat foreign style clothes and did my hair. When I did that, Sieg came in the room.

“Ah, Sieg!”

I ran over to Sieg who was by the door and supported her.

The child in the belly grew quite big now. It looked like she was having trouble even walking, but mother-in-law told me to not be overprotective. Thinking that it would be okay when no one else is looking, I ended up spoiling her.

“Are you alright?”
“Aa, don’t worry about me.”

In retrospect, I felt relieved that I decided to make her give birth where she's close to a hospital. The village women will help out, but doctors are the most reliable when something happens. It's the first birth, so I can't help but feel agitated.

"What should we do about the name?"
"We don't know if it's a boy or a girl yet."
"Right."

Grandfather was also looking forward to seeing the child, and came over often.

"A letter came yesterday, that grandfather is coming again."
"Really?"

At his last visit, we had a sheep festival. Though I say festival, it was just grilling mutton in the garden, but nevertheless the party heated up.

"Right, Ritz."
"Yes?"
"Why don't we let grandfather-in-law decide on the name."
"Aa, good idea."

Thus, we decided to ask grandfather for the name of our first child.

We then went to the tea party hosted by mother-in-law.
Here, I was told to act like a stoic foreigner. I have the embarrassing title of 'the Yeti of the Borderlands' so it was tactic to erase that reputation.

"My, what a strange hair colour. And what pretty eyes.

I was surrounded by mother-in-law and ladies in her age group. So I made an amiable smile. I thought that it might be hard to not speak out too much, but that was an undue worry.
Because I had to continue listening at the tea party.

"Then, it became such a hassle!"

I spent leisurely time with Sieg, just listening to the ladies talk. When I sometimes served some handmade confectionery, they praised me that it was nice for a man to know how to cook.

"My husband's hobby is only horse-riding and hunting. Not very interesting."

“I would be able to spend more time together if his hobby was baking, really.”
“I’m envious of you, Sieglinde-san.”

I did my best to not tarnish my reputation further, every day. Mother-in-law too did her best to improve my reputation, doing many things.

After everything ended, the nighttime was the only time we could relax.

“Are you tired from dealing with all those ladies?”
“Yes, it’s an impossible task.”

When I said that, Sieg smiled.

Without a warning, I grabbed her hand and kissed her fingers.

Then I brushed back her hair, and caressed her cheek. Sieg’s expression softened, and she closed her grey eyes.

Even though I love her, I can’t burden Sieg too much.

“Sieg, I love you.”

So, I just whispered words of love into her ears.

Like so, our life in this foreign land continued.

Raw link

Additional Chapter: With the Ossans!

With the Ossans![1]

Whimsy Additional Chapter

Today, I have a drinking party with father-in-law's friends. Father-in-law was looking forward to it very much, preparing special smoked meat and alcohol. As for me, I pickled fish I caught from the nearby river. This was the one that Sieg said went best with alcohol.

The location of the feast is the tool shed at the ranch. To not get caught by mother-in-law or a brother-in-law's wife, we proceeded quietly. However, since we will be cooking, we left a window open.

There were about three ranch owners gathered here. They were all around father-in-law's age. The men in this area are usually stoic, but these ossans had really cheerful temperaments that one might suspect that were already very drunk.

The table was full with dishes and ingredients that people brought over. Sausages, ham, beer, fruit wine, roasted nuts and dried fish. Everything looked nice.

Amongst that, one guy who had a large leather bag laid it down proudly.

"Look at this, I just caught them a while ago."

From the bag, a small beast I never saw before came out. It looked a little similar to a wolverine.

"What might this be?"
"Ou, these are badgers (Dachs). They ruin our fields, so we hunt them already in early spring."
"Hehh~"

Indeed, the two badgers, despite having just finished hibernating, had plump bodies and shining fur.

"These are delicious."

Ooh, that really piques my interest.
It seemed like they were going to butcher it, so when I said I was going to do it outside, they became surprised. They were even more surprised when father-in-law said, “my son-in-law is from a hunting people.”

“You’re that thin, but you’re quite tough. Amazing.”

I waved my hand that it was not not the case while smiling thinly, and left the shed.

I felt disappointed at my thin arms.
The people here were tall, and maybe because it was easier for them to gain muscles, they had stocky builds as well. On the other hand, I wasn’t that tall, nor did I have muscles. If I have a muscular body like those ossans, I wonder if Sieg will say, “What a dependable man! Splendid! Hug me!” While getting delusional about such a pointless thing, I walked over to the slaughterhouse.

To butcher the badgers, I skewered their legs together and hung them. It seemed the blood was already removed properly. It would be an easy job.

First, I placed a bowl under the badgers and started skinning them from their feet.
Badger skin was tougher than I expected. If I didn’t put enough strength into it, the knife did not go through. Maybe because it was eating nice things, the fur was fluffy. It might be good for making into a nice hat with a tail decoration. To process them later, I laid them out and left them in a cool and dark place.

The exposed badger meat were covered in plenty of fat. The red bit peeking out had a pink shade. It didn’t smell.
I cut off the toes and cut their bellies open. When I took out the organs, some were still warm. Seems like they are creatures with high body temperature. I then butchered them by parts and placed them on a platter.
After all the work was done, I washed my hands and picked some herbs in the area as I returned to the feast.

“Ritzhard-kun, thank you.”
“No, I’m used to it.”

While the room was being filled with smoke, various ingredients were being cooked on a gridiron.

“Ooh, you did it neatly.”

The person who caught the badgers happily received the meat and the herbs I picked. He applied the herbs on the meat and plopped some on the gridiron in a very lively manner.

Juwa~ The grilling meat made such a sound. The badger meat did not have the exotic smell of wild game.
From the meat, the fat dripped from the meat and an aromatic fragrance rode the wind. Once the meat was cooked well, it was finished by dashing on a bit of salt.

“Here, have a taste.”
“Thank you.”

I politely received the dish with the grilled meat.
Since the meat was not matured yet and stiff, the meat was a little tough. However, it had a nice chewing texture, that it was pretty good. Biting into it filled the mouth with the flavour of the meat, and then the nose was filled with the wild flavour of the beast. The crisply grilled meat went well with beer. The fat was sweet, and it was not sticky. It was a very delicious meat.

“It tastes the best when made into soup.”
“!”

If I hear that, I can’t help but make it. I got the recipe and promptly stood up to go out and make badger soup.

At father-in-law’s ranch, there is a small kitchen so that one can snack whenever. There are also simple ingredients and vegetables stored.

First, the badger ribs were used to get the soup. Since the fat was also a major source of the flavour, those were added in as well. Once it started boiling, I added herbs and vegetables to remove the flavour. I removed the scum druing the cooking process. Once the murky soup became clear, I used a sieve to filter all the content in the pot.
In the clear soup, I added in diced badger meat, as well as root vegetables and mushrooms.
Scum started rising again, so I worked hard to remove them. Finally, the badger soup is completed by adding spices. I decided to take the whole pot to share

with everyone.

“This is amazing stuff!”

It seemed that the badger soup was new for father-in-law as well, since his eyes went wide open.
The clear soup had a deep flavour, and the vegetables had that soaked in them, pleasing the taste buds with rich flavour. I had put in so much fat, yet it was not sticky. It was refreshing.

It seems that badgers did not smell because they are not omnivorous, eating honey, fruits and berries. Since they are tastier than the frequently appearing boars, there are many hunters aiming for them.

The two badgers disappeared quickly. I thought that they would be tastier if they are aged, but they are rare so I gave up.

We continued to feast on sausages and ham, and drank. The place became lively with various topics.

Amongst the topic, the ossans’ showed the most interest in my life in the remote land.
Winter hunting and making preserved food for the polar nights. Gathering the blessings of the forest in spring, the white nights of summer, and the berry picking war of the ladies. When I said that we make whatever we need, they were surprised.

“You even make alcohol.”
“Yes. Buying might be cheaper, but we have time to make them.”

It’s an age old habit to make what we can even if it’s a hassle. We buy the least possible from the merchants. That thought was growing out among the younger generations, but I personally think that the skills to make things are useful.

“Haah, whatta surprise!”

Hearing my story about alcohol, the ossans were surprised. They also seem to make alcohol as a hobby. However, they said that it’s just buying ingredients from the liquor shop.

“The aprikose drink we made last year were great.”

Made from dried apricots, apparently. It seems that dried fruits make the drink sweeter and deepen the flavour.

Other than that, they also make medicinal alcohol from herbs for their health.

“Those ain’t alcohol. They’re medicine.”
“Course they are.”

Herbs and nuts, they use many things. I learned a lot.

“In my village, we usually have berry liqueur. Sometimes we make alcohol out of fruits merchants sell.”
“Hoh, here berry liqueur has a higher grade.”
“I see.”

Back home, I was taught to use only fresh berries to make alcohol, so I never thought of using dried fruits or herbs for alcohol.

“Sounds great. I want to try making them. I think that alcohol is best when handmade.”

When I murmured that, father-in-law proposed something.

“Ritzhard-kun, why don’t I make various kinds of alcohol and send them over later?”

He also told me to not worry about the shipping fees while patting my shoulder.

“Then, I’d like to shop for ingredients at the market with Sieg.”

It’s Sieg who drinks more. If there’s something she prefers, I’d make alcohol out of those.

◇◇◇

In this way, the curtains fell on the feast with the ossans as the party heated up to the climax.

The badger meat I had for the first time were delicious and I learned many things, so the drinking party was worthwhile.

Author:
I think the tanuki (raccoon dog) soup in Japanese folktales are made from

badgers. (Tanuki meat smell too much.)

Raw link

1 ‘ossan’ means middle-aged man in Japanese.

Additional Chapter: With Sieglinde!

Additional Chapter: With Sieglinde!

Whimsy Additional Chapter

Today, I am going with out with Sieg after a long time.
I recently learned how to make alcohol from father-in-law's friends, so I asked if she wanted to go get some ingredients.

According to mother-in-law, adequate exercise helps improve the pregnant woman's mood. She went out on strolls to the garden or to the nearby forest, but it was the first time we went out to the streets like this.

In the morning, the market is crowded with people so we headed for the less crowded shopping district.

Today the weather is good. The breeze brushes on the cheeks gently, perfect for taking a stroll.

"Hey."
"What is it?"
"We're finally alone together."

For the past few days, I couldn't be with Sieg. So it was nice that I could be with her without having to look out for her family.

I was walking with a loose smile while staring at Sieg, that I was scolded to look in front of me while walking. I apologised and shot sideway glances at her.

On the way, we took the carriage halfway through, getting off a small distance away from the shopping district to enjoy a relaxing stroll.

When I arrived, the shopping district just opened, that there weren't many people. Since it looked like we would be able to enjoy our shopping trip slowly we walked while chatting.

"We're buying ingredients for alcohol, yes?"
"Right. Though, I'm planning on buying things to make preserved food."

Recently, I learned of a preserved food called 'chutney' from a friend of father-

in-law's. It's something like a jam that is loved in the Middle East.
It is make by boiling fruits and vegetables with spices. It can be preserved for up to three months. It can be used as condiment for soup, or it can be just eaten as a spread on bread.

"I want to try making berry spreads and peanut spread."

The peanut spread that was served for breakfast was delicious, so I wanted to try making it.

When we arrived at the street lined with many stores, mountains of various fruits and vegetables came into our sight.

"Ah, Sieg, there's a strange fruit!"

I went over excitedly, but the price was not cheap. The colourful fruit was from Southern Europe, that it was relatively expensive.

The shopkeeper recommended cherries (kirsche) for this season. The round red fruits were shining like gems.

"Cherry alcohol looks good as well, with that neat colour."
"If you're talking about about cherries, then there's kirschwasser."
"Ah, the thing in the black forest cake (Schwarzwälder Kirschtorte)."

Kirschwasser is used in cakes. Called cherry water, it has a clear shade, but it is also referred to as 'the fiery alcohol' from its high alcohol content. I recall getting teary-eyed when I tried some from curiosity.

"Right, how about making cake."

Sieg likes cherry cake, and the nieces also said that they preferred cakes made using fresh fruit than preserved fruit, so I thought that it would be a good idea. Since the cherries were a local product in season, they were cheap. I bought large amounts and asked them to be delivered to the Count's mansion.

Also, we received allowance from father-in-law for things such as berries, mushrooms, fruits and vegetables, so I bought up all the things I was curious about.

Then, we got a bit hungry, so I decided to buy some currywurst from a stall in the park.

“I’ll go buy something to drink! You can start eating first~.”

The currywurst stall only had beer. Since the people here drank that like water, they didn’t have other things. When I walked a bit, there was a stall selling cooled fruit juice so I bought two of them.

While I was walking back with quick steps, I was talked to.

“Mister, how about some flowers?”

An elderly lady selling flowers called me over. Then I saw a bright red flower. It seemed like they were grown in the shopkeeper’s garden.

“Your love will like it if you gift them these.”
“Then I’ll take ten.”

Since they were surprisingly cheap, I ended up buying them on impulse. The shopkeeper neatly trimmed the stalks and made a bouquet, tying a ribbon around.

With a bouquet in my hand, I jogged back to the bench where Sieg was waiting.

“Thanks for waiting!”
“Aa, sorry about that.”
“No, this is nothing~.”

I held out one of the juice I bought.

“Oh, you waited without eating.”
“I was watching children play.”

Nearby, little children were shouting about and playing. When I thought that I would be having new family like those children, I felt a warm sensation in my heart.

“Not too long to go.”

I squatted down in front of Sieg and talked to our child.

“Also,”
“?”

Taking this as an opportunity, I gave her the bouquet I had behind my back.

“This is my feelings for you. Please accept them.”

I was being serious, but Sieg laughed.

“Sieg……”
“But it’s like you’re asking my hand in marriage.”

It was embarrassing for some reason, so I sat down on the bench and opened the wooden lid on the juice, handing one to Sieg and drinking one for myself.

From the sweet smell, my stomach complained that it was hungry. The sausage with the tingling spice, the currywurst went cold, but the food from its birthplace was still delicious. It did not compare to the one we ate at the festival back in my country.

The two of us ate silently.
I didn’t get full, but I wasn’t hungry anymore.

After that, we went further into the city.

“Here, there are many butcheries.”

I was surprised at the number of butcheries at the street. There were many butcheries here, sometimes lining on one side of a street.

“As I expected, there aren’t any places that have reindeer meat.”
“Indeed.”

I missed reindeer meat a little, so I went around, but no stores had them. The butcheries had beef and pork, but no meat that was loved in Northern European countries.

“Sieg, do you want to return quickly?”
“Yes. How about Ritz?”
“Hmm, I wonder. I quite like this place. However, I am worried about my parents so we have to return.”

I was happy that Sieg liked my homeland, so I returned those words.

The somewhat crowded park was no longer crowded since it was now lunchtime. The children playing in front of our eyes also went back home for lunch.

Next to me, Sieg was enjoying the smell of the rose.

“Hey, Sieglinde.”
“Hm?”
“Do you know the language of the flower for red roses?”
“No.”

I put an arm around Sieg’s shoulders and closed in, and whispered in her ears.

“I love you.”
“!”

When I said that, Sieg’s cheeks also dyed into a red shade like the roses.

While loving my wife who was being embarrassed, I enjoyed the refreshing early summer afternoon.

◇◇◇

When I returned home, the vegetables and fruits bought from the stores were already delivered. The butler asked what we wanted for lunch, but I told him that there was no need to prepare since I wanted to cook with Sieg.
As we talked together, we started missing the life in the remote land so we decided to cook after a long time.

We borrowed a corner of the kitchen and started cooking.

“Today we are making reindeer soup! Or so I want to say, but since we don’t have them we’re making sheep meatball soup.”
“Alright.”

For the meat, we are using sheep, which are the latest trend here at the County. I minced the meat with two knives. I asked Sieg to peel the vegetables.
In the pot, rolled barley, which is dried and crushed barley, were being boiled. The butcher told me that mixing them with meatballs added a unique texture.
I added minced meat and spices to a bowl and kneaded until they became sticky. In the end, I added rolled barley and shaped them into round balls.
While I made meatballs, Sieg added root vegetables and herbs to the pot and boiled them. Once they boiled, she added powdered chilli peppers and small tomatoes and continued to boil.
Finally, we added in meatballs and boiled them at a high temperature. I removed

the scum and boiled the soup until it had pretty red shade. Then, ‘tomato sheep meatball with rolled barly soup’ is complete.

I got some bread to eat with the soup.

I glanced at Sieg as she sipped a bit with her finger. From her expression, I could tell that it was delicious.

“Ritz, you really do cook well.”
“Right~?”

Because I was praised, my cheeks went loose into a grin.
I wanted to stare at Sieg eating, but since I felt that I would be scolded again I decided to have a taste.

The meatball with rolled barley as the butcher recommended had a texture I never tasted before. The barley had a chewiness. The soup had seeped well into the soup, accenting the flavour of the meatballs.
The fresh tomato and chilli soup was adequately sour and spicy, with an indescribable aftertaste. The root vegetables that were in season were also great.

We had about two bowls, filling ourselves until we were full, after a long time.

“I feel drowsy, somewhat.”
“How about a nap?”
“Is that really okay, getting this lax.”
“It’s okay. You worked plenty.”

I accepted her hospitality, spending rest of the afternoon lazing about in the room.

Today, Sieg went out after a long time and we even cooked together. Today was a very satisfying day.

Raw link

Translator: Sorry for not translating as much this weekend. I’m getting much busier recently. Hopefully I will be able to upload at least one chapter a day. ~~I’m saying this when I uploaded this chapter on Monday not Sunday.~~

Additional Chapter: With Grandfather!

Additional Chapter: With Grandfather!

Whimsy Additional Chapter

Today I am making alcohol. I sterilised the bottles yesterday by boiling them, and all the ingredients were already prepared. Upon seeing the great amount of clear spirits I bought, I felt an indescribable sensation that I usually went through a very troublesome process to make less than third the amount.

I rolled up my sleeves and promptly began work.

The thing I am making today is dried apricot liqueur, as recommended by a friend of father-in-law's.
The apricots are wiped clean with a wet cloth then put into a bottle. Then I added peeled lemons and apricot kernels. Apricot kernels have an effect of accenting the alcohol's flavour, giving fragrance.
The lemons and apricot kernels that have been left for a month will be taken out of the alcohol, then the liqueur will be only made with the apricot. It can finally be drunk after a year.
The other dried good I will use are plums (pflaume). The sweetness is rich and the resulting alcohol will have a deep flavour.
In addition, the used fruit can be used for baked goods. This alcohol takes about half a year to make.

Next is fresh fruit. I especially used citrus fruits that I can't find in my homeland. I gradually peeled them and put them in bottles.

I completed about ten bottles, but there were still empty bottles and more ingredients.
How about making mushroom wine as an adventure next~ while I was thinking that, Sieg entered the room.

"Oh, what is it, Seiglinde."
"No, I just thought that I should help, but I see that you're almost done."
"Yup. But there's still more to go."
"Then, will you try this as well?"

Sieg held out the roses I gave her recently.

“Alcohol from that?”
“Aa, don’t you think it can work?”

Sieg wanted to keep the flower intact, so she sought advice from the gardner. She was told to dry the flower, but she gave up upon hearing that the colour changed.

“So, I asked the kitchen staff, and they told me that it is possible to get a vivid shade using alcohol.”
“I see!”

Then, to make rose liqueur, Sieg and I got down to work.
First the rose petals are wiped clean. With a cloth wetted with alcohol, we sincerely wiped them, petal by petal. Like other alcohols, it’s made by putting in ice and alcohol with the petals into a bottle.

“I reckon it should be done in about three months.”
“I see. Then, the child should be born so I will be able to drink.”
“Well, drink in moderation~”

Though saying that’s not very convincing when just I made lots of alcohol.

“It’s fine with just looking at the completed product.”
“The colour is nice after all.”
“It’s the crystallisation of love from Ritz.”
“Uwa, you’re embarrassing me. I can’t taste it then.”
“Then I’ll taste it alone.”

I didn’t think Sieg would be this happy about the roses, so I felt both embarrassed and pleased at the same time.

“Sieg, do you have some free time?”
“Aa. I don’t have other businesses.”
“Then, can you help me with making alcohol to give as a gift to grandfather?”
“Alright.”

For grandfather, I prepared medicinal alcohol using herbs. I want him to live long, so I chose ones that are good for the health.

“We’ll be using this~”
“Those are one of the flowers you picked in the morning.”
“Right!”

The ingredient is chamomile I picked on the morning stroll with Edelgard and Adeltraud. They were blooming in the garden. Half were used for tea, and the rest are used for alcohol.
The part we use is only the tipped petals. The rest are used also for feeding the animals at the ranch, so I stored those away.
The clipped chamomiles are rinsed. After that, they are left in a well-ventilated place to dry.
The work is done by placing the dried petals in a bottle then pouring clear spirit into the bottle. Then it is left for about three weeks, then the contents are sifted. It’s drunk a month after that, or so I heard. It seems like it will turn into a nice amber shade.

“Chamomile alcohol is good for calming, skin moisture, recovering fatigue, and for insomnia. Because,”

Chamomile is a herb that has a refreshing taste like apples. When put in alcohol, the fragrance increases manifolds. That is all, all that I heard from the gardener.

Three weeks later, I filtered the contents in the alcohol and put the drink in a sterilised bottle.

Today, grandfather will be coming over so I made plans to dine with him and Sieg, the three of us together.
We still had time, so I rested while enjoying herb tea the nieces made.

“Uncle, I made snacks with oneesama.”
“Uwa, looks delicious.”

The two of them made muffins with chamomile in them. They apparently learned it from the cook.

“We crushed the tea leaves and mixed them in milk and flour.”

While still excited, the nieces went on about their experience in making snacks. Well, the chamomile tea has a calming effect, so I poured some and dropped in a

flower steeped in sugar.

“What a nice scent.”

I took a bite out of a muffin, and had a sip of tea. I felt calmer from the taste. It was as if it healed me.

“……Uncle, how is it?”
“Delicious. Thank you, Edelgard, Adeltraud.”

The two angelic nieces smiled dazzlingly and said, “We’ll bake some again!”

Uncle is very happy.

◇◇◇

After the fun teatime, it was time to dress up. I dried my hair properly after taking bath. I then braided my hair, splitting my hair into three ends to do so.

“Ritz, are you ready?”
“Ye~s, wait a bit more~”

I opened the door and greeted Sieg.

Sieg had a bright red dress on. Seeing her all dressed up, I ended up sighing.

“Sieg, you look amazing.”
“That’s nice.”

She had makeup on, so I couldn’t kiss her on the cheek. Instead, I kissed the back of her hand.
I wanted to bring her inside and just appreciate her beauty, but I heard the footsteps of a servant heading here.

“Looks like grandfather-in-law has arrived.”
“I see. Then I’ll get going.”

I took the bottle of chamomile liqueur wrapped in cloth to the dining room.

I was seeing him after a month. He was the ever energetic man.

“Sorry for making you come over every time.”
“It’s not like I’m coming for you so don’t mind it.”
“Haha, of course.”

And his biting remarks were ever the same.

“Ah, I made this with Sieg……”

I showed him the chamomile liqueur.

“What’s this?”
“Chamomile liqueur. We made this using the flowers picked from the garden. It’s good for your health.”

I explained that it should be drunk after two months, and in small amounts as medicine.

Then, we exchanged conversation about our recent happenings. The topics were endless, but I brought up the important request before I could forget.

“So, I have a request for grandfather.”
“What, do you need allowances?”
“No, no that sort.”

I exchanged gazes with Sieg who was sitting next to me, and said what was on my mind to grandfather.

“I was wondering if you could name our first child.”
“Ha?”
“We decided together, the two of us. I hope you can consider it.”

Sieg also pleaded to grandfather.

“Grandfather-in-law, we’re sorry that we’re requesting this so late.”
“Don’t mind such a trivial thing……, haa, are you really asking for that?”
“Yes. May I ask you to do it?”
“Well, hmm, let’s see.”

Grandfather looked troubled from the sudden wish. Since the delivery was scheduled to be sometime soon, there isn’t much time to think, but nevertheless I pleaded him.

“Grandfather, if it’s too much,”
“N-No, too much, as if that’s the case at all!”
“Is that so?”
“Aa, just wait a bit. I’ll be back again…… mu, Sieglinde, when is the delivery?”

“In about two weeks.”
“I see. —Umu. There’s no problem. Leave it to me.”
“Grandfather, really!?”
“You’re noisy. ……We don’t know if it will be a boy or a girl, so I’ll think up names for both.”
“Grandfather, thank you!”
“Grandfather-in-law, thank you very much!”

I felt relieved that he gladly accepted the request.

Two weeks later, grandfather gave the great name of Arno to our newborn child.

Once Sieglinde’s condition recovers after her delivery, it would then be time to say goodbye to the people of House Wattin that I have been with for half a year.

Raw link

<< | Project Page | >>

Additional Chapter: With Ritzhard!

Additional Chapter: With Ritzhard!

Whimsy Additional Chapter

Author:

From Sieglinde's point of view.

After spending more than half a year in my homeland, I safely delivered my child. The recuperation was also over, so all that was left to move back to the village. However, something unexpected happened.

"What do you mean by going home, isn't it okay to stay a bit more."
"No, my body is alright now, so I want to return as soon as possible."
"But still,"

The person pestering me is father. While holding his grandson in his arms, he was insisting that I stay here a bit more.

"Hey, Ritzhard-kun!"
"Eh!? A, u, u~n."

To father who was desperately pleading, Ritzhard made a troubled expression. I wonder if he thought of attacking my husband if I didn't give in. What a wily father. I was astounded.

"Father, can you stop harassing Ritzhard?"
"What are you talking about. I'm not harassing him."

Apparently, father couldn't see Ritz looking down and fidgeting.

"To begin with,"
"W-What is it? What kind of daughter are you, to look down at your parent from above!"

I stood up and looked down upon father. That was all I did, yet he embraced Arno tightly to protect him. It was almost as if I was the villain here, that I ended up snorting.

"Father, when I was being married off, you saw me off with a smile, yet when

you part with RItz and Arno, you're trying your best to dissuade us."
"U!"
"Are you thinking that your son-in-law and your grandson are cuter than your own daughter?"
"Uu!"

Frankly, father dotes on Ritz too much. He likes Arno as well.
Ritz gladly helped out with the ranch, and thanks to his kind and honest personality he got along well with father.
Arno also followed father well, maybe because he took after Ritz.
Babies in this phase are quite shy and dislike people other than their parents hugging them, sometimes even crying, but Arno behaves well with anyone. He even giggles when he is cradled. Even father can't bear the cuteness of my son.

"Sieg, calm down. Father-in-law, you too."

Ritz held my hand and sat down near me.

"Father-in-law, I do feel sorry that I am leaving arbitrarily when we have been in your care for so long."
"N-No, that's,"
"You can come visit us again to pay with Arno and Sieg. Father in law, you are welcome any time."
"U, un, alright……"

In the end, father conceded from Ritz's words.

After convincing father was over, I breathed out a sigh of relief.

"Sieg, it's nice that father-in-law is understanding."
"Aa, indeed."

I laughed as I patted my son.
Being cradled by Ritz, Arno was laughing as well.

"He's enjoying seeing Sieg…… Haa, our child really is cute~"

While smiling, Ritz cradled Arno even more.

"Really, it's as you say."

Both my husband and my son are cute. Just from watching the two of them, I

felt healed.

I gently stroked Arno's soft white hair, then I caressed the fringe of Ritz's hair as well.

"I-It feels like even I'm getting pampered."
"You're not wrong about that."
"As I thought?"
"Do you dislike it?"
"N~o, rather it's even cuter. Right, Arno?"

He said such a thing, so to the snow fairy in front of me I presented him a kiss filled with love.

◇◇◇

I didn't think there would be this much trouble over us returning home. However, we still had people we had to persuade.

"—So, this time, we have to inform Edelgard and Adeltraud."
"Wa-Waaoh!"

My nieces were following Ritz well. They definitely will cry.
A few days, I asked my brother to tell them that we will be returning home. However, he just came up to me and said, "I couldn't do it because it would be too sad."

"How should we explain this to them."
"Hmm. Saying farewell is hard."

If possible, we did not want to have a sad farewell. However, we didn't know what we should do.

"Ah, right."
"Do you have an idea?"
"An idea, well, I'm thinking of telling them the day after tomorrow on the picnic."
"Right. It is better to tell them quicker."

We quickly decided the plan: going out to buy the necessary goods for the picnic tomorrow, and cooking in the morning the day after.

The next day, Ritz and I went to the shopping district to buy goods. As for Arno, we asked mother to take care of him.

"Are these okay for ingredients?"
"Aa, that's the stuff."

I checked if what I picked were the same things written on a piece of paper, then left the luggage to the servants.

"Now, we should buy gifts for Edelgard and Adeltraud."
"Right."

Ritz and I decided that we should give them something when we parted.

"It's hard, I don't know what girls like."
"It is difficult."
"What did Sieg want when you were a little girl?"
"……Model guns."
"A, okay."

What I used to want probably won't make the sisters happy.
Dolls, stuffed toys, toy houses……, father-in-law are buying those, so I don't think they will be that happy.

"How about books?"
"Ah, that might be a good……"
"Sieg, is there something wrong?"

My gaze rested on the creature at the store window.
White fluffy fur, big round eyes, and a kind-looking face that seemed to smile when our gazes met.

"Ritzhard!"
"Yes?"

I pointed to the creature at the window for my husband to see.

"It's similar."
"To what?"
"Ritz is similar to the dog."
"I see~ So we'll give them this?"

“A-Aa.”

I was a bit curious, or rather quite curious so I decided to enter the store and listen to the shopkeeper.

“This one’s called Samoyed. A dog breed born in a cold country of Central Europe.”

Samoyeds are good supporting animals in living in snowy countries. It can herd livestock, pull sleds and listens to orders well.

“However, it does not have aggressive hunting instincts, and has a gentle personality. It’s kind so it is also loved as a pet to play with.”
“I see.”

The face that looks like it’s smiling is apparently called ‘the Samoyed smile’. The more I looked at it, the more I thought that it was similar to Ritzhard.

“Ritz, let’s buy this dog.”
“Are you planning on taking this back home?”
“No, this will be a gift for Edelgard and Adeltraud.”

Though it might not make for a guard dog, it might make for a good friend. I can leave the training to father.

“Is that okay?”
“Yes. It’s a good idea.”

Thus, we had new family.

◇◇◇

The day of the picnic.
Ritz, the sisters, and I woke up early to make boxed lunches.
Today, my parents as well as my brother and his wife are coming as well. We’re just going to a field of flowers nearby, but somehow it became a large occasion.

We enlisted the help of servants for making lunch. Thanks to everyone’s cooperation, we were somehow able to finish everything.

When the position of the sun was high, the group proceeded to the forest.

“My, look, Aunt Sieglinde, there are pretty flowers.”

“Indeed.”
“Oneesama, what are these called?”
“……Meadowsweet.”
“Or so.”

Adeltraud handed over flowers that fit Ritz who was like fluffy snow very well. Having received them, Ritz buried his nose in the flowers, saying, “What a lovely smell. They smell like almonds~,” in a carefree manner.

When we walked a little further, we arrived at a field of flowers in full bloom. There we chased each other around, playing around, then we decided to have lunch.

The lunch my nieces made received a positive response. My parents and my brother and his wife also enjoyed them. Seeing that, the sisters smiled brightly.

After lunch, we made wreaths out of flowers. After seeing mother and sister-in-law making them, Ritzhard also tried making some. I ended up laughing at how he failed to read the mood and made better ones than everyone else. The face that father made when he received the ones made by my nieces also induced laughter.

The pleasant time passed quickly.

Ritzhard told the young sisters that he had something to tell them.

“The two of you, can I have some of your time.”
“My, Uncle Ritzhard.”
“……”
“Truth be told, we have to return to our country.”
“Pardon?”
“……”

From hearing Ritzhard’s words, Edelgard hid her face while Adeltraud made a dejected expression.
We were spending a pleasant time just up until now. I felt sorry.

“W-WHy?”
“……”
“The two of you, I am really sorry. We have to return to our country.”

“No, no!”

Adeltraud hugged me with teary eyes. Every time she asked us to not go, I felt a pain in my chest.

“Th-there still are many things we have to do, we have to play, no, no.”

At these times, I don’t know what to say. I wanted to hug Edelgard as well, who is standing alone a little distance away, but I couldn’t move.

What should I do, I was thinking, when I was startled by a calm voice.

“……Can’t, Adeltraud.”

Edelgard gently patted Adeltraud and spoke to her.

“B-But I’ll miss him.”
“……Take a look at Uncle Ritzhard.”
“Pardon?”
“Doesn’t he look pale?”
“H-How come?”

Edelgard whispered softly that other people won’t here.

“……Summer.”
“Summer?”
“……He’s receiving sunlight, so.”
“Pardon?”
“……We know that uncle is not a normal person.”

At Edelgard’s words, Adeltraud looks like she realised something.

Come to think of it, the young sisters believe that Ritzhard is the snow fairy.

“……If the sunlight is too strong, uncle will melt away. The snow fairy can’t endure the summer heat here. Are you okay with uncle disappearing?”
“N-No!”
“……Then we shouldn’t stop him.”

Adeltraud wipes her tears away and split from me.

“Uncle, are you okay!?”
“U, un, I’m alright.”

“You have to return to your country quickly!”
“Right.”

Ritzhard hugged the amiable sisters and thanked them.

◇◇◇

“Father-in-law, mother-in-law, thank you for taking care of us.”
“A, aa, stay healthy, Ritzhard-kun, Arno, Sieglinde.”

Even the dog saw us off.
Moreover, the name given is ‘Ritz’. I’m sure they’ll cherish him like they loved Ritzhard.

“Sieg, support Ritzhard-san well.”
“Aa, I got it.”

In this stay, I could even show my child to my parents. From this scenery that I could not imagine when I was an army, I felt somewhat embarrassed.

“Arno-chan, I’ll be going over next time.”
“……With the doggy Ritz-chan.”

It was nice that we could say goodbye with smiles.

It was a relief that we could part without any regrets.

Thus, we returned.
Our life in the snow country will soon resume.

Additional Chapters finished.

Author:
Next we have requested chapters.

Raw link

The Splendid Snow Fairy’s Exploit!?

The Splendid Snow Fairy’s Exploit!?

Requested Chapter

This is a requested work.
The time period is after Arno’s birth and before the couple return home.

Recently, Sieg’s eighth brother looked depressed.

“Welcome back.”
“Ah, yes. I have, returned now.”

The brother-in-law’s name is Ewald von Wattin. He’s single and is a soldier. Recently, his place of duty was moved to his homeland Thüringen, so he had returned to the mansion, but for the past few days he looked enervated. Even when father-in-law asked, he only said, “There’s nothing wrong,” and did not reveal why he was depressed.

I was pondering what I should do, but I could not get any good ideas.

“If you leave him alone, he will recover.”
“U~n, really~?”

Sieg replied as she was breastfeeding Arno.

“Ritz”
“What is it?”
“Don’t needlessly bother yourself with brother.”
“Eh, okay?”

When I approached Sieg for the whole story, I noticed that Arno who was having milk had stopped moving his lips. So I cradled him and gently patted his back. I then heard a “kefu~” sound, a satisfied sigh.

Now that he was full, Arno looked drowsy, so when I sang an adequate lullaby while rocking him he fell asleep in minutes. He really is a baby that is not bothersome.

I put Arno, who was sleeping peacefully, into a cradle and put a blanket over

him. His soft sleeping face was so good that I thought that I would not tire from watching it.

“By the way, are your breasts alright?”

I remembered father-in-law saying that when women breastfeed after birth their breasts may hurt and milk might not come out, so I asked her.

“Doesn’t seem like a problem now.”
“I see.”

A while ago, I learned how to massage the breasts if the milk would not come out well from a passing midwife.

“Well, that’s how it is, so please tell me if there are any problems.”
“No, I can do that by myself, so won’t you tell me the method?”
“Eh!?”
“I don’t really think that Ritz needs to do that.”

No no, no way!!
To make a wife be alone when she is in pain, that’s something the worst brute would do. Spouses should share their feelings in pain or in joy.

I had listened to the method of massaging breasts for lactation with great resolve.
It was three hour lecture. The part on the method took only ten minutes, and for the rest I endured having to humour the ladies in their gossips, to learn the method.

“I definitely do not have any ulterior motives in massaging your breasts!”
“……”
“I am doing everything out of consideration for Arno and Sieglinde.”
“……”

It was scary getting glared at, so I promptly explained the method.

“Ah, come to think of it, we digressed from the topic of your brother.”
“Yes we did.”

It seemed like Sieg was not amused since I was worrying about brother-in-law too much.

“Ritz is too much of a philanthropist.”
“No, Arno and Sieg are the most important in the world.”
“I wonder about that.”

There is a reason I am this worried for Sieg’s eighth brother.

“That brother-in-law has the face closest to Sieg’s, that when he makes a sad expression it bothers me.”
“So that’s what it was.”

When I first met him, I was very surprised. Other than him being the smallest in size among the brothers, brother-in-law was the spitting image of Sieg.

“For some reason, it feels as though Sieg is depressed~ or so I felt.”

However, my brother-in-law did not tell us the reason for his depression.

“Then, we will hear the details by getting him drunk.”
“Ohh!”

Like so, the plan to gather information by getting brother-in-law drunk was conceived.

◇◇◇

Few days later.
Before his vacation ended, we invited brother-in-law and father-in-law for a drinking party.

“Ah, sorry about this. Gathering together for me.”

Brother-in-law spoke softly and politelyy, betraying his raptor-like appearance. Sieg continuously filled brother-in-law’s glass with drinks of high alcohol content, urging him to drink more and more.

Even though they were siblings, their alcohol resistance did not seem to be the same. Brother-in-law’s face reddened within minutes, and he became very talkative.

Father-in-law took that as an opportunity to ask.

“So Ewald, will you not tell us why you are so depressed recently? All the family are worried for you.”

At father-in-law's words, brother-in-law hesitated, but a moment later he opened his tightly sealed lips.

"To be frank, a woman is courting me persistently……"

He said that he was in a pickle because she forced her favour on him every day when he is hectic trying to keep up with his new post. Also, since he thought that his family would say, "Marry away!" he did not tell us.

"Ewald, do you not like that woman?"
"It is not a question of like or dislike. I want to focus on work now."

I see.
That really is a difficult problem, I thought.

"Brother-in-law, so what you want is time, isn't it?"
"I suppose. Maybe for half a year."

While listening to his story, I thought that I was a lucky person for being able to marry when I proposed without reading the mood because I fell in love with her at first sight.

Sieglinde, my goddess.
I vowed in my head to continue my deep devotion towards her.

I glanced at Sieg. She was staring worriedly at brother-in-law, and I could also see that she really wanted to solve his problem.

"Hmm. It would be nice if there would be a method to stop that lady."

Father-in-law also shut his mouth with a troubled expression.
It seems that problems between men and women are deep. It probably is dangerous to rashly reach out.

"How about introducing someone as a lover?"
"!"

Immediately, the sharp gazes of the people of House Wattin pierced me.
It was a little intimidating, but I leaned in and explained my idea in detail.

"For example, have someone act as a lover, and ask that lady to say, "He is my lover." Since it's not a fiancée, wouldn't it be more acceptable if he becomes available again in half a year?"

Was it too much of an easygoing way of thinking? While trembling slightly from them narrowing their eyes, I waited for their response.

“Ritzhard-kun, that is a brilliant idea!”
“Eh?”
“That method won’t worsen the relations either.”
“Really?”
“Thank you, Ritzhard-san!”
“No no.”

I was surprised at the unexpected praise.

“Th-Then, someone should ask a lady they know.”

But when I said that, the three of them fell silent.
It seems that there weren’t any women fit for that role.

“Seems like it will be impossible.”
“Brother, I’m sorry.”
“Ewald, I think you should give up and accept her courting.”

The mood grew gloomy again, that brother-in-law’s glass was quickly emptied again.
We should end the party soon, lest brother-in-law be in pain tomorrow.

“Erm~, everyone, I think we should end soon.”

Sieg looked over here and made a startled expression. I couldn’t read her intentions, so I tilted my head.

“—No, wait. We have Ritz.”
“Nn?”
“We can do something to Ritz and introduce him to that woman.”

Yet again, the sharp raptor-like gazes fell on me.
The three of them were narrowing their eyes at me.

Someone muttered, “It’s possible.”
I didn’t get what that meant, so I asked for elaboration.

“Erm, Sieg-san, what do you mean by that.”
“Ritz, won’t you dress up as a woman and pretend to be his lover?”

“Eh!?”
“Ritzhard-kun! You are our only hope now!”
“Eh, oh, erm……”
“I apologise. I do think that it will be humiliating to dress up as a woman, but I beg you!”
“That can’t be.”

……So, ultimately, I have to crossdress and pretend to be brother-in-law’s lover?

“No no no, I don’t think I pass as a woman by crossdressing! My arm’s got thicker recently, and so have my shoulders.”
“It’s not that different from Sieg’s, right!?”
“……”

Eh, no way, that’s not how it is at all, or so I wanted to say, but I did not have the courage to compare myself to Sieg that I just smiled shallowly.

“H-However, won’t dresses for women not fit me.”
“No, we expected Sieg to return as a heavy warrior, so we had prepared a slightly large dress. It will fit Ritzhard-kun perfectly now.”
“Ah, i-is that, so.”
“The body silhouette can be hid using a shawl.”
“Haha, what are you saying~”
“Tomorrow, I will ask mother about it!”
“Are you serious!?”

Like so, the solution to brother-in-law’s problem was heading in a strange direction.
I don’t care what happens now~ I thought and gave up, deciding to go to sleep.

The next day.
Presenting myself like livestock, I was surrounded by women around the age of my mother.

“W-What a pretty hair colour!”
“The skin is clear white as well!”
“It’s like the fairy in the picture book!”

I was forced to put on body modifying undergarments, my buttocks were

squeezed tightly that I became teary-eyed, and I had enough powder to choke on applied to me. I was a total wreck.
The dress prepared for Sieg surprisingly fit my body perfectly. The dress with a high collar had a dark green shade, and there were many fabrics around the chest. Apparently, the setting is that I have big breasts.

The hair I usually braid was also curled up at the back of my head and fixed with a decoration.

"How about going with the setting of a foreign princess!"
"A summer romance borne from half a year's stay, how about that!"
"By the way, don't speak a word. Even if you look like a fairy, your voice is still that of a man's."
"Ah, yes."

Many background settings were being added arbitrarily. I couldn't remember them all, so I just gave up on that.

"What about the name?"
"Richelle will do."

I borrowed my mother's name noncommittally and went out with brother-in-law.

The woman that was scheduled to be met was astonishingly beautiful. But, she had an endlessly strong personality.
However, when she heard that I am a foreign princess she pulled back refreshingly.

"I'm glad it went well."
"Yes, it's all thanks to Ritzhard-san."

Brother-in-law happily headed to his night work. As for myself, I walked over to where the carriage of House Wattin was waiting for me.

Then a problem happened.

"Hey, lady, where are you from? Your face is not one that's seen around these parts."
"What a pretty girl. What's your name?"

For the first time in my life, men were courting me.
Makeup is indeed amazing, I thought once again.
I thought of saying, “I’m a man!” in a low voice, but then the woman who was courting brother-in-law was still close by so I couldn’t raise my voice.

So, when I was mulling over what I should do, someone grabbed me from behind.

When I turned around while wondering who it was, I saw the appearance of Sieglinde in men’s clothes.

“——Eh!?”
“Unfortunately, she has an appointment with me.”

She said that and pulled me into the carriage.

“Are you alright?”
“Yes. I was just surprised, in many ways.”

Once I was brought into the carriage, I could finally take a breather.

“Sieg, why are you dressed like that?”
“Well, I thought that I shouldn’t be the only one to suffer an embarrassing appearance.”

Apparently she borrowed brother-in-law’s clothes. From seeing her dashing figure in men’s clothes after a long time, I was captivated.

“Sorry about today.”
“Well, brother-in-law’s mood improved,”

And I could see Sieg in men’s clothes, so all is well, I thought.

“As I thought, you look well in such clothes, Sieg.”
“Ritz, that fits you well too.”
“You’re teasing me again~”

To be told that I look good in women’s clothes, I felt a strange sensation.

While chatting and joking, we returned home.

In the end, Arno laughed at seeing me crossdressing, so all is well.

Like so, the incident surrounding brother-in-law was resolved.

Raw link

Translator:

Long hair, check. Pretty face, check. Round looks, check. Not burly, check. Yup, perfect trap.

<< | Project Page | >>

The Dreaming Sisters and the Snow Fairy

The Dreaming Sisters and the Snow Fairy

Author:
This is the story of Sieg’s nieces.

◇◇◇

——A fairy visits if a jar of honey, handmade cookies and a white flower is placed on the windowsill.

◇◇◇

The sisters Edelgard and Adelgard moved to their grandfather’s place half a year ago. The reason was because they were suffering from bronchitis.
The doctor recommended that they should live in the countryside for a while, so the sisters’ father wrote a request for transfer and moved back to his hometown which was rich with nature.

In the new town, the sisters did not have any friends, and the number of stores were less. The environment was very different from before, that they were in a state of disorder.
To the sisters that were living in the city, living in the mansion surrounded by the deep and dark forests was a scary experience, that they holed up in their room.

Their grandmother could not just sit by and watch idly.
She read to them the fairytale of the forest that she read when she was young, to make them more used to the land of Thüringen.

“So, dearest grandmother, will a fairy come in winter?”
“Yes, he will.”

The sisters became deeply interested in the spell to summon a fairy, leaving food that a fairy likes on moonlit nights.

“However, you can’t see the fairies and they only appear in disguises. In addition, you can’t see the small wings when you grow up.”
“Really!?”

“Yes.”

Fairies likes honey, cookies, sugar sweets, and winter flowers.

“You will be able to find it when you walk outside.”

From grandmother’s story, a glint sparked in Edelgard’s and Adeltraud’s eyes.

Thus, the two of them started strolling the garden, searching for a fairy.

“Oneesama, would fairy-san be small?”
“……I don’t know. Grandmother also said that it might disguise itself.”

Edelgard said that it might not look liked the winged appearance in the picture book.

Even when the season changed and the snow started falling, the sisters did not find a fairy yet.

“So, we have to make the cookies ourselves?”
“……Baking, that’s too hard for us.”

They thought that it would be hard without the cookies, but they could not give up.

The next day.
The sisters went out on a stroll to the forest lightly covered with snow with their grandfather.

“Edelgard, Adeltraud, is it not cold?”
“It’s alright, dearest grandfather.”

Edelgard also nodded to show that she was okay.

The two was at the forest to find a winter flower.

“Dearest grandfather, are there really flowers?”
“Aa, I think there are, or maybe not.”

The sisters’ grandfather proceeded through the forest relying on his fuzzy memory.

The further they went into the forest, the darker and thicker the forest grew. Their breaths were white, and Adeltraud even started coughing.

“Should we return soon.”
“I’m still fine!”
“Even if you say that.”

If they stay in the forest any longer they might catch a cold. Thinking that, their grandfather suggested to return to the mansion, but they did not nod.
If it’s like this, I should lift them up and take them home, as he thought that, he found Edelgard crouching down.

“Is there anything wrong, Edelgard!?”
“O-Oneesama!?”

When Edelgard turned around, she had a frail white flower in her hand.

“……Found it.”
“Waa!”

Underneath the overgrown vegetation, white flowers peeked out.

“These are snowdrops (schneeglöckchen).”
“How pretty!”

The flowers Edelgard found was onethat bloomed in early spring, but for some reason they were blooming in this period.

The sisters decided to pick only one flower.

Night.
They placed the flower they picked in a vase placed it on the windowsill, along with a jar of honey.

“I wish that fairy-san will come!”
“……I want to see, even if only once.”

As they looked out the window, the moon was getting full. They also heard that the full moon bolstered the power of fairies.
They looked at the white flower glistening from the moonlight. Even as their hearts fluttered, the sisters went to sleep.

Morning.

“Waa!”
“……Amazing.”

When they opened their eyes, they were greeted by a snow-filled world. It had snowed greatly in the middle of the night that the garden was coated by a carpet of pure white.

“Oneesama, snow fairy-san definitely cast a spell.”
“……Eh?”
“Like I said, fairy-san cast a spell.”

Edelgard murmured, “……really, a fairy?” with a vacant look.

“Oneesama, did something happen?”

Adeltraud peered in at her older sister, and knocked her older sister’s hip. Edelgard pointed to the garden with trembling hands. Then, Adeltraud peeped at the white world of snow.

“——Eh!?”

In the garden, there was a person that was white from head to toe.

His white hair was braided, he had clear white skin, and even his clothes were white, made from fur.

“Oneesama, is that snow fairy-san?”
“……Y-Yes, indeed, it seems so.”

The sisters could not believe what they were seeing that they opened their eyes wide.

They opened the window to see if he was the real thing, and the figure of the fairy did not disappear.
Edelgard grabbed the snowdrop flower and ran outside. Adeltraud followed closely behind.

Even as the servants told them to stay indoors because they would catch a cold, the sisters insisted that they will go outside. One servant brought coats and put them on to the sisters. Once they were protected against the cold, Edelgard started running again.

When they panted their way, they met with the white fairy from before in front of the door.

Edelgard caught her breath and looked up at the fairy.

Like the picture in the fairytale, he had shining white hair, clear and soft blue eyes. The fairy with the beautiful appearance saw the little girl and tilted his head in a lovely manner.

Adeltraud caught up to her sister, and was jumped up from surprise from seeing the fairy.

“W-Waa, fairy, mugu!”

Edelgard hurriedly covered her little sister’s mouth.
“Mugumugu!” What are you doing, the little sister protested, but the older sister said, “……If his identity is revealed to the adults he will disappear,” quietening her sister down.

“You are?”

From receiving a question, the two fidgeted about.

“They are my nieces. The calm one is Edelgard, and the energertic one is Adeltraud.”
“I see~. ——Nice to meet you, Edelgard, Adeltraud.”

They did not even question why it was their aunt that brought the fairy to their home.

“Nice to meet you!”
“……Erm.”
“What is it?”

Edelgard held out the white flower in her hand for the snow fairy.

“……This, if you’d like.”
“Waa, what a pretty flower.”

Edelgard bowed as Adelgard smiled refreshingly.

“……Thank you for coming.”
“I should be the one saying thank you.”

The fairy took the flower from the sisters and showed it to their aunt.

“Then, now, enjoy your meal~!”
“Eh!?”

Adeltraud offered the flower she likes to the snow fairy.
The fairy made a surprised expression.
Unlike him, Sieglinde who figured out the situation whispered something to the fairy that was standing with a vacant look. That it was a delicious meal prepared as a gesture of welcome.

“Ah, s-so, that!”

Having understood the meaning of the flower he was given, the fairy enjoyed the fragrance and swallowed his saliva. He then downed the frail white flower in one gulp. *mogu* “……I-It was delicious~. Thank you. It was hard finding such a flower in the snow, right?”
“Yes, oneesama found it!”

The fairy crouched down and said words of appreciation, to which Edelgard and Adeltraud felt dreamy at.

Then, when the fairy was introduced as the husband of their aunt, the two became even more excited.
A fairy that fell in love with a human, how wonderful, they thought and returned to their room in an excited state.

The fairy that was their uncle was to stay with them for some time.

The fairy called Ritzhard was very knowledgeable, teaching the sisters the names of flowers and vegetations on their forest strolls, and even taught them how to make tea and snacks.

Edelgard and Adeltraud were fascinated by the blessings of nature, that they brought went out to the forest with their servants even when their uncle was not there.

The gentle forest of spring, the refreshing air of summer, the fruitions in autumn, the beautiful snowy plants of winter, their hearts were captured by the forest.

Before anyone realised it, they came to love the town rich with nature.

That did not change even after five years, or ten years.

While anticipating the visit of the snow fairy once a year, the warm life of the

sisters continued.

Raw link

<< | Project Page | >>

The Table of the Revontulet Family

The Table of the Revontulet Family

Requested Chapter

Author:

The time period is few months after returning to the remote village from Sieg's house.

Translator:

Disclaimer — May induce hunger. (Though that might have been obvious from the chapter title…)

Today, apparently a merchant that is rarely seen has come to town to sell various goods.
Sieg told me after she returned from her stroll with Arno.

"Well, there wasn't anything special."
"How unfortunate."

There were alcohol, fruits, spices and goods that weren't available here, but for Sieg who came from abroad nothing caught her attention.

But then, an unexpected person entered the fray.

"Waa, Ritchan, mum wants to see the goods~!"
"Okay."
"Let's go together?"
"……Okay."

Mother said that she wanted to go see the peddler, so I ended up accompanying her.

"My, amazing! Ritchan, look look~"
"Okay, I am looking."

I wonder why she is being so happy over shopping, I thought a little disheartedly.

“Excuse me~ this~ and this~”

Crouching down, mother browsed through the goods and showed them to the merchant. The large basket I brought from home quickly filled up.

“You’re buying a lot.”
“Yes. Since I want to feed everyone nice food!”

Maybe it was almost time to close up, since the merchant started organising his goods.

“Huh, these are,”

In buckets with salt water, there were black clams. There were four such buckets.

“Iya, I failed. The people here don’t eat clams.”
“Ah~ now that you say it, I think we don’t.”

The merchant brought the clams since they might sell, but the people of the forest did not take interest in them. I’ve eaten the black clams that did not sell at grandfather’s place, so I have seen them before.

“How about it? I’ll sell four buckets at the price of one.”
“Eh, cheap!”

Buying four buckets with the price of one bucket, what a great deal.
I returned after hearing the cooking method from the merchant.

After returning home, it was time to cook clams.

“For starters, why don’t I steam one bucketful with alcohol.”
“Ritchan, mussel soup is pretty nice as well.”
“Hehh~”

Why, mother knew the name of these clams. Apparently she tried them on her travels around the world.

“Then, I’ll be steaming the mussels.”
“Okay.”

First, we started by scrubbing the mussel shells. Since they are cooked with the shells still on, the merchant said that this process is important.

“Debeard the mussels, or so was said.”
“The weedy things on the shells, I wonder.”

The beard were quite strong. Apparently, they are used by the mussels to cling onto surfaces. They came off easily by tracing the line of the shells.

The cleaned mussels were piled up into a container, then we focused on cooking.

Olive oil was applied to a pot then herbs and crushed garlic was fried. When a fragrant smell rose up, mussels were put in. The pot lid is shut, then after a while white wine is poured. It’s finished once the mussel shells open.

Finally, I sprinkled dried herbs. When I was about to serve them out on dishes, mother stopped me.

“It’s okay to serve them in the pot.”
“Eh, really?”

Apparently they serve them in pots in stores.
As a finishing touch, thinly sliced lemons were placed in.

“Ah, just a bit.”
“?”

I was stopped for the second today.
Mother asked me for some of the broth that came out from the clam.

“What are you going to do with that?”
“I’m going to make Arno-chan’s meal~”

Since the taste is strong, the broth is watered down. Then, it’s boiled with rice in a strong fire until the rice becomes soupy to make mussel-flavoured baby food.

In another pot, mussel cream soup was being made. That looked tasty as well.

I placed the dishes on the table and called Sieg who was bathing Arno over.

For Arno, I put on a warm fur coat so that he won’t catch a cold, then I cradled him.

“Arno, grandma is making something tasty for you~”

Now that he was weaning, Arno could eat solid matter. Though he could still only eat things that were boiled until they became soft.

I took a spoonful and tasted it. —Nn, okay, it's not too hot, and the flavour is not too strong.

After confirming it, I carried the spoon to Arno's mouth.

"Is it good? That's nice."

Arno's stomach became full and the dish became empty, so his mealtime is over. I then fed him diluted fruit juice, but since we needed to eat as well I laid him in a basket with a blanket.

"——Now then, bon appétit."

After talking to mother and Sieg who were watching Arno's mealtime, we started our dinnertime.

First, I tried the steamed mussels. I speared the mussel with a fork and carried it to my mouth.

"Uwa, delicious!"

The mussel was condensed with flavour and was elastic, and biting into it made a soup with deep flavour flow out. The flavour of the wine was there slightly, so the soup remaining in the shell was delicious as well.

"Ritchan, Linde-chan, try removing the mussel with the shell."
"Hehh."

By using a used shell, the mussels were separated from their shells much easier than using forks. Apparently people in other countries all ate like this.

The soup mother made was great too.
The mussel soup had a rich flavour, and went well with rye bread.
Sieg was also happy, saying, "It's the first time I had mussels this delicious."

The mussels were delicious.
We discussed about preserving the rest.

The next day.
We processed the rest of the mussels.

Like yesterday, the shells are scrubbed clean then steamed in a pot with oil and wine.
Once the mussels opened, the flesh was cut off while the heat from cooking still remained.
The cooked mussels are then dipped in a pickling liquid made with spices, berries, salt, old molasses, saltpetre, water and alcohol, after which it was left in a cold storeroom for few hours.
The mussels that were marinated for half a day were then washed to remove the salt.
Once the moisture was removed with a cloth, they were then dried outside overnight. The next day, fragrant oil was applied then the mussels were smoked with the open shell facing downwards.
Having been exposed to the smoke for several hours, the mussel became firm.

I showed the finished smoked mussels to Sieg.

"Sieg, look."
"You made quite an amazing thing."
"Really?"

I felt that we were both thinking that it could go well with alcohol.

It was still afternoon. Too early to be drinking.

We decided that we will enjoy the mussels at night then worked hard for the afternoon.
I also told mother to make soup using the smoked mussels.

Night.
Dinner and baths were over, and we put Arno to sleep. Therefore, we brought out the smoked mussels and white wine.

"It's been a long time since we had a drink."
"Indeed."

Since Arno had become the centre of our life, we did not have the time to drink like this.

I opened the bottle of high-quality wine that grandfather left. I made sure to remove sediments like I was taught and then poured the wine into a glass.

“Delicous.”
“N~n, burning.”

After saying our impressions on the alcohol, we reached out for the mussels. Since it was smoked with the shells still, it was easy to eat.

The smoked mussels I had made just today had a dense flavour, to describe it with one phrase.
The flavour was even more condensed than the steamed mussels and the more I chewed, the sweeter the mussels became. It went down well since it had a salty-spicy flavour, and in addition it went well with alcohol. It was the first time that I almost thought I liked dry wine.

“I think these would sell if you put them on sale.”
“Really?”

Sieg was satisfied as well.

“It really is different when using the pickling liquid I had learned to make from father-in-law.”
“Is that so?”
“Yup. Clearly different.”

The smoking method I learned from father-in-law helped even here. So much that I somewhat reflected that the method that I had been using was spoiling the flavour.

Making goods is an ever deep field.
I thought that it would be nice to continue living a this prosperous life, making use of various knowledge I learned from father-in-law.

Raw link

Translator:
Random trivia: In Korea, when you go to street vendors and order alcohol, they serve boiled mussels as a basic side dish to go with the alcohol.

At the Village of the Fairies — First Half

At the Village of the Fairies — First Half
Requested Chapter

Author:
Sieg's father's point of view.

I received a letter inviting me to come over to Ritzhard-kun's village a year after they left this place.

I had thought that he was inviting me over when the auroras are frequent, but he wrote that it might be harsh in winter, since the port close to the village gets frozen and inaccessible and one has to take five hours of sleigh riding. Instead he suggested that I visit in summer.

Indeed, when one grows old the cold becomes more biting. Here, I followed Ritzhard-kun's recommendation and decided to visit in the relatively warm season of summer.

I asked my wife if she was going, but she said that she will not be going on grounds that both the lord and the lady should not leave one's fief. When I discussed that with Lüneburg-san, Ritzhard-kun's grandfather, he said, "Then why don't we go together."

I hired more people for the ranch and finished more work beforehand, then left for a trip.

To the foreign village, it took about two days. During that period, I shared drinks with Lüneburg-san and spent a meaningful time.

After travelling like this, I think that it might have been the right move, not having my old wife with me.
Relaxing, drinking, sleeping. Living unlike a noble was rather enjoyable. I was working every day, so it was a good change to relax once in a while.

When we arrived at the port, we were greeted by Ritzhard-kun.

"It's been a while, father-in-law, grandfather."

“Ah, it has been a while.”

He greeted us with two arms wide open, so I exchanged a hug with him. I never had done this even with my daughter and my sons. I felt a strange sensation. My son-in-law is ever the kind man.

“Grandfather, you too!”
“I refuse!”

Lüneburg-san rejected the offer, saying that, “I would not be happy from receiving a hug from a man turning thirty!” As always, he is not very honest.

It seemed that we were to ride a carriage to the village.

We got on the carriage reserved for us and set off from the port city.

In the carriage, we discussed what each of us has been doing recently.
It seemed that Lüneburg-san has recently been focusing his efforts on philanthropic work.

“Father-in-law, how about you?”
“As for myself, I have recently started raising alpacas.”
“Ah, some time ago I bought an alpaca fur coat over at your land. The fur was warm and cozy.”
“Indeed! Even my wife is looking forward to wearing them in winter.”

Before I came here, I finished the first shaving. Apparently, the first shaved fur is the highest grade fur. With those, I made winter hats for my two granddaughters and my wife.

“Ah, right. Grandfather, what happened to father?”
“He is under custody in the mansion so that he will not run away, so you can rest easy.”

Ritzhard-kun’s father is working to finish up his research for the presentation in the academia.
Apparently, he has strong wanderlust so the people of the marquisate are watching him closely.

While talking about those things, we arrived at the village about an hour later.

The first thing that came into my sight was the lush green forest. Unlike the

dark forests in my homeland, there was a fantastical sight as if the fairies would actually have lived there. The air was fresh as well.

The next thing that surprised me was the great fortress that surrounded the village. Apparently, it was built to protect against beasts around three centuries ago.

The stone was sturdy. Ritzhard-kun smiled listlessly that most of the village budget went to the maintenance of the walls.

There were surprised even inside the village. Children playing outside, young women working outside, ladies gathering at the wells, everyone had white hair and blue eyes, having an otherworldly appearance.

This really is the village of fairies. I was at a loss for words.

“Ritzhard-kun, this is amazing. This really is the village of fairies.”

I believe Edelgard and Adelgard, who like fairies, will also like this place. I vowed to bring them on a trip here after they grow up a bit.

After walking a while through the village, we arrived at Ritzhard-kun’s mansion.

There were many shed at his place.
A storeroom for storing hunted prey, a storeroom for storing fur, there were various facilities for their self-sufficient life.

When we arrived at the door, Ritzhard shouted inside.

“Sieg, mother, Arno, father-in-law and grandfather has come——!”

When he shouted that, Sieg came out from inside the mansion.

“Aa, it has been a while, grandfather-in-law. Father as well.”

Seeing her after few months, Sieg was still the healthy child I remember her to be.

“My my, Linde-chan’s father and father-in-law.”

Ritzhard-kun’s mother, who came out a little later, also looked healthy.

The one year old Arno toddled along while holding onto her mother’s hand.

“Ohhh!! Arno!!”

To that adorable site, Lüneburg-san reacted first. “You grew big!” he said as he lifted his great-grandson with a big smile on his face.

“So you can already walk?! What a dashing figure! That’s my great-grandson!”

Lüneburg-san was lovestruck for Arno. Seeing that, I felt heartwarmed.

“Grandfather, we should let father-in-law also see Arno.”
“A, aa, sorry about that!”

While still holding him up, Lüneburg-san showed Arno to me. But without letting him go.

“Hello Arno, you grew big.”

Meeting him after a year, my grandson has been growing up well. When I patted him, he opened his eye thinly and made an adult-like smile. Come to think of it, my children did say that he sometimes makes a nihilistic smile.
Recently, he could talk a little, so it was cute seeing him speak with clumsy sentences. I enjoyed playing with my one-year-old grandson.

When we were about to enter the house with permission from Ritzhard-kun’s mother, I felt a presence behind so I turned around.

It was closer than I had expected. It was the first time I let my backside be caught, so sweat formed on my brows.

“——U-Uwa, a bear!”

There stood a white bear hauling a bear.

No, on closer look, it was not a white bear, but someone wearing white bear fur.

“Ah, Teoporon, what is it?”

Ritzhard-kun ran over to the white bear man.
Wearing white bear fur with his upper half exposed, the man had hunted prey for us guests as a sing of welcome with those thick arms.

I did hear about Teoporon, the bear fur wearing hunter from another land, but when I saw him in person I could not help but be amazed at that bulky body and the great white fur.

I heard that he does not understand our language, but nevertheless I introduced myself and held out a hand. However, he did not look at the outstretched hand and pounded his chest with a fist instead.

“I see, so that is the warrior’s greeting of Teoporon-dono.”

When I copied him and pounded my chest in courtesy, Teoporon-dono smiled, showing an expression that was both dignified and serene.
Somehow, I felt that I would be able to share drinks with him even if words did not get through.

◇◇◇

I was wondering when the sun would set, but apparently this period was a time called white nights when the sun did not set all day. When I looked at the clock, it could clearly be called night so it was strange seeing the outside being still bright.

“The villagers all like summer.”

In winter, an opposite phenomenon called polar nights when the sun does not rise all day long visits.
During that period, people cannot hunt, and have to stay indoors all day.
Ritzhard-kun recounted that living alone in the dark is a depressing thing.

When I thought of Ritzhard-kun being alone, for some reason I was moved to tears.
It seemed like I was not the only one, since Lüneburg-san was also turning his head to not have his teary eyes given away.

“However, I have family now so even the polar nights are fun.”
“I see, that’s a relief.”

I sincerely thanked the miraculous meeting of Sieg and Ritzhard-kun.

After dinner, it was time to give him the gifts we brought.

For Arno, a picture book and earmuffs made from young alpaca fur. Beauty wash for the ladies, and a high-quality knife made from a well-renowned company for Ritzhard-kun.

Lüneburg-san brought clothes in the shape of a baby bear for the baby, and

delivered it with an indescribable expression.

“W-Well, it’s summer now, but I brought winter clothes.”
“Ah, but, it gets cold at night, so why don’t we try them on Arno?”
“!”

Having understood that he was yearning to see him wear the baby clothes, Ritzhard-kun was putting on the baby clothes to Arno.

Seeing Arno’s dashing figure of wearing the bear clothes, Lüneburg-san nodded deeply and murmured something mysterious, “There’s potential,” or so.

Then, we played games, tasted the alcohol Ritzhard-kun made, spending an enjoyable time.

Like so, the night deepened in the cheerful foreign land.

Raw link

<< | Project Page | >>

At the Village of the Fairies — Second Half

At the Village of the Fairies — Second Half
Requested Chapter

When I woke up in the morning, I found a vivid blue clothing placed at my bedside.
I wonder if it was something Ritzhard-kun prepared.
I was surprised that the clothing was made out of fur even though it was summer, but when I got out of bed there was a nip in the air.

I see, I thought and wore the clothes he prepared for me.

The traditional clothes I newly tried on had a base of bright blue fabric, with red embroidery like strips on the cuffs, the collars and the hems layered upon one another. It was a colourful blue and red clothing, but once I wore it did not bother me that much. It was a neat design. I then put on a belt that looked like it was made out of animal leather. The trousers were black and easy to move in.

After washing up in the bathroom, I headed to the dining room-cum-living room.

"Come on, try saying, great-grandfather."
"Great, gra~"
"Oh, doing great! Great, grand, father."
"Great, grand, father."
"A-A genius!?"

From outside the room, I could hear Lüneburg-san and Arno playing together. While I was deliberating whether or not I should interrupt their honeymoon, someone spoke to me from behind.

"Huh, father-in-law."
"Ah, morning. Ritzhard-kun."
"Good morning! The traditional clothes look good on you. Was the size alright?"
"Ah, thank you. The dress length was perfect."

After chatting lightly, he offered to let me enter first. I apologised to Lüneburg-

san in my head as I excused myself.

“Good morning, Lüneburg-san.”
“Umu.”
“Arno too, morning.”

Lüneburg-san was hugging Arno on his lap with a prim face as if nothing had happened.
Ritzhard-kun approached the two of them and greeted them.

First, there was a basketful of small and round loaves of bread called Pulla. Pulla means ‘sweet bread’ in the language of this country. It seems that the taste differs for every household.
The soup was made with crushed beans and milk. Arno had these with bread.
Then the main meal was a herb roast of reindeer meat. I did not expect a meat dish to be served from the morning, so I was very surprised.
However, reindeer meat had a surprisingly taste. It was not tough, and there was a different taste to it when eaten with berry sauce.
I already had reindeer stew last night, but I found that I liked this better.

Even though there were guests, Ritzhard and others went out to work. To work every day, I really thought that he was an admirable young man.

I thought that he was going to go out hunting, but he replied that hunting is prohibited during summer. It seems that the fact that animals are born in spring and grow until winter was not different from my homeland.

How should I spend the day? When I thought that, instructions of work came from my daughter.

“Father, won’t you help as well.”
“Sieg, let’s let father-in-law rest.”
“No, it does not matter.”

It seems that a festival will be held in the village for the first time.

“Hehh, a festival?”
“Yes. Apparently father planned it.”

To get tourists even out of the aurora season, all the villagers opened stalls, sometimes selling traditional goods at cheaper prices.

It did not look as though there were many customers who reserved accommodation, but it seemed that they were assuming that there would be many guests since they were advertising in the port city as well.

“So, what are you selling?”
“We’re planning on selling chicken which are spiced with herbs and roasted whole, then wrapped in a thin wrap made out of flour.”
“Hehh, sounds appetising.”

As for the other residents, they are planning on making reindeer skewer, seasonal berry tarts, or other goods that don’t take that much effort, so Ritzhard made a plan to sell something different.

I was asked to handle the cutting of the poultry.
Ritzhard-kun washed the meat and applied salt and herbs with deft movements.

The next day, it was the day of the festival. Already from the morning, the town was crowded.

The usually quiet town square was filled with energetic children. The delicious fragrance of roasting meat rode the wind.

And then, at our stall, Teoporon-san was roasting meat in a stirring manner. Teoporon-san was roasting meat by a big fire while wearing bear fur and some distance away Lüneburg-san was watching, also wearing bear fur. Whatever they did, they were the most notable in the village.

I wondered if it would be hot to wear bear fur in front of a fire, but they had serious expressions so I could not dare ask.

I did my best to remove the two bears out of my sight, and focused on what was going on at the front of the stall.

Ritzhard-kun’s mother was deftly making flour wraps on a iron pan, while Teoporon-san’s wife and daughter cut the roasted chicken into smaller pieces then wrapped them in the finished wrap, wrapping the whole thing in paper to finish.
Their well-coordinated movements were like that of a master, but I could only be surprised since that was not their main occupation.

In addition, thanks to Ritzhard-kun’s superb reception skills, the chicken sold

very well.

On a side note, my daughter is on an errand for the women's association of the village.
She is selling jams made from berries.

As for myselft, I had been tasked with the important task of hugging and soothing Arno.

The prepared chicken got sold out already in the morning.
Ritzhard-kun declared that we had free time from the afternoon.

I wondered what I should do from here on, but Ritzhard-kun was going out to buy lunch, so I decided to accompany him.
Since we were going into a crowded place, I left Arno to Lüneburg-san.

"Ah, it's the baker from the port."

When we walked a little, we came across a normal bakery.
An exotic swirled bread, with lots of spices that gave off a sweet smell, called 'Korvapuusti' was on sale, so he bought a lot of those.

Roasted reindeer, fish skewers, potato fries, dumplings with sweet sauce, imported fruits, there were many things.
While carrying mountains of food on both arms, I returned.

When I returned, I found Sieg freed from the women's association.
She had brought drinks and soup.
All the family gathered in one place for lunch.

"Father-in-law, are you alright?"
"The festival here is fun, I am enjoying it very much."
"Then that's a relief."

It was quite strange seeing no stalls sell sausages. Also, I could not see beer.
Apparently, making sweet fruit liqueur was the trend in the village.

All the food we bought were delicious.
I could understand why Sieg said that she wanted to return quickly.

An overwhelming lushness and a soft green shade covered the village.
The alcohol I had in a summer scenery different from home tasted good.

“Ritzhard. Will you be coming again in winter?”
“That was what we thought, but,”
“What is it?”

Ritzhard-kun looked at Sieg.

“I don’t think it’s certain yet though.”
“Oh, ohh!”
“Sieg, that means!?”

She announced that she might be pregnant for the second time.
She was only drinking fruit juice when she liked alcohol, so I was wondering what might have happened.

“What a joyous day!”

Lüneburg-san looked happier than anyone, saying that Arno was going to have a little brother or a little sister.

On the second day of the festival, Lüneburg-san bought drinks for everyone in the village because he was so happy.

Since the news that Sieg was pregnant was not made public, a rumour spread of a mysterious and energetic old man going around the village, or so was detailed in the letter I received from Ritzhard-kun later, that I ended up laughing.

Finally, it was written that he had a request.
When I wondered what it might be, it was that he wanted me to name the child.

I did not expect to be naming a child, so I agonised over it for months.

In the end, I decided to gift the name of ‘Veronica’ which meant ‘bringing victory’ in a foreign language.

What if it is a boy? My wife pointed out, but for some reason I had confidence that the child this time is a girl.

A few months later, I received news that Sieg gave birth to a healthy daughter.

At the news of Veronica’s birth, all the family got excited.

Some months later, I would visit the village in summer with my two granddaughters, but that is a story for another time.

Requested Chapters finished.

Raw link

<< | Project Page | >>

The Savage Bird and the Winter Feast

The Savage Bird and the Winter Feast

Stories of the Four Seasons

Author:

The time period is after chapter 24.

After the polar nights are over, we started hunting again.
Since we went through many things in the storage, it would be nice to get big prey.

“I want to hunt boar or deer.”
“Well, don’t rush it.”

Sieg said that, but I felt restless, wanting to hunt.
But as she said, things usually end in failure if one rushes it so I should calm down.

Today the sky was clear.
The sunlight shone down on the snow and made the land glisten.

“It is beautiful, but it also makes me wish I had light-blocking goggles.”
“Hehh, so such a thing exists.”
“It’s military equipment. I don’t know if it’s sold elsewhere.”

While saying that, Sieg squinted, maybe because the light reflecting from the snow was too strong.
That expression was so handsome, that I became absentminded as I stared at her profile.

“What is it?”
“N-Nothing~”

Sieg quickly noticed that I was acting strangely. I waved my hands to deceive her and continued onwards.

“Ritz!”
“Nn?”

The moment my name was called out, something fell from the tree branches above and landed with a thud.

“!”

My eyes locked with the round eyes that suddenly appeared.
What fell down was a large black bird whose height was about knee-high.

“Run!”

With Sieg’s shout, the black bird opened its wings wide with a scream.

“Kueee——!”
“Uwa!”

The bird leaped gracefully with its sharp claws pointing at me. Along with a sharp cry.

I managed to dodge the first blow, but I ended up rolling on the floor.

With its first attack having failed, the bird flapped its wings while glaring at me.
I managed to quickly stand back up, but my foot fell in the deep snow and my balance collapse.

“Ritz!”

Before the attack could reach me, Sieg ran over here blocking the bird’s path to me.

Sieg raised the gunstock high and rammed it down on the bird.
Having received a blow, the bird rolled on the ground.

“Sieglinde, get down.”

Sieg leaped back at the order.
I checked if there was anything else in the way, and pulled the trigger.

A dry crack sounded and snow fell from trees with loud noises.

The bullet hit the mark.

“Are you alright?”
“Yes, I’m fine.”

I opened the magazine part of the gun and removed the empty cartridge case.

After confirming that it has cooled in the snow, I put it in my pocket.

I went to the sleigh and fetched a leather bag for collecting prey.

“What’s this bird?”
“Wood grouse.”

Most birds in the grouse family have white winter feathers, but wood grouses have black feathers. It’s big as well.

“Is this a ferocious bird?”
“Ah~ It might be the breeding season~”

It’s just speculation, but I think the wood grouse grew restless when people passed by while it was in heat, and so it attacked carelessly.

Though I was also being careless.

“Sieg, thank you for saving me.”
“It’s a relief that its claws did not reach you.”
“Thanks to you.”

If Sieg wasn’t here, I might have been injured.
It really was a good thing.

After returning home, we removed the blood and the feathers from the wood grouse.
We split the bird from its neck to the belly button, gutting it. Then we put it in a cloth bag and aged it for about ten days.

——Ten days later.

“Now then, why don’t we try the wood grouse we caught some time ago.”

Today, Ruruporon is on holiday, so we’ll be cooking by ourselves.
We bought ingredients from a merchant and started cooking after it got dark.

“Sieg, can you make fried potatoes and boiled potatoes please.”
“Alright.”
“We’ll be chopping the potatoes into thin slices. To cook them, peel them and boil them in water.”
“Understood.”

I instructed Sieg then I started cooking as well.
The first thing I was making was a salad named ‘Wood grouse nest’. It’s a unique salad that is in the shape of a bird’s nest.

While Sieg was making the necessary pieces for the nest and the eggs, I made the insides.
First, I applied herbs on the breast meat and boiled it in water.
While I boiled the bird meat, I thinly sliced many different kinds of vegetables.
I also made the sauce to go with the vegetables and the meat.
Herbs, pepper, wine vinegar, salt, lemon juice. I mixed those and sprayed them on the vegetables.
I ripped the cooked meat into bite sizes and mixed them with the vegetables.

Next, I piled the vegetables and the bird meat into a mountain shape.

“What are we doing with the mashed potatoes?”
“We’ll be making something in the shape of bird’s eggs.”

Pepper and herbs were sprayed into the mashed potatoes, then they were shaped into egg shapes, with cheese in the centre. After that, they were boiled in water.

Once the sunk eggs float up to the surface, it’s done. They’re taken out of the water then set aside in a separate dish to remove the residual heat.

Once everything is cooked, all that is left is to finish up.
On the pile of vegetables and meat shaped into a mountain shape, thinly sliced and fried potatoes are put around it.

Finally, it’s finished by placing the potato eggs.

“It really looks like a bird’s nest.”
“Is it?”

This was something that mother made a long time ago. I remember having had this when grandfather caught a large grouse.

Other than that, I roasted wood grouse meat on a skewer. I placed the dishes Miruporon made last night, mushroom and reindeer soup, along with bread for a delicious meal.

“Uwa, looks amazing.”
“Why don’t we eat.”

Sieg poured berry liqueur into her cup while I had berry juice.

Sieg served some of the salad in the shape of a wood grouse’s nest to me.

“Thank you!”

I thanked her and received the dish of wood grouse emeat and vegetables.
The clean taste of vinegar and herbs roused my appetite.
The meat had a good texture to it, and thanks to its clean taste it went well with vegetables.
It also had a different taste when eaten with the crispy fried potatoes.
I also tried the eggs made out of mashed potatoes.

“Uwa, it’s chewy and tasty!”

The once mother made had cheese rolled up inside.
This time, I tried making the eggs based on a foreign dish Sieg mentioned.
With a chewy texture, melted cheese stretches out from inside. It’s spiced with herbs so they’re tasty on their own, but they went very well with the crispy potatoes.

“Sieg, how is it?”
“It’s great. It reminds me of food I had back home.”
“Is that so? That’s a relief~!”

I felt happy that I received words of praise from Sieg.

For the skewer roast, I dipped the meat in red wine sauce.
The wood grouse meat was exotic, or crispy shall I say. It was a bit tough.

“Wood grouse meat is more gamy compared to other bird meat, how is it?”
“Is that so? I like it myself.”

After carrying a bite-sized piece to her mouth, Sieg said.
Then she said something more after a drink.

“Delicious.”

The wood grouse seemed to fit Sieg’s taste well, so I felt relieved.
After the dishes became empty, it was time to chat.

“Ptarmigans, which are of the grouse family, are called riekko here.”
“Sounds cute.”
“Is that so?”

I was used to it from a long time ago, I wasn’t sure.
The feeling is different from country to county, I thought.

“Come to think of it, Ritz, what should we do about this?”
“Ah, I forgot about it.”

What was at the edge of the table was a fried egg.
It was from an egg I received from the merchant as a bonus.

“Sieg, you can have it.”
“No, let’s split it in two.”

After saying that, Sieg sliced the egg and placed it on a piece of bread before the yolk could spill.

The yolk seeped into the bread before it could spill onto the table, so I felt relieved.

“Bread and fried eggs go well~. Tasty~”
“You didn’t know?”
“Yup. I only had jam or liver spread with bread.”

Sieg apparently had bread and fried eggs a lot when she lived alone.

“I had them when I did not have much time in the morning. It’s nothing praiseworthy though.”
“Really?”

I remembered the high-quality dining at grandfather’s place. Indeed, one wouldn’t be able to do that in such a solemn setting.

“Eggs tasted good. Why don’t I raise hens this year~”
“They sell chickens?”
“Yup. You can buy them in spring.”

Chickens lay an egg a day, so I planned on buying two for Sieg and me.

While planning for Spring, the dinner ended.

Author:

The next update will be on 15th June.

Next up is ‘Fishing and Sieglinde in Spring Clothes’.

[Raw link]

Translator:

The next update will be done by tomorrow (4th October).

<< | Project Page | >>

Fishing and Sieglinde in Spring Clothes

Fishing and Sieglinde in Spring Clothes

Stories of the Four Seasons

By the time spring had nearly passed, the snow had mostly melted and the ground was covered with a soft green carpet.
From the signs of summer visiting soon, the villagers also vibrated with joy.
Unlike the dark winter, spring soothed people's hearts.

Today, we went out fishing.

The lake we did ice fishing sometime ago now also only had bits of ice floating around.

Once the snow melts, the method of transport becomes either walking or hiring horses from a merchant.
The distance to the lake was not too far, so I pulled along a small sleigh for placing luggage with a pulley, going out also for a stroll with the dogs.

Since we were going out fishing after a long time, my head was filled with fish.
If we're talking about spring fish, then there's northern pike. It's a freshwater fish with a cylindrical mouth with spots on its body.

"Pikes are nice in this season~ Would be nice if we could catch some."
"Right. I miss fish sometimes."

……How nice, fish is getting yearned for by Sieg.

While thinking such a trivial thing, I proceeded through the lush forest.

About an hour later, we arrived at the lake closest to the village.

"This place is different from the place we visited last time."
"When it's spring, everyone visits this lake."

Here the amount of sunshine is high so it's not fit for ice fishing.

"Ah, indeed, this place does not have any snow."
"Right. Only this place has full spring scenery."

Since we were going to fish, I undid the leashes on the dogs for them to go out

and play. They would come back once the whistle is blown, so there was no need to worry.

The lake became quiet now that the dogs were gone. I stared at the lake with Sieg.

“Pretty.”
“Really?”

A clear blue sky with white clouds, along with young leaves were being reflected beautifully on the lake surface.

However, it was a scenery I was used to from a young age so I did not become absentminded from this.

If I stared at Sieg’s profile now, I would get glared at with her raptor-like eyes so I took care to not get found out and took a few steps back.

As to what I was doing, I was going to enjoy Sieglinde’s appearance from behind.

——Nn. Good. Wonderful.

For the traditional clothing to be worn in early spring, I commissioned one in a more feminine design.
The one I made before was more boyish, so I passionately pushed for a skirt like those of the village women that would create a beautiful line from the waist to the hip.
The clothing fits a little tighter than the previous one, so it also contained slits for easier movement. If Sieg crouches, it reveals her thighs.
Still, she has trousers on underneath so I can’t see her bare skin, but it still makes me happy.

I imagined about hugging her by the waist and enjoying the beautiful scenery together, but I saw her roundhouse kick before so I did not rashly do it.

“What is it?”
“Eh!? No, I just thought that the scenery is beautiful!”
“?”

I can’t tell her.

For me to be ogling her waist and hip with perverted eyes.

“Now, now! Let’s go fish——Ahh!”

When I took a few steps back, I tripped on a rock.

I got my just deserts.

◇◇◇

“The bait we’ll be using is, this!”

We’ll be fishing with a fake bait carved from reindeer antler, made in the shape of a small fish.

“Hehh, so this works as well.”

I adequately taught Sieg how to use it and then went to prepare fishing for pikes.

“Pikes are also called ‘the aggresive fish’.”
“What a strong sounding name.”

Though it doesn’t compare to Sieg’s ‘Crimson Eagle’.

Without saying what I thought of in my head, I continued to explain about the pike.

“The teeth are like needles, so it’s very sharp. It can even chew through the fishing lines.”

It hurts quite a bit if it bites. So one has to be careful when catching them.

“Maybe I should make Sieg fish for smaller fish after all.”

I handed her small baits shaped after insects.
Since it would be bad if she gets injured from fishing pikes, I made her fish for smaller fish.

After I explained, we started fishing.

The fake bait is attached to the line then thrown into the lake. Afterwards, the poles is controlled so that it looks like a fish is swimming. All that is left is to wait for fish to bite.

Sieg caught the first fish.

“Ah, a trout.”

When Sieg pulled her pole hard, the fish was flipped out of the water.
After pulling the fish closer, it was caught using a net.

“Great skills.”
“I seem to be in good condition today.”

After that, Sieg caught two more fish.

Soon, it was already time for lunch, even though I could not catch a thing.

“Now then, why don’t we have some food.”

I picked up branches from the area and lit a fire.
I sharpened some branches with a knife and skewered some sausages that I brought from home.
After making about four, I asked Sieg to watch them.

While the sausages were being roasted, I looked over the trout Sieg caught.

“Are you going to roast that as well?”
“No, this is eaten raw.”

The three fish have salt applied to them to remove the smell, and then washed with water that I brought from home.
After that, it’s seasoned with salt and pepper, as well as vinegar and herbs. It’s then left for a while.
After washing my hands in the lake, I took out bread from a bag.

“That, what is it?”
“Hapankorppu~”

Sieg opened her eyes wide at the flat and wide bread. It seemed like it was the first time she saw it.

Hapankorppu is a dry bread that is convenient for going on trips because the volume is not large.

I split the bread into a bite size, then I added thinly sliced cheese and the fish that was just being cooked.

“The sausages seem to be ready as well.”

“Then, let’s eat!”

First, I had a bite of a sausage that Sieg cooked.
With a crisp crunching sound the sausage exploded inside the mouth.
The merchant did say that the spices are strong that there was no need to season it, and indeed the meat juice flowed out plenty. The perfect savoury flavour was unbearable. It felt like it would go well with alcohol.
Maybe we should have had this in the house.

Next, I tried the bread with the fish.

“This is interesting.”

Sieg ate saying that it was interesting.
The bread that is harder than biscuit has bits of crushed berries.
The texture is interesting and the flavour of the berries are good as well.

The fresh fish tasted good as well.

After lunch, we resumed fishing.

An hour later.

“Haa~~……”

We could not catch a single one, so I lied down on the grass.
I breathed in the nice smell of the grass to soothe myself.

“Sieg, shall we return?”
“No, just a bit more.”

Sieg had already caught about ten fish.
She usually says that we should return quickly when we’re on hunts, but strangely she sticks around longer for fishing.

“Ritz!”
“Hmm? Sieg, did you catch something else?”
“No, Ritz, your pole!”
“Eh?”

When I sat up, the end of the pole was swaying faintly.

When I grabbed the pole, it bent greatly.

“U-Uwa!”

When I pulled in panic, I felt a sure reaction.

“Heavy!”

If I pull too hard, the line will snap. I have to be careful with this.

After playing tug-of-war with the fish for some time, I felt it getting weaker.

When I took the opportunity and pulled hard, I could see a black shadow struggling in the water.
Sieg brought out a stick with a net to catch it.

“Sieg, be careful of the teeth!”
“Alright.”

The caught fish had about the same length as my shin.
It was surprisingly big, that Sieg and I stared in awe.

“To catch such a large fish with a rod I didn’t put much effort into making……”

No one can know what will happen in life.

◇◇◇

Tired from playing, the dogs came back on their own even though I didn’t call them.

With the sunset as a backdrop, we returned home.

We split the caught pike in two to share with Teoporon’s house.
The herb roast made using half the fish was tasty, as expected of a seasonal fish.
The fat was great as well.

For dinner, we savoured a meal that we could only taste in spring.

Author:
The next update will be on 22nd June.
Next up is “Delicious Mushrooms and the Summer Scenery”

Raw link

Translator:

The next update will be done by tomorrow (5th October).

<< | Project Page | >>

Delicious Mushrooms and the Summer Scenery

Delicious Mushrooms and the Summer Scenery

Stories of the Four Seasons

Once it's summer, even the remote village in the snow country has the sun shining down brightly.
The forest is dyed in a bright green shade and flowers are blooming attractively.

Today, I am going to pick mushrooms with Sieg.
I was full of energy from the morning, making lunch to be taken to the forest.

Today's dish is 'salmon cream pie'.

First the pie crusts were made.
Into a bowl, salt, flour, and butter were put in then mixed well with a wooden spoon. Flour was frequently sprinkled on butter to make the surface well-coat In this season, dairy products could be acquired at cheap prices in the stores, so I did not hold back on using butter.

Once the butter became fine, I then rinsed my hands with cold water.
After that, the dough was then put in a clean cloth bag and then left to sit in a icehouse for an hour.

While letting the dough sit, I made the creamy salmon filling.
I used an imported salmon I bought from the store. I used only the upper half and left the other half for the Rango family.

The salmon that had been salted and stored in the icehouse was taken out and dipped in milk to remove the smell.
Next, mushrooms, onions, carrots and potatoes were fried until they become soft.
In another pot, butter was melted, and then flour was added. A while after that, milk was added and stirred. Once the lumps from the flour were gone and the mixture became smooth, the pot was taken away from the fire.
The vegetables that were just cooked and the cream sauce were mixed and then soup from last night and spices were added to adjust the flavour.
Finally, the salmon was added and then it was cooked until the moisture

disappears.

When the creamy filling was done, the crust that was resting in the icehouse was ready as well.

A process of melding the the moist crust was shaped using a long wooden stick was repeated.

**

The finished pie dough was placed on a cloth.
On one end of the square shaped crust, ingredients are placed then arranged into a triangular shape. As for the ends, they were tied up firmly to not let the cream leak. Next, beaten eggs were used to coat the surface to give it lustre.

Oil was applied to an iron plate then the ready pies were cooked for some minutes. Salmon cream pies, ready to serve.
If it was winter, warm and crunchy pies would be nice, but this was sweaty season so there was no desire to bite into fresh pies.

After the residual heat went away, it was put into a basket. Lunch was ready.

Afterwards, I had breakfast with Sieg then we headed to the forest.

"You were up early today. How rare."
"I was making packed lunch."
"Was that so?"

The packed lunch was placed in the basket.
I wonder if Sieg will be happy. While thinking that I proceeded down the road.

"Ah, it's there!"

Today's objective are yellow mushrooms called kantarelli. {Chantarelle}

"Sounds like there would be poison in them."
"There are."
"……"
"It's okay as long as we don't eat too much."

Kantarelli are one the most loved mushrooms in the world aside from cultivated mushrooms.

As for the poison, well, it should be fine. Probably.

“Sounds suspicious.”
“It’s alright, it’s alright! Father said so I’m sure it’s alright.”

Kantarelli has a refreshing scent like apricots. I brought Sieg closer to make her sniff the mushroom scent.

“It indeed does have such an aroma.”
“Right? These are tasty, you see!”

Sieg too seemed to have given up and started harvesting mushrooms.

Around an hour later, we collected a fair bit so we stopped harvesting mushrooms.
In the area, there were blueberries so we decided to pick some.

“Sieg, why don’t we rest now?”

Aren’t you tired? Even when asked that, Sieglinde said that she was fine with a carefree face.
There was a leaf on her hair so I took it off.

Since there was a river nearby, we decided to have lunch there.
I soaked handkerchiefs that I brought in a basket in the river. I handed one to Sieg.

The forest is cool, but when we diligently pick berries we still have sweat forming. It feels good to wipe one’s face with a cold handkerchief.

When I glanced at Sieg, she was in the middle of wiping her neck with the handkerchief.
The traditional clothing has a closed collar so she was sweating unnecessarily.

I could get a slight peek her white neck, and for some reason the way she was wiping her sweat was sexy so I unconsciously blurted out, “Ohh!”

It was something I wouldn’t have been able to see if I was sitting next to her. I thanked god for this fortune.

“Ritz.”
“Y-Yes!?”
“What is it?”

“No, nothing.”
“?”

Sieg called me without turning around so I was surprised.
She just wanted to say, “It’s hot today,” nothing more.

I was acting suspiciously, so Sieg shot me gazes of doubt.

“Did you do something?”
“Ah, erm, no.”

In the end, I confessed honestly.

“Erm, I was watching you wipe your sweat from behind.”
“What fun is in that.”
“It’s not fun, but unbearable~ or so.”
“……”

I received reproachful gazes.
Even so, I still liked it when Sieg looked at me like that so I got a bit excited.

However, I don’t want to anger Sieg.

“S-Sorry, Sieglinde-san……”

After that, I made up my mind to stop peeping at Sieg.

◇◇◇

Lunch was the salmon cream pies I made in the morning!
I wanted to be praised by Sieg, so I claimed to have woken up early and put all my effort into making it.

“Look, Sieg! I worked hard from the morning.”
“That’s amazing.”

I wondered if she would pat my head, so I put my hands on my knee and lowered my posture, but Sieg only patted my shoulder. How regretful.

I was hungry, so I decided to proceed.
The triangular pies were slightly larger than our palms. I grabbed one with both hands and bit into one end.

The outside of the pie crust is crunchy, while the inside is soft from the cream.

The salmon has a faintly savoury taste so it tasted even better. The lumpy cream had a thick flavour, and the vegetables that were cooked until they were soft also entertained the tongue.
When I chewed the mushroom we recently picked, the flavour overflowed.

The pies made using the gifts of summer were very satisfying.

"Ritz, it was delicious. Thank you."
"You're welcome~."

Sieg also liked it. Nice. It was worthwhile to wake up early.

"Come to think of it, how do you cook the poisonous mushrooms?"
"Kantarelli, huh."

The poisonous mushrooms, I mean, kantarelli have a crunchy texture, taste slightly like pepper and have a rich scent.

Frying them in butter and eating them on bread is good, and putting them in milk soup is also good. They can be used as ingredients for pies, they can be cooked alongside meatballs, and they go well in the sauce for grilled fish.

"Well, the cooking methods are the same as normal mushrooms."
"I see."
"It also goes well with alcohol."
"I'll be looking forward to that."

I decided to reflect on my peeping today, and put effort into pouring drinks.

……Well, though I already pour drinks for Sieg because I like it.

After returning home, I delivered half of the harvested kantarelli to Ruruporon and as for the rest the dirt was removed and then the mushrooms were left to dry in baskets. Dried mushrooms are important for the winter.

"Sieg, what should we do about the blueberries?"

I already made about enough jam, sauce and juice for twenty. I just made tart the day before yesterday.

There were many ripe ones so I ended up picking a lot, so I was agonising over what I should make.

“How about Lassi?”
“What’s that!?”
“A yoghurt-based drink.”
“Hehh, sounds delicious!”

It seemed that Sieg drank them during her days in the army when she did not have much appetite.
Apparently it’s a healthy beverage from a foreign land.

There were ingredients at home, so Sieg said that she’ll make them.
I offered to help.

To not get in the way of Ruruporon while she’s cooking, we made them on the table.

“Ritz, can you crush the blueberries please.”
“Alright.”

While I was crushing blueberries, Sieg did other work.
In a bowl, she mixed yoghurt, syrup with lemon, and milk.
The crushed blueberries are then squeezed with a cloth to get only the juice.

“Then, it’s finished by adding blueberry juice.”
“Hehh~”

I drank the fresh beverage.

“Ah, it’s cool and delicious.”

The sweet flavour of the blueberries and the sour taste of the yoghurt went well. It had a clean taste, so as Sieg said I could imagine myself drinking this when I did not have much appeitite.

As we did that, dinner was served.
It was cold at night, so I closed the windows.

The season showed signs of changing from summer to autumn.

Raw link

<< | Project Page | >>

Beloved Wife’s Lunchbox and Autumn’s Great Harvest

Beloved Wife’s Lunchbox and Autumn’s Great Harvest

Stories of the Four Seasons

Autumn is the time for harvesting vegetables that were planted in early spring. This year, the temperature was unstable so the crops did not grow very well. Well, things happen every year, so we usually harvest the crops with half expectations.

The root vegetables which are relatively easily to pick are harvested by the children.
It’s endearing seeing the children pulling on carrots and digging for potatoes.

When it’s time for lunch, everyone has the packed lunches they brought from home.
Today, Sieg made lunch for me.
I always prepared my own lunch, so I was moved.
I wonder what Sieg made for me. I opened the basket as my heart pounded.

What came into my eyes first were the three large potatoes. They were baked properly, and there were salt and herbs to go with them. Other than those, there was a long sausage on a skewer, standing out very greatly.
The potato and the sausage was sent from Sieg’s family.
Around the edge of the basket, there were also small bottles. Pickled cabbages. I wonder if this is handmade by Sieg? I thought that it was new to put bottles in the lunchbox.

The main menu was crunchy deep fried meat. On top of it, there were thin slices of lemon.

Above were the contents of my beloved wife’s lunchbox.

What should I say, the sensation of a soldier not used to cooking earnestly making lunch feels great! The staple food being potatoes rather than bread was also like Sieg’s home country.

The handmade lunch was delicious.

So much that I almost wished that I should have peeked at her making them if possible.

After lunch, I started working again in the afternoon.
The harvested vegetables are collected in one place and men with discerning eyes take care of the selection process.

Vegetables with scars or ones that are small, which are those not fit for selling, were also needed to be collected instead of tax. I wanted to share them with everyone, but I had no choice but to take them back home.

This year, there was a poor harvest of potatoes.
They were not that big to start with, but this year they only grew to the size of the ring made by putting one's thumb and index finger together. There were two bags of potatoes that wouldn't be able to be sold to the merchants.

While pondering how I should cook them, I returned home.

◇◇◇

"Welcome back."
"I'm back~!"

Sieg stood up from doing her gardening work and greeted me.

"Sieg, thank you for the lunchbox."
"No, it wasn't that great."
"No, they were all delicious!"

If it was the usual, I would have given her a kiss of thanks, but today I couldn't even approach her because of all the mud.
Unable to bear seeing her husband like that, Sieg talked to me.

"Ritz, you should take a bath first."
"Eh, it's alright. Sieg, you can go in first. Meanwhile, I'll be weeding in the meanwhile."
"It's alright, so go in. You must be tired."
"Really?"

I prefer going in after Sieg! But if I say that I might be treated as a pervert so I decided to receive her hospitality.

I wiped the sweat and mud off my body and headed the living room in a clean state.
While I was resting, sitting on a chair, Miruporon brought a honey lemon juice.

“Thank you~”

As usual, Miruporon pounded her chest and then disappeared.
Before I realised it, I was seeing off a back wider than mine.

While I was wondering what I should do about the pile of vegetables I received, Sieg came out of the bath.

When I tapped the spot next to me, she came over.

“How were the vegetables?”
“N~n, not bad, I guess.”

If the potatoes are as big as the ones from Sieg’s country, the profitability will be much different, or so I thought.

This year, I counseled Captain Artonen of the fortress for financial matters, so I wanted to try out many things.

As I chatted with Sieg, dinner was served.

The pot of soup was placed on the table. It was left there, which meant that we were free to refill our bowls.
The main ingredient of today’s soup were mushrooms. There were mushrooms that were collected and dried in summer.
There were also chicken herb roast that was cooked until the skin was crispy, as well as a salad of leafy vegetables with fish oil.
In the middle of the table, a potato gratin was placed.
Next to that, there was a pile of potato fries.

“It’s a feast again today. Thank you as always.”

When I delivered words of thanks to Ruruporon, she returned a smile.

Sieg served gratin onto dishes.
Meanwhile, I took out alcohol from the shelf and poured some into my wife’s cup.

“Now then, let’s eat.”

“Alright.”

After giving a prayer of gratitude to the spirit I started eating.

The soup had the poisonous mushrooms, kantarelli. It’s said that it’s okay as long as they aren’t eaten raw.
They have a spicy flavour like pepper and also have a chewy texture so they’re tasty. Because they’re dried, the flavour is also condensed well.
The soup that was cooked carefully had a mild and elegant taste. I applauded Ruruporon in my head.
When I cut the chicken herb roast, the meaty juices flowed out. The skin was crispy and the meat was tender. The fragrance of the herbs roused my appetite.
I thought that the salad marinated in fish oil would taste good with bread, but unfortunately today there was no bread on the table. Then I thought of using potato fries instead of bread. I discovered that the crispiness of the leafy vegetables went well with the crunchy potato fries. Moreover, the fishy flavour made me want alcohol. It was very delicious.
The potato gratin still had the peel on.
The potato that was just harvested was warm and had a sweet taste. The cheese that was in the slit was also crunchy and tasty.

The dinner meal filled with the blessing of autumn was great.

After dinner, I decided to play with Sieg on the long chair.

“Sieg, let’s play~”

Today, I was quite tired so I just wanted to do something simple. Thus, I brought cards.
We played a game where we flipped the cards to collect sets of the number. Both Sieg and I were remembering the cards, so it always turns out to become like a game of who gets it first.

When we played games, we always did it after setting a penalty for the loser. Dishwashing, cleaning the floor, baking, those sorts of things.

“What should we have today?”
“Ritz, what do you want?”
“Let’s see~”

Even though she asked, I couldn’t think of anything specific.

“How about you, Sieg?”
“Let’s see, how about the loser wearing their hair in twintail pigtails?”
“Uwa, that’s nasty!”

Sieg’s hair did not grow out enough to braid her hair, but she said that she has the attachable hair she got from home.

“This, even if you lose, it won’t hurt!”
“No, it would be probably painful to see a woman in her thirties wear pigtails.”
“No it’s not, it will definitely be cute!”
“……”

While talking, I ended up wanting to see Sieg’s hair in pigtails, so I rolled up my sleeves and put effort into the game.

——The result.

“Uwa, I lost.”

A splendid defeat.
I might have been out of focus because of the fatigue.
From the winner, Sieg, I received a comb and ribbons.

“What’s with these ribbons.”
“It’s something brother sent as a joke.”

They were pink ribbons with nice textures from the velvet.
I asked if she wanted me to do it now. When I asked just in case, Sieglinde replied yes.

I couldn’t help it, so I had my hair done in pigtails and put ribbons on.

“Hey, isn’t it disgusting?”
“No, it’s good.”

There’s no way it would be good, I murmured and and hid my face with both hands in embarrassment.

◇◇◇

Like so, the peaceful couple life with Sieg passed peacefully.

Stories of the Four Seasons complete.

Author:
(Stuff about illustrations)

Next up, we have ‘The Nine Brothers’ Sieglinde Observation Diary’ on 29th June.

Raw link

Translator:
The next chapter will be up on 7th October (tomorrow).

The Nine Brothers' Sieglinde Observation Diary

The Nine Brothers' Sieglinde Observation Diary
Additional Chapter

Okt.[1] 03 Albert

When we received the news that Sieg was coming back, our family was grief-stricken.

—— In the end, our little sister was being returned.

When the news arrived, father went to the ranch while looking like an animal that was getting sold off to the market.
Mother enthusiastically said that she would turn her into a lady this time, and ordered dresses. She felt that Sieglinde would have grown large in the remote land so she ordered larger sizes. No one could retort that it was too late.
A while later, I wrote a letter warning my son Claus, who was to come home on vacation from the boarding school, to not fool around with her.

Even so, what should I say to my little sister.

The mansion was surrounded in a sorrowful atmosphere.

Nov. 01 Daniel

Sieglinde is finally back.
I wanted to work without rest while my little sister and her husband was home, but my older brother said, "It's scary so please stay with me!" so I grudgingly attended the ritual where Sieglinde was being returned from her husband.

We also held a meeting to discuss who should go out to greet who would be acting violently because she is getting returned.
All of us brothers shook our heads.

The discussion went on until dawn.

The result — First, let's at least feed her some meat.

That was the conclusion we came to after we seriously discussed the matter. We decided to pool our money and buy a cow from father's ranch.

—— Sieglinde. Do not worry. You may have been abandoned by your husband, but you have meat!!

One cow will soothe our little sister's heart.

Also, we practiced making a soft expression to receive Sieg who would be heartbroken.

Nov. 12 Diederich.

In the end, the day when Sieg comes visited us.
I couldn't tell my young daughters that their aunt was coming back.
Both Edelgard and Adeltraud followed Sieg well, but I could not bear seeing them in shock from their aunt's changed appearance.

All that we could do now was to pray to God.

—— O God, please calm down the unruly Sieg.

In the morning, everyone had a strained expression.
The sensitive Edelgard seemed to have felt the tension in the air, as she was not eating much.
Adeltraud, who is dense in a good sense of the word, was appetisingly spreading jam and bread and was biting into it.

Everyone tried their best to endure their day, using the innocent Adeltraud as a refresher.

Nov. 12 Eugen

We received news that Sieg had arrived from a servant.
Is she alone!? I thought, but it seemed that the husband was here as well.
I felt relieved that there would not be a fight when people were going to explain the circumstances.

I asked older brother what kind of person Sieg's husband is, but he replied that only father and mother met him and that he did not know.

Father said that Sieg's husband is a very kind and fluffy young man.
When I asked if he has a calm personality, he replied no.
Fluffy seems to refer to his appearance. I'm not sure what that means.
Just who is her husband who is also a count in another country.

Furthermore, apparently it was he who proposed to Sieg because he fell in love with her at first sight.
Just what part of Sieg, who always has a sharp gaze, did he like. It's full of mysteries.
The door opened with great force, causing all of us brothers to flinch.
I thought that it might have been Sieglinde who was acting wildly, but it was eldest brother's son Claus.

Claus apparently came to see Sieglinde.
He asked that we should go to the drawing room, but none of us were ready so we shook our heads violently.
In the end, Claus was to go to the drawing room alone. Eldest brother repeatedly warned him to not do anything unnecessary, but that kid probably would not listen.

I saw off the reckless Claus with a wailful feeling.

Nov. 12 Florenz

Claus, who went out energetically, came back with a face as if he saw something terrifying.

—— That's why we warned you.

Everyone in the room thought that.
Claus told us to go to the drawing room since it was almost meal time.

Ultimately, the time has come. Eldest brother murmured a heavy sentence.

The meal will be had without children.
The opponent was Sieglinde who was in her most touchy state. It's no surprise that people below the age of 18 would be refused.

Before we went to the drawing room, we fidgeted over who should be in the lead.
We drew lots with numbers up to 4, and then walked in a straight line in that order.

The lead was eldest brother Albert who drew the lot with the number 1.
When we finally arrived at the room, he blurted out, "Sieglinde!?" in a tone of surprise.

To see our little sister who has turned into a burly warrior in the foreign land, us brothers peeked into the room.

——Nnn??

The lady sitting on the chair is Sieglinde!?

With longer hair and a plumper body, Sieg looked like a different person.
She looked, miraculously, good in the dress.

In addition, we realised that we were greatly mistaken.
Sieg was just visiting on vacation.

Everyone in the family greeted Sieg and her husband awkwardly.

From seeing my little sister, I could tell. She was cherished in the foreign land.

Sieg's husband Ritzhard whom I saw for the time had a fluffy impression like snow as father and mother said.
He was sociable, talking to us with smiles.

As I watched him, I came to an understanding.
If it was someone as sociable as him, befriending Sieg would have been fast after all.

Father gathered us for a meal.

On the table, there were many meat dishes.
They were all things that Sieg likes.

However, Sieg did not eat well.
In the middle, when the main course came out, she covered her mouth and ran out of the room.

The whole family became puzzled over what might have happened.

Ritzhard quickly said, "Morning sickness."

Believe it or not, Sieg was pregnant.

It's great that the couple is on good terms.

Nov.15 Georg

My older brother who was back home for holiday informed me that I would be

able to see something interesting, so I decided to visit the family home.

When I asked what the interesting thing was, older brother did not answer.

Since I was told that I would be able to know if I went to the drawing room, I headed there.
When I opened the door and entered, there was a red-haired lady that I saw for the first time.

A relative? Or so I thought, but that person said that it has been a while in a friendly tone.

While I was tilting my head from hearing that we met before, I discovered an unbelievable fact.

The lady in front of me was Sieglinde.

To be frank, I was surprised.
She changed so much, in so many ways.
To become so feminine, just what happened overseas.
I did think that she was being cherished by her husband, but to become like this.

Moreover, I never saw her wearing accessories before, but there was jewelry shining at her ear.
Apparently it was a present from her husband.

When I honestly told her that it suits her well, she smiled shyly.

I wanted to greet her husband who changed her, but he was returning home then.

When I joked, “Could he be abandoning you?” she glared at me with a terrifying expression, the like of which I never saw before.

—— O husband, please come quickly and take Sieg away.

I hoped so as beads of sweat formed on my brows.

Dez. 13 Heino

From some time ago, I received news that Sieg was back at our parents’ home.

Letters of misfortune informing my brothers’ agonies arrived once a week.
Believe it or not, it was discovered that Sieg was pregnant so she was to

recuperate. Meanwhile, her husband was back in his country temporarily.

It was written that they were being at the mercy of Sieg's emotional instability, but I could tell that it was because my older brothers joked about or said something unncessary.
To anger Sieg, I thought that my brothers were being funny.

There were not many things I could do.

While thinking of our parents' place, I clasped my hands.

—— Ritzhard-dono, please return quickly and calm down the rampaging Sieglinde.

A few days later, I received news that Ritzhard-dono came back.
It seemed that peace finally returned there.

Dez. 21 Ewald

I was so very surprised at Sieglinde's change.
I could not imagine my little sister being someone's docile wife, but Sieg who was in front of me felt like a reserved wife.

I could only be surprised at Ritzhard-san's ability.

Jan. 15 Johann

When I visited my parents' place after a long time, there was a woman crouching in the garden so I tilted my head.
Who could this be.
She wore a hat decorated with flowers and ribbons, and was removing the snow on the flowerbed with clothes that looked to be a little thin for winter.
The skin was flawless and blended into the snowy landscape.

I was somewhat bothered so I talked to her.
"Young lady, you will catch a cold in those clothes," said I as I offered her a coat.

The person that was crouching down looked up and made an elegant smile.
And then, a reply of "I'm alright!" came back.

I was surprised by that.

Because the voice was that of a man's.

The person with the appearance of a fairy was Sieglinde’s husband.
As to why he was wearing a lady’s hat, it was something mother bought for Sieg but because she did not want to use it, mother asked him to try it.

—— Erm, you can refuse those things.

I told my innocent younger brother-in-law.

◇◇◇

Within a year, Sieg changed surprisingly.
We recalled father saying that all women had potential to bloom like a flower.

This time, we could not help but nod to those words.

Author:
On July 6th, “Aina and Emmerich’s Elopement of Love!?” will be updated.

Raw link

[1] The author uses abbreviations of the German words for the months.

Translator:
I mustered up the courage to finally ask for permission to translate…… only to find out that the author does not accept private messages from strangers!

Aina and Emmerich’s Elopement of Love!?

Aina and Emmerich’s Elopement of Love!?

Additional Chapter

Author:

This takes places some time after chapter 47.

This is the story of the two who ran away from the village.

I was out of the village and was heading for Emmerich’s country.

After running away from the village, I finally came to my senses after we boarded the ship.

The cabin room has a bunk bed and there was also a curtain to separate the room.

I could have my private space, but it did not change the fact that the two of us were sharing one room.

With a carefree attitude, Emmerich asked me if I preferred the top bed or the bottom bed.

“Such a thing, anything is fine.”

“Ah, okay, then, Aina-chan gets the top bed.”

“……”

What is this. This, the way how he’s suggesting that the top bed is better.

When I asked about it, he told me that he was always the one on the top bed when he sharing bunk beds with his brothers.

“Shall we go eat?”

“Eh!?”

“There’s a dining hall above.”

“……”

I did not have much appetite from the morning so I did not have anything.

I felt hunger now.

While appreciating Emmerich’s offer, I followed him.

The dining hall where we could have foreign food was crowded with people.

“……”

Even if I saw the menu, I couldn’t read it well. I can’t read Emmerich’s language very well. My grandparents were against me learning other languages.

Ritz-oniichan sometimes taught me in secret, but I’m still not used to the language.
As for our conversations, half of the words are in my language and half of the words are in his language.
He studied hard for me.
However, I wanted to learn Emmerich’s country’s language so I asked him to speak more in his language.

Just being able to read the words didn’t help with identifying the dishes.
I felt as though there were glances directed here, so I wanted to return to the room quickly. Therefore, I left it to Emmerich.

“Aina-chan, what would you like?”
“……Anything’s fine.”

I regretted saying that afterwards. Why did I say such an uncute thing.
It would be nice to be able to smile and ask which is good like Ritz-oniichan would have done.

“Let’s see, what would be good.”
“……”

After hearing Emmerich’s response, I could raise my head.

Good. He didn’t look displeased at my attitude.

I repetitively apologised in my head.

“There are dishes that have a strong flavour, so~”

Emmerich started explaining the dishes on the menu.

“The bread probably won’t be too different from the ones we had in the village. As for the soup……”

I told him that anything was fine, but he explained everything for me.
I ordered potato soup called ‘Kartoffelsuppe’ and a fried veal sirloin dish called ‘Schnitzel’.

Emmerich ordered onion soup called ‘Zwiebelsuppe’ and a dish of chicken cooked with red wine, called ‘coq au vin’.[1]

The ordered dishes were served quickly. In the centre of the table, a basket with bread was placed.

‘Kartoffelsuppe’ was a thoroughly stewed soup made from mashed potatoes, milk from livestock, and spices, I suppose? It had deep flavour, and the sensation on the tongue was soft. Dipping bread in it was delicious as well.
‘Schnitzel’ was a dish that was cooked by deep frying beef sirloin covered in dried bread crusts.
He told me that I should sprinkle lemon juice over and that I should have it with steamed potatoes.
When I brought the knife to the meat, it cut through very well. It was a very soft meat.
The surface was crispy while the meat juice overflowed inside. Because of the lemon juice, the taste was clean as well.

Foreign food was surprisingly good.

On our way back, Emmerich told me that he’s going to the store.

“If there’s anything you need, please tell me.”
“……”

Emmerich paid for the meal. I thought of paying for myself, but I had left my wallet in the room.

“Aina-chan, would you like some chocolate?”
“No need.”
“Sweets?”
“I told you there’s no need.”
“……Alright.”

I did it again.
Why do I keep saying such uncute things.
As I watched Emmerich’s back going further away, I felt like running away.

I want to be more sociable like Ritz-oniichan.
The things I suddenly say are all harsh things.

“Shall we go.”
“……”

I followed Emmerich back to the room as he held a paper bag.

◇◇◇

When I entered the room, Emmerich served juice and snacks.

“Eh, this, why!?”
“Let’s eat together after a while.”
“……O-Okay.”

Emmerich just smiled and said that he wanted to have some.

After that, the rest of the time was used to study the language.
If there were things I did not know, Emmerich taught me.

The two days boat trip flew by quickly.

At the port, we bought breakfast at the market.

While eating, we discussed what we should do afterwards.

Emmerich’s place is located in the capital of this country.
Since it would be conspicuous to wear traditional clothes, he bought a one-piece dress and a coat for me.
Thanks to the goodwill of the clerk, I was able to change in the inside of the store.

The dress had frills with flower patterns on the hem and the cuffs. The skirt was light, unlike the traditional clothes of the village. There were many ribbons near the chest and the hips so it was cute. The coat was fluffy, made of wool. Compared to my homeland, it was not very cold here but Emmerich told me that I might catch a cold so I bought it.
I was planning on paying for the clothes, but Emmerich paid for me. I felt bad.

“I’ll also do your hair in a cute style.”
“Eh?”
“Twintail braids are drab, you see?”
“……”

The braids are signify my belief in the spirit that protects the village.

She’s a kindly clerk. I could refuse.
However, this place is not my homeland.

“……Yes, please.”
“Leave it to me!”

I never tried other hairstyles than braiding. My heart fluttered a bit.

My hair was split into two halves then weaved. Braiding hair was the same, but having hair that was not let down was fresh.
I thought it was over, but it wasn’t so.
The bottom of the braids were lifted to give them volume and something was stuck through my hair to hold them in place.

“Okay, done.”
“!”

——Amazing! Feels sort of adult-like!

I checked myself out in a long mirror that reflected all of myself.
I couldn’t believe it. I looked like someone completely different.

“Now now, stop fidgeting, we have to show your husband as well.”
“!?”

I tried to say that he was not my husband, but she kept pushing my back.
I wanted to complain, but unfortunately I did not know the words in the foreign language.

In the end, I was pushed out to the store floor with a thud.

“Ah!”

I had shoes with heels, which I was not used to, so I lost balance.

I’m falling! The moment I thought that, Emmerich ran over and caught me.

“A-Are you alright?”
“……Fine.”

Not ‘fine’!

Why couldn’t say the short sentence, “Vielendank (Thank you very much)”

“……?”

Even after a long time passed, Emmerich did not remove his hands from my shoulders, so I cautiously raised my head.

"!"

When our eyes met, Emmerich blinked unnaturally.

"Erm, are you alright?"

……Rather, are you angry?

When I was about to ask that, he spoke up first.

"Aina-chan, you look so pretty."
"Eh?"
"It suits you well."
"!"

Apparently, Emmerich was acting strangely because he was fascinated by me.

When I found that out, I got embarrassed so I distanced myself.

"Quickly, let's go."
"……Yes."

I bowed to the kind clerk and then we exited the store.

There was a carriage headed for the capital, so we rode that. After many hours, we finally arrived at the town Emmerich lived in.

"It might be a little cramped here."
"……Okay."

He lived in a rented room in a house three stories high.
It consisted of a living room, a bedroom, a kitchen, a bathroom, a toilet, perfect for living alone.

"Aina-chan, you can use the bedroom."
"What about you?"
"I'm fine with the living room sofa."
"……"

Even if I said that I would be fine with the sofa, I thought that he wouldn't listen so I accepted his goodwill.

I found out as we travelled together that Emmerich is quite stubborn.
Also, he never gives up his attitude of placing ladies first.

“From here on, work will get busy so I can’t come back too much.”
“……Okay.”
“Should we hire a maid?”
“No need.”
“B-But.”
“I can do it alone.”

I have confidence in cleaning and cooking and sewing.
If we hire people, it would burden Emmerich’s budget, and the thought of having someone else in the house made me feel uneasy so I declined.

“Then, if there is anything troubling you ask for help from the owner on the first floor. I will request for assistance to Aina-chan.”
“……Alright.”

Like so, my life together with Emmerich began.

◇◇◇

As he said on the first day of living together, Emmerich did not come home for most of the time.
Meanwhile, I went outside to shop around or take strolls in the park, trying to go out of the house as much as possible.

However, there was one scary incident.
On the way back from the market, a young man talked to me.
He spoke quickly in the foreign language so I could not understand.

“It’s alright so hang out with me!” was all I could get.

Scary.
He was not taller than Emmerich, but he had an intimidating aura.

I shook my head to convey that I didn’t want to. However, he grabbed my arm so I swung the basket I had on one hand to his shoulder.

He was taken aback and let me go.

I concentrated solely on running.

However, he was also chasing after me persistently. I could hear a terrifying roar behind me.

I thought that I was on the quick side, but I could not run well because of the shoes.

Tears came flowing out from the fear.

I was almost home, but then I remembered that I had put the key in the basket, which made even more tears flow out.
I did not have time to fetch the basket that hit the man.

I soon arrived at my home.
I wonder if the house owner is home.
Please, help, I prayed as I ran.

“——!”

From the sight I was greeted by, I suspected my eyes.

Emmerich was coincidentally in front of the door.

“Eh? Aina-chan.”

I flew into his arms and tightly hugged him.

“Eh, what’s wrong——!”

The man who was chasing me faced Emmerich.

“What, she already had someone.”
“Who are you?”

They were talking about something, but Emmerich spoke quickly as well so I couldn’t get what they were saying.

“That woman, she swung her basket at me. I have something to say to her so lend her to me.”
“I can’t do that.”
“Hoh?”

——Scary.

Have I done something irreparable without realising it?

Emmerich softly patted my shoulders that were shaking.

“Well, what’s going on here?”

The house owner who happened to hear the commotion came outside.
Emmerich asked the house owner to take me inside.

When I explained the situation, I was told that I did nothing bad.

“It’s alright. David-san will take care of it.”

Even so, I was worried about Emmerich.
What if he gets injured, I thought. The shaking in my shoulders did not go away.
Maybe because my thoughts showed on my face, the house owner elaborated.

“He’s a soldier. He’s used to fights.”
“!”

As the house owner said, Emmerich came back with a nonchalant look.

“Sorry for causing a commotion outside the house.”
“No, it’s alright. However, the public order around the area has worsened due to increased immigration. I wouldn’t recommend letting a young woman walking around alone.”
“Yes. Indeed.”

I was the one who did a bad thing, yet Emmerich was scolded by the house owner.
I heard about the public order worsening from the day I arrived here. I was also told to shop from the door-to-door merchants.

I returned home with my back drooping.
Today, I heard that Emmerich would be coming back so I was planning to cook some delicious food for him, but I ended up dropping the ingredients.

I really should apologise this time.
I breathed in while thinking that, but Emmerich spoke up first.

“Aina-chan, I’m glad you’re safe.”
“!”

Emmerich held my hand and crouched down.
And then he started murmuring that he was sorry.

“W-Why? The one at fault here is me who went out arbitrarily.”

Emmerich softly said that it was not so, and fell into silence.

“——Ah.”

While I was looking at the top of Emmerich’s head, I remembered something.

“Eh, what is it?”
“The house key, I left it on the street with the basket! I have to go fetch them!”

When I said that, Emmerich said that he’ll go.

“B-But.”
“It’s alright, so wait at home.”
“……”

He doesn’t listen to others when he’s like this, so I decided to leave it to him.

While Emmerich is outside, I started preparing the meal.

Even though I said that, there were only root vegetables such as potatoes, some bread, smoked meat and canned food.

In the kitchen, I categorised the potatoes.
In this country, there are three major categories of potatoes.

First, there’s ‘Festkochende Kartoffeln’, potatoes which do not collapse easily. These are used for boiling or frying.
Second, there’s ‘Vorwiegend Festkochende Kartoffeln’, potatoes which are hard to cook while still maintaining their structure. These are used when one wants moderate texture.
Finally, there’s ‘Mehligkochende Kartoffeln’, potatoes that collapse easily. These are used for soup.[2]

When I first visited the market, I was surprised by the great variety of potatoes.

I used the easily collapsing potatoes to make soup. I added smoked meat, potatoes and some spices then I started boiling it slowly.
I baked the potatoes that do not easily collapse in the stove.
Meanwhile, I made white sauce.
Milk and flour are mixed, then seasoned with spices. I made a little too much.

Finally, I mixed it with minced smoke meat and mushrooms marinated in oil.
On the cross-shaped slits on the potatoes, I poured white sauce and powdered cheese, and then heated them again. It's done once cheese has completely melted.
The soup that was left on the fire after putting in the ingredients seemed to be done as well.

At that moment, Emmerich returned.

"Aina-chan, the key and basket with the shopped goods were there."
"!"

The kind clerk at the tailor shop had picked it up.
I was relieved since we found the key.

"Th-Thank you."
"Nn. It was nice that it was there."

Emmerich went back to the usual silly smile.

When I told him that the meal was ready, he looked happy.
It was only a simple meal made from what I had home, but Emmerich still ate them deliciously.

◇◇◇

The life in the foreign country was just beginning, but every day was fulfilling.

I also thought that it would be nice if I could have a honest attitude to Emmerich as well.

Aina and Emmerich's Elopement of Love!? — The End.

Raw link

[1] The German names are the literal meanings (potato soup and onion soup respectively). Schnitzel I think most people know. Coq au vin is a french dish made by braising chicken with wine.
[2] Anyone proficient in German? Please check these terms if possible. Edit: A big thanks to 'Anonymous Coward' for taking the time and effort to check!

The Dog and Father

The Dog and Father
Additional Chapter

Author:
This takes place after the additional chapter ‘With Ritzhard!’
The point of view is from Sieglinde’s brother.

Sieglinde left one dog as a gift and returned to the country where she married off to.
I thought that my daughters would feel sad, but my expectations were far off.
Edelgard and Adeltraud looked lonesome for a bit, but surprisingly they are now preoccupied with the dog.

The problem was elsewhere.

There was a person disappointed not over Sieg but over her husband Ritzhard-kun.

Father.

He went out to the ranch with a depressed expression again.

To make father this sad, just what could he have done…… I am only joking. The young man who manages being Sieglinde’s husband in a carefree manner is a very sociable man.

He was staying here as a guest, but he helped with father’s work, handled Sieg’s emotions very well, and flawlessly dealt with mother and sister-in-law. I could only see him as a superman.

Just why is he being Sieg’s husband?
Or so I wondered, but when I heard that most women cannot survive in the harsh environment of Ritzhard-kun’s land I understood.

Apparently, it is a land where the snow rages on, where savage beasts roam the forests. A frightening place.

When I heard that, I felt that it was the perfect place for my rough little sister

Sieglinde.
They are on quite good terms as a couple, that I was in disbelief that such miracles did exist.
I could only pray that they would be happy for a long time.

Rather, the bigger problem is father.

He was even more depressed than my two daughters.
What is a proper adult doing, I thought, but it was Ritzhard who seized the heart of the impregnable fortress Sieg. Father too must have liked him very much, treating him like his own son.

Well, I also think that us brothers are also responsible for this.
We were busy at work, so we prioritised resting our bodies over helping father out with work.
Originally, it's something that we needed to do, but Ritzhard went there.

I will reflect on myself and help with father's ranch! It was easy to pledge so to myself, but seeing work piling up I couldn't help him.
My brothers are all soldiers as well, so our busy periods overlapped.

However, we cannot leave our father depressed like this.
While I was agonising over what I should do in the drawing room, I spotted my daughters carrying the dog in a basket.

A fluffy, snow-white dog.
The name is 'Ritz'.
Adeltraud named it.
But to coolly let someone name a dog after him, I was in awe. He is probably the most magnanimous man in our family.

The dog breed is a samoyed, that grows to a very large size.
It is kind and likes to play, so I heard from Sigelinde that these dogs are popular as pets.
It has a warm personality and does not have much hunting instincts, and it is friendly to people so it is not fit as a guard dog.

Everyone in the family agrees that its smile is similar to Ritzhard-kun.

My wife murmured, we have to get the dog trained.

Indeed, it is a very big dog, so if it lunges at my daughters while playing around it will be very dangerous.

I wondered if I knew anyone who knew a lot about dogs.

“Ah!”
“Goodness, what is it!?”

I was sorry to have surprised my wife, but I had a great idea.
I thought of leaving the education of the dog to father.

I heard that father also trained the sheepdogs.
If so, we can leave the dog to father.

Fortunately, the dog is very similar to Ritzhard-kun. The name is the same as well. Maybe it might be able to soothe father’s heart as well.

As soon as possible, I asked father that day.

But then I thought that my daughters would be saddened if the dog was left to father. I had thought that they might not want to hand over their cute dog, but Edelgard an Adeltraud honestly handed over the dog.

I felt sorry, but then I heard that my daughters energetically went out on strolls to the forest so I felt relieved.

I held the dog and went to father’s office.

“Father, may I have some time?”

A reply came immediately.
I was sitting face-to-face with father who was still looking exhausted.
Seeing the dog in my arms, he asked what it was that I wanted.

“I want father to train this dog.”
“I am to train the dog?”
“Yes. Can I ask you for that?”

I handed the dog over to father who was listening with a vacant expression.
Father made a confused expression at the dog he was suddenly given.
The fluffy dog did not shy away and stayed still.
To be similar to Ritzhard-kun even with this. What a frightening dog, I thought.

The dog Ritz stared up at fater.

Getting stared at, father gently patted the dog Ritz's head.

The dog's fur is soft, causing one to caress it a lot.

Gradually, father's cheeks loosened.
After feeling the fur to his heart's content, father expressed his impressions.

"Th-This is quite cute."
"Right."

The dog Ritz seized father's heart.
I told the dog Ritz that I am leaving father to it with my gaze, and then left the room.

A few days later.
When I was coming back home from training, I saw father working energetically with the dog Ritz following behind him.

When I talked to him, I confirmed that it was the usual father I knew.
When I asked how the dog was doing, father laughed that it was troubling because it has too much energy.

The strategy 'soothe father with the dog Ritz-kun' seemed to have worked.

After seeing my father like that, I made up my mind.

First, I requested to be moved to a branch with less work.
I had more leisure in life, and I had more time I could spend with my wife and my daughters.

At that moment, us brothers reflected on our past actions and actively helped out with father.
Until now, we have only been doing work in the military, so we were not used to working with animals. At first, we went through great ordeals, but we gradually found it pleasurable and worthwhile.

Some months later, the dog Ritz grew into a fine dog.
When accompanying my daughters into the forests, it strode forth with an expression like a knight's, exercising vigilance against wild animals.
It was a lovely dog that never lost its smile, so it healed all the family and the

servants.
When accompanying father to the ranch, it also properly carried out its job as a working dog.

As expected of a dog Sieglinde chose, I thought in awe.

Thanks to the dog Ritz, the house became much brighter.
I felt sincerely thankful for the new family member.

A few years later, we went to Ritzhard-kun's country with father, my daughters and the dog Ritz. It was dangerous when there was a pair of lookalikes.

One is a social white dog, and the other is a social white-haired young man. They were both not familiar with each other, but Ritzhard-kun said "Long time no see" as if he was greeting an old friend, and the dog Ritz wagged it tail as if it found someone that was nice, after which they ran up to each other.

Seeing the two hug each other, I almost laughed because their actions and their appearances were too similar.

I desperately bit my lower lip and held it in.

There were many delightful events in Ritzhard-kun's village, but that is a story for another time.

Raw link

<< | Project Page | >>

Emmerich and the Fickle Kittens — First Part

Emmerich and the Fickle Kittens — First Part

Additional Chapter

It has been a few months since I started living with Aina in my homeland.
Because I was retiring from the military soon, I was burdened with work, so I could not make enough time to spend with her.
It is the long-awaited life with her, but there is no trace of sweetness.
Rather, Aina-chan's behaviour is salty.
In the morning, she glares at me warily while making breakfast.
Before I realise it, the lunchbox is placed inside my bag. I always am at awe that it's like magic.
Because I come back late at night, she is always sleeping before me. However, there are many dishes on the table.
I'm happy from just that. Aina-chan is doing her best for me.

I asked her if there was anything bothering her or if there was anything she was holding in, but all she would say is, "Not really."
I have no clue on what women need so I am leaving that to the landlady.

The usual morning.
I hurriedly woke up just in time and start dressing up.
Since there is a woman, I have to be careful, but maybe because I am tired every day, my body does not listen to me.
I brushed my teeth, shaved my beard and combed my hair before putting on the military uniform Aina-chan cleaned.

When I go to the dining room, Aina-chan is making breakfast.
Why is such a frail and diligent snow fairy in this house? I immediately felt happy.

"A-Aina-chan, morning!"

When I offered a greeting, Aina-chan quickly looked back and glared at me with an expression as if she was looking at her parents' killer. Of course, she did not reply back.

When I sat down and waited, she left a cup of coffee with a loud bang.

“Thank you.”

Even though I thanked her, I was ignored. Her tightly shut lips did not open. It was the usual.

I did not mind her attitude. Ritz-kun said in his letter that she is the shyest girl in the village. Furthermore, I already understand Aina-chan through exchanging letters.
She always worried for my health. She said that my mundane stories were fun. She always sent polite words.

Moreover, the food she cooks every day has deep love in it.

Therefore, I believe that her harsh attitude comes from either embarrassment or shyness.

……Probably.

As I was reading the newspaper while drinking coffee, she served breakfast on the table.
Aina set the table with waste-free movements.
She sliced freshly baked bread and spread jam on it. It was so delicious. When I asked where she got it from, she told me that she made it.
She spread plenty of butter of on another slice.

Other than that, there were white sausages, potato soup, and boiled and peeled eggs.
They were all delicious.

Even as I ate, Aina-chan worked diligently.
When I invited her to eat with me before, she sternly refused with a “No!” so I did not invite her after that.

I thanked Aina-chan for the delicious meal.

“Aina-chan, thank you. They were all delicious.”
“……Why don’t you go to work quickly?”
“Ah, yes.”

We repeated the same conversation every morning.

When I went to work, I was held up by a colleague I was seeing after a long

time.
Apparently, the cat he has been raising at his home had babies so he was having trouble.

“No, my house, is shared……”
“You won’t get caught if you keep quiet!”
“I will get caught.”

Moreover, I don’t want to betray the kind landlady.
To begin with, I prefer dogs.
I’m actually feeling a little melancholy because I had not met the dog at my family’s place for some time.
My parents’ place is nearby, but because of the busy schedule I couldn’t really contact them.

“That’s how it is, so,”
“Wait a bit!”

Even though I declined, my colleague persisted tenaciously.

“Aren’t you lonely alone?”
“……”

I never told anyone that I am living with Aina-chan. If I did, they would pester me to introduce her.
I wanted to boast my cute Aina-chan, but it would be troublesome if some guys fell in love with her, so I did not introduce her.
I also ate her lunches filled with love in secret. I was without flaw regarding that.

I was like this from a long time ago.
I never showed what was important to me anyone else, just keeping it to myself.
I felt that childhood habits do carry over to adulthood.

“Hey, it’s just fine with looking, so come over tomorrow.”
“N-No, tomorrow is a holiday in a long time, so,”

I was trying to say that it wasn’t possible, but my colleague had already left.
I was planning on going out with Aina-chan on my next holiday though.

Although I didn’t tell the person in question.

The next day.
To prepare for going to my colleague's house, I dressed myself up.
After breakfast, I informed Aina-chan that I am going out.

"I'll be going to colleague's house today."
"!"

From the sudden schedule, Aina-chan looked surprised.
I wonder if she wanted to go out somewhere with me.
When she went out alone before, she was harassed by a ruffian so I told her to not go out alone. I asked the landlady to go out with her.

If it's now, at this timing, it might be easy to ask her out.
Fortunately, my colleague is married. He is also a devoted husband, so he won't be attracted to Aina-chan.

I mustered up my courage and asked.

"Aina-chan, would you like to come as well?"
"!"

Aina-chan made a surprised expression again.
I told her that we should try ice cream on the way back from seeing the cats. She stayed expressionless for a while, but soon she nodded in response.

I waited until Aina-chan finished preparing.
The clock was ticking past the appointed time, but the guy is waiting in his home so there won't be any problems.

A few dozen minutes later, Aina-chan came out of the room.

"O-Ohh!"

Seeing her in her street wear, I let out a sound of awe.
Her somewhat wavy silver-white hair was tied up high, and she had light makeup on. The lips with the pink shade were unbearable.
She had a white blouse adorned with laces along with a sky-blue dress. It's something I never saw before, maybe she bought it with the landlady?
Whatever it was, I felt that she was extremely lovely.

"……Stop staring."

“Ah, sorry.”

Usually, she would glare at me but today she turned her face elsewhere.
Is she embarrassed? I thought, but I refrained from questioning because that would be pushing my luck.

The exquisite white bag she has in her hand is from Ritz and Sieglinde.
The two of them are currently staying in Thüringen. Apparently, Sieg is pregnant so they will be giving birth here. It’s a wonderful news.
I wondered if I should buy celebratory goods on the way back, but then I realised that I never heard of gifts for pregnancy.
Well, a gift for their hospitality might be good too, I thought as I walked to my colleague’s house with Aina-chan.

Wehn we arrived at my colleague’s house, his wife and a four-year-old child greeted us. After that, my colleague and the cat.
He was surprised to see Aina-chan, but when I introduced her as my wife he warmly received her.

The sweets gift we bought on the way was also gladly received.

Aina-chan was guided by my colleague’s daughter to see the kitten. The wife also followed them.
When I became alone in the room with my colleague, it turned into an interrogation on how I came to find such a beautiful woman.

A few dozen minutes later. When Aina-chan came back, she had a kitten in her arms.
She looked at me with upturned eyes as if she was pleading something.

What was in her arms was a red kitten with large and round eyes.
Maybe because it just had milk from its mother, its stomach was chubby.

I know what Aina-chan wants to say to me.
However, we live in an apartment so we can’t raise cats.
If we want to, we would need a detached house.

Detached houses have high rents.
In preparation for retirement, I want to save up as much as possible.

However, Aina-chan looked like she wants to raise a cat.

I immediately made up my mind.

— Alright. Let's live in the countryside!

I told Aina-chan that we will raise it after we move, and I asked my colleague for the red kitten.

◇◇◇

It was easy planning for the future after deciding what we wanted.
I decided to move to the countryside village where my uncle was at. I left the arrangements for housing and a job to him. The rent is less than half the price of the apartment I am living in. Three hurrahs for the countryside!

Coincidentally, the village is close to the place Ritz-kun and Sieglinde lives at. Aina-chan will be relieved as well.

On the day we left, we fetched the kitten from my colleague's place and went to bid farewell to the landlady.
As a show of gratitude, we gave her the jams and sweets Aina-chan made.
While accepting the gifts, the kind landlady told us that it would have been alright to raise cats.
When I told her that it was not the only reason, she accepted it although she looked disappointed.

Aina-chan was on much better terms with the landlady than she was with me. The landlady softly embraced Aina-chan and patted her.

Then, with a sad expression, Aina-chan asked a favour of the landlady.

"Ah, erm, if it's alright with you, can you name this child?"
"Me?"
"So that I can always think of you."
"What!"

At Aina-chan's words, the landlady smiled happily.

The landlady bestowed the name of 'Rossa' to the kitten.
Apparently it means 'red' in the language of her dead husband. I thought that it was perfect for the cat with attractive red fur.

With a new family, we headed to the countryside.

Raw link

Translator:

I wonder if the author used a red cat because the illustrator is called ‘Akaneko (red cat)’……

Sorry about yesterday and the day before. School shenanigans kept me occupied.

<< | Project Page | >>

Emmerich and the Fickle Kittens — Middle Part

Emmerich and the Fickle Kittens — Middle Part
Additional Chapter

It takes about six hours by carriage to reach the village where my uncle is. It's a rather long trip.
I sent the luggage ahead before us.
The only things we had on hand were small bags with our meals, in addition to a basket holding our new family, Rosa the cat.

It was time to get on the carriage. I confirmed the destination with the driver and got on.
Outside the window, steam vehicles passed by. Recently, it seems like there are more and more of them.
The roads for carriages were getting scarcer.

While witnessing such change of the times, I left behind the city I grew up in.

The carriages were full.
Somehow, we managed to secure seats on the last carriage. Aina-chan sat in the corner while I sat next to her.
The men inside the carriage stole glances at Aina-chan.
The unblemished silver hair and the clear blue eyes were rare after all. Stop staring, I wanted to shout.
However, she did not mind the cheeky gazes, focusing only on the kitten peeking out from the basket.

In a town on the way, we stopped for about half an hour.
There was a park nearby so we decided to have lunch there.
I then realised that there were no blankets to sit on so laid out my coat for her to sit on.

"Why do I have to sit on something like your clothes."
"But otherwise, your skirt will get dirty."

When I persistently offered it, Aina-chan narrowed her eyes as if to glare at me and sat down.

Rossa, in the basket, was on her lap. The kitten was getting fed the fish that was brought for lunch.

"……Lunch, you can have them."
"Ah, yes."

Because Aina-chan had not touched her food, I was waiting like an obedient dog.
Since I got permission from the owner, I opened the lunchbox.

Sandwich with meat and vegetables, skewered meatballs, grilled sausages and soft egg rolls. Meat fried with spices in wrapped in cheese and vegetables. Braised root vegetables with thinly sliced ham decorating the lunchbox like flowers.

The lunchbox was all filled with things I like.
Even though I said thanks, she rejected it saying that she merely made it from leftover ingredients.
Still, I felt happy.
I placed enough food for Aina-chan on a dish and then started eating.
They were all great. It tasted even better since we ate together.

An hour later. The carriage left as was scheduled.

We arrived at the village we are moving to eight hours later.
There were places with deep snow on our way so the ride was slightly delayed.

I visited the village my uncle lives in when I was young. It felt somewhat similar to Ritz-kun's village. It would be nice if she liked it, I thought.

It was a small countryside village.
It had even fewer people than the village Aina-chan was living in.

Since it was such a place, one had to be careful about one's reputation.
It would be impossible for an unrelated man and woman to live under one roof like we could in the city.

Therefore, I carefully discussed it with her and filled out the marriage registration forms to the country.

Of course, under the condition that the relation would be broken if Aina-chan

came to dislike it.
I am planning on returning her to her country eventually.
I am only taking custody of her until the wrath of her family dies down.
I don't know what will happen afterwards.
It might be nice to move to Ritz-kun's village, but if Aina-chan does not want it I have no choice but to live here.

Well, the military did not fit with my nature, so it might not be so bad spending time leisurely here.

Uncle and aunt welcomed me, whom they were seeing after a decade and a few years, as well as Aina-chan.
They asked if we wanted a sheep or a goat for a marriage gift, but to be honest I didn't know the difference so I chose randomly.

The new house was kept neat by my aunt.
It was much more spacious than the apartment we lived in. Bedroom, private room, living room, kitchen, toilet, bathroom.

While I was checking the rooms, I realised something important.

— What should I do? There's only one bedroom!!

It was a natural thing since we were moving in as a married couple.

"A-Aina-chan, you can use this place."
"How come."
"I'll sleeping on the chair in my room."
"As if that could relieve your fatigue!?"
"It's alright!"

I think we had a similar conversation before.
But really, there won't be any problems.
When I served in the military, I slept on the floor with only newspapers for blankets.
When I told her that, she told me to do whatever I wanted.

Aunt prepared many things dinner, so the two of us received those.

The next day, we organised the luggage.
We also went out shopping to the village shopping district.

Aina-chan was not used to this place. Maybe because of that, she was hiding behind me and clinging to my coat sleeve. Very adorable.

After returning home, we resumed unpacking our luggage.
There were two cups.
“Drink this after two hours! Because I won’t brewing anymore! After two hours, even if there’s dust, just drink it anyway! Endure it!” was what I was expecting, but the second cup was Aina-chan’s. I felt relieved inside.
When I brought a cushion over from the couch and offered a seat for her, Aina-chan sat down without saying anything.
We sat in between the luggage and ate the fruit cakes we bought from the store before.

In the pocket near the belly on her apron, there was Rossa the cat. I felt envious that the cat was in a good position.

Noticing my gaze, Aina-chan explained why while caressing Rossa with a benign expression.

“This child, it gets sad if we leave it alone.”
“Eh, hehh~”

I wanted to say that I also become if I’m neglected, but I was afraid of hearing, “Oh, really,” so I kept silent.

The cake we bought from the store was dry and crumbling, causing one to become thirsty.
The cake Aina-chan makes are moist and delicious.
When I said that, she scolded me, saying that she can’t make them because she did not have the ingredients.
It seems that I was rushing her.

“Still, eating cake with Aina-chan is still very pleasurable.”
“……”

The words I blurted out were cleanly ignored.
Maybe she couldn’t hear them because I said it quickly in a soft voice.

What should I say, it might be the first time spending time leisurely with the two of us.

When we were in the city, every day was hectic.
Even on holidays, I slept in from exhaustion. I feel really sorry for that.
It would have been nice to take her out more for sightseeing, but it was too late for regrets.

Even in such a life, Aina-chan never said a word of complaint.
Rather, she supported me through the meals and packed lunches.

I realised that I never properly thanked her. It might have been too late, but I lowered my head regardless.

“Aina-chan.”
“What?”
“Thank you.”
“!?”

Aina-chan was stupefied for a moment. After that, she asked, what happened?

Even when she asked that, I couldn’t answer for some reason. I could only murmur words of gratitude.

Aina-chan calmly stared at me.
She had a quizzical glance.

Really, how should I convince her that I’m not a suspicious person.

The only way may be to come out honestly with my feelings.
In the end, I decided to tell her the feelings I had for a long time.

“Aina-chan.”
“So, what?”
“I, love you, Aina-chan.”
“!”

Aina-chan’s big eyes opened even wider.

I felt both regret and relief from saying it, that I got a very ambivalent feeling.

There weren’t any reactions for a while, so I cautiously took a peek at Aina-chan’s face.

“Ah.”
“——!!”

She quickly turned away.
Aina-chan was blushing deep red.

“Aina, you don’t like me?”

When I recklessly asked, she lowered her head.
However, a little while later, she shook her head.

“—Then, do you like me?”

There weren’t many opportunities like this, so I asked.
Aina-chan blushed even redder.

“Ah, sorry, erm,”

She was getting teary eyed.
I wasn’t planning on making her cry.

I might be forgiven if I touch the floor with my forehead in repentance.
I kneeled and then bowed down.

“Erm, I’m really sorr-”
“—Rossa!”

My words of apology overlapped with Aina-chan calling Rossa.
Rossa leaped out of the apron’s front pocket.

Because she stood up suddenly, reaching out for the kitten, she lost her balance.
Of course, I was able to catch her.

“Th-Thanks”
“No worries.”

Rather, shouldn’t I be the one saying thanks? I almost blurted that out carelessly.
I was reluctant to part but I helped her up.

Aina-chan had a nice scent, and her body was very soft.
It was so splendid that I felt that I could imagine things for a few months after this.

Because I felt that I wasn’t suppressing my vicious thoughts well enough, I hid

my mouth with my hand to not get caught.

Though I might have given it away through the gaze.

[Raw link]

<< | Project Page | >>

Emmerich and the Fickle Kittens — Last Part

Emmerich and the Fickle Kittens — Final Part

Additional Chapter.

Uncle's marriage gift arrived.
A goat. A nanny goat.

It seems that it can be milked only in the winter. I was told to dote on it because it is tame.
Indeed, it is behaving very well next to Aina.

Since it can't be left out in the open, I used materials lying around and built a goat house, with borrowed tools from uncle. When laid hay inside, it looked pretty good.
It seemed that the goat was satisfied as well, because it quickly went into the shed and rested inside.

"The goat is unexpectedly docile. I was surprised."
"Apparentl-Uwah!!"

While we were talking, I felt a strong shock from my back.
I managed perform a break-fall into a roll on the floor.

When I turned around to see who it was, the goat was standing proudly in the light.

"H-How come……?"

The goat lifted its forelegs and stood on its hind legs.
That excited appearance was as though it was showing hostility.

……Could it be, that I'm being threatened?"

Right away, Aina-chan tied the goat to a stake in the ground.

I found out later that goats are creatures of wild temperament.
On a closer look, its eyes are rather frightening.
Come to think of it, the sheep in the village were grazing the grass in a dignified manner. I regretted that I should have chosen a sheep.

I also told Aina-chan to be careful, but if it's next to her it seems to be docile. It even easily lets itself be milked.
Why is it aggressive only to me. I wanted to complain to the goat.

Worst of all, it seemed like the goat was trying to headbutt me whenever possible.
One time, when Aina-chan was waiting for me in front of the door, I ran up to her with a smile. Just before I could enter the house, it headbutted me at my side.
Coincidentally, it stabbed the knee, a key point of the human body, so I leapt up greatly.

Well, Aina-chan worried for me and gently nursed me so it was good.

Uncle gave me an absurd present.
I really want to thank him.

◇◇◇

Outside the house, I am dominated by the savage goat, but inside I felt healed.

The red cat I received from my colleague, Rossa, was such a baby, following Aina-chan everywhere.

In addition, Rossa had no care in the world for me.

However, the way Aina-chan makes a blissful expression while having Rossa on her lap and caressing its chin, forehead and waist is unbearable. The cat purring with the same expression is also pleasing.

Recently, we had such leisurely moments.
In the city, it was unimaginable for the two of us to be even sitting down together.

With some months having passed since its birth, Rossa was growing well.
Its fur was neat, and aunt also said that the cat is pretty.
It also somewhat resembles Aina-chan. She also has clear almond-shaped eyes.

It might be true that cats and dogs take after their owners.

"Aina-chan, should I brew some coffee?"
"You can do that?"

“Ah, more or less.”

Because I had been living alone for a long time.

Come to think of it, it’s been a while since I last brewed coffee. Ever since she lived with me, I never brewed coffee.

Aina-chan said that she’ll brew coffee because the coffee I brew is fishy, but because Rossa was sleeping she couldn’t move.

“I’ll do my best.”
“The coffee in the red can deep inside the shelf is for guests.”
“Understood.”

It seems that the coffee brewing machine was handed down from the landlady. I could also see new products.
Come to think of it, the coffee I had back home might have been spoiled.
I ground coffee beans. I set filters in a special container, put ground coffee and then poured water.
While I was waiting for the coffee to drip, I got bored.
When I told Aina-chan “I want to eat some snacks if there are any,” she told me that she had the cake she made yesterday in the shelf.

The cake was made with dried fruits. When I sliced it, a subtle sweet scent flowed out.

I placed cake slices on a plate and then it was time to wait for coffee again.

Once the coffee finished brewing, I poured them into cups and placed sugar and milk next to them on a plate. I then brought them out to the living room.

When I sat down next to Aina-chan, she glared at me.
Since we never sat down together before, she might be wary of me.

Could it be that I am still a suspicious foreigner to her?
I don’t want to ask.

Anyhow, I placed the snacks and a cup in front of Aina-chan.

“Aina, you want three spoons of sugar and plenty of milk, right?”
”……That’s right.”

I stirred in sugar and milk and served them to her.

Rossa was sleeping soundly on Aina-chan's lap. Since it would be dangerous if the coffee spilled, I softly lifted her and placed her in the basket that was also her bed.

When I returned to Aina-chan's side and asked if I could have some cake, she replied that I could.

I soon started eating Aina-chan's handmade cake.
A bite using a fork.
Delicious!!
It was soft and had a slight alcohol flavour. It also had dried fruits so the taste was expressive.

Aina-chan, this is very delicious! You might even be able to sell it!

When I placed the cake down on the table and stared at her to thank her, Aina-chan was staring at me while blushing deeply.

"Ah, sorry!"

At that moment, I put myself in Aina-chan's shoes.

A disorderly foreign man suddenly demanded sweets and then shamelessly started eating next to her.

Oh no oh no!! So disgusting!!

When I tried to stand up in panic, Aina-chan grabbed my sleeve.

"Eh!?"

I flinched from surprise.

"……"
"Ah, erm."

Aina-chan merely stared up at me with teary eyes.
For now, I apologised for being such a revolting man.
But Aina-chan said, "It's different," shaking her head.

What should I do? I have no idea what it is that she is thinking or what she wants.

The only thing I discovered was that Aina-chan sees me as a disgusting person.

When I fumbled around my pocket in panic, there was pen and paper inside.
I handed that to her with trembling hands for her to write what she wants to say.

Having received pen and paper, Aina-chan jotted down something. It seemed like writing the words themselves, but she didn't hand the paper over.

I was in an awkward posture, so I sat down on a chair.
I wasn't shaking, but I was very nervous.
It seemed like that was also the case for Aina-chan, who was peering into the paper.

Just what could she have written.

-*Chirin*- The bell on Rossa's collar rang.
The kitten that had awoken jumped, aiming for Aina-chan's lap.

"Kyaa!"
"Ah!"

Because Rossa jumped in, the paper in Aina-chan's hand fluttered around.
I grabbed the piece of paper that fell onto the floor.

"!?"

The moment I held it in my hand, the words came into my eyes.
It was an unthinkable thing.

"Ich mag dich sehr. (I love you)"

I was so surprised that I got a nosebleed.

◇◇◇

I never realised that Aina-chan liked me.
No, on the contrary, there would be no reason for her to make such delicious meals for someone she does not care for.
I was just dense.

In this way, the two of us lived happily together after we opened up to each other.
Aina-chan is still very prickly, but even that is irresistibly cute.

We spend our pleasant honeymoon life peacefully.

Emmerich and the Fickle Kittens — Finished.

Raw link

Translator:

How could I mistake kitten as cat!? *Facepalms*

<< | Project Page | >>

Rose Liqueur and a Pleasant Party

Rose Liqueur and a Pleasant Party
Additional Chapter

One day, a lot of luggage arrived from father-in-law. When I opened it with Sieg to see what it was, it was the fruit liqueur I had made before.

“I completely forgot about it.”
“I thought about it.”

Well, they are drinks for Sieg.

The liqueurs were made from many things, such as apricots, plums, and citruses. Since I gave some to father-in-law and grandfather as well, about five arrived for us. In the letter enclosed inside, Father-in-law commented that they were delicious. I glad he enjoyed it.

“Come to think of it, what happened to the rose liqueur?”

Even when I peered into the box I couldn’t find it.
Could father-in-law have accidentally drunk it!? I felt a little uneasy.
The bright red rose liqueur is for Sieg. It’s a special drink for her.

“No, I brought the rose liqueur with me. It’s in my room.”
“Was that so!?”

I’ve been frequenting Sieg’s room so much that the door sill might get worn out, but I never realised.
Apparently, she’s been storing it in a dark place.

“It’s dyed in a vivid shade.”
“I see~”

It seems that Sieg was observing it once a day.

Though she said that it’s dyed in a pretty colour, I don’t want to see it.

The red rose in the language of flowers means, ‘I love you.’ It makes me feel as though I whispered that into her ear.

Thinking of that, it’s very embarrassing to see the drink.

Or so I thought, but then Sieg offered an unexpected invitation.

"Shall we taste it together tonight?"
"!"

Eh~ No way~ It's embarrassing…… As if. I replied, "Gladly!" with a glint in my eyes.

◇◇◇

The season is summer.
It's a season where the village ladies are busy picking berries.
This year, mother was brimming with enthusiasm, and filled the baskets full of berries.
Also, she made great amounts of jam, alcohol, sauce and cake.

Living with mother made a life a lot easier. Both physically and mentally.
She is also friendly with Sieg, for which I am glad.
However, even though I tell her to take it easy, to not overwork, she does not listen, saying that this is the norm.
She can even do gardening with Arno on her back, singing lullabies to put him to sleep. I couldn't help but revere her as a superhuman housewife.

Fortunately, she was enjoying going out to the forest, cooking, and singing lullabies, so I am spoiling myself on her while thinking that it's a relief.

When I thanked mother again, she gave me a blank look.

"Hey, Ritchan."
"What is it?"

"Ritchan, you were overworking yourself."
"I-Is that right?"
"Yes."

When we turn 18 in this village, we have to fend for ourselves.
By then, we learn how to make traditional handicrafts, how to hunt and how to butcher animals.
It's natural to work every day to support one's family. I have been living a busy life for a decade.

However, mother told me that that is not a normal life.

“Ritchan, you have work as a lord as well, don’t you?”
“Well……, I don’t do anything important though.”
“That’s not true.”

“Thank you.”

Then, mother silently stared at her son’s face. It felt as though she was misty-eyed so I felt a chill.
The reason was revealed soon.

“I’m sorry.”
“Eh!?”

From the sudden development of mother apologising to me and hugging me, I froze up.
I’m turning thirty now, why am I getting hugged by mother?
It’s a mystery.

It seemed that mother was worried more about father than she was for me.
Of course, I can understand that.
He’s a man of amazing character, there’s no telling what might happen if he’s left alone.

“But you were lonely, weren’t you?”
“……”

I would be lying if I said that I didn’t feel lonely.
However, if I had my family with me, I might have been a different person than how I am now.
I might not have married Sieg.

Thinking of that, well, isn’t fine, I thought.

“Mother, from here on, let’s all work hard together.”
“Yes. With Linde-chan and Arno-chan, let’s all work hard together!”
“……”

I seriously wondered if it was alright to go ahead like this while excluding my father who was in a faraway land.

◇◇◇

For the fun banquet with Sieg at night, I made side dishes.
Still, the sky was growing dark so I decided to make something simple.
It's hard to cook outside without sunlight.
If it's summer, then it should be fish!!
From the nearby port, a merchant visits everyday hauling fresh fish.

First, I processed the salmon I bought today. I halved one half that we were having for ourselves.
I left the other half for Ruruporon to cook.

The thick piece of salmon is seasoned with salt and pepper and then I made slits to put cheese in. After that, it is wrapped in thinly sliced bacon, skewered on, and then grilled with butter. It's best when it's warm, but it still tastes good when it is cold.
The second dish is made by cutting up seasoned salmon into bite-sized pieces and frying them with bread crumbs.
This also goes well with alcohol.
Finally, there's a dish of salmon, dried mushrooms, cheese and chopped potatoes in the oven. It looks like gratin.

The finished dishes are placed on a tray then served to the second floor bedroom. To not get dust on it, I placed cloth over it.

For dinner, Ruruporon served a splendid meal.

Arno can now eat bland semi-solid food. Since he couldn't use the spoon yet, we are feeding him.

During that time, all the family does not eat and only watches Arno. It's an enjoyable time.

"Arno-chan weaned early~ Good boy~"
"……"
"……"

It was almost as though she was comparing to someone else, but I pretended to not have heard. Sieg also cleared her throat to change the mood.

After the meal, we reflected on our work today, put Arno to sleep and relaxed.

“Mother, you’re good at this now.”

Mother, leading a well-regulated life, rests early.

“Arno-cha~n~ sleepy time~”
“No, mother, it’s alright.”
“But~ still~”
“You’ve been sleeping with him for five days now, haven’t you?”
“But’s it’s alright~”

Sometimes I want to take care of my son.
However, mother argued that she wanted to sleep with Arno because she’s lonely.

Maybe it could be that she was being considerate for our nighttime fun (drinking). Still, there wouldn’t have been a problem since Arno does not wake easily once he goes off to sleep.

But I decided to gladly receive mother’s kindness.

Sieg and I sat down on the bed and opened bottles of alcohol on a round table.
First was the plum (pflaume) liqueur.
Sieg drank it straight, while I had it with sparkling water and lemon juice.
The colour was light brown like black tea. Apparently it’s good for recovering fatigue and for shoulder pains. It might be fitting for summer.

“Ah, it’s delicious.”
“It’s sweet.”

Maybe because I had it with sparkling water, it had a refreshing sweetness to it. When I got a sip from Sieg’s cup, which had the unadulterated drink, it had a different taste. It had a deep flavour along with a sweet taste.
We also tried other fruit liqueur. The neat tasting citrus liqueur seemed to be to Sieg’s liking. I thought that it was a failure because of the bitter flavour, but Sieg was okay with it.
She also liked the side dishes. I felt happy. I worked hard to see this moment.

We drank the rose liqueur at the end.

“It’s dyed nicely.”
“It has a rosy tinge.”

Maybe because we used only a bit of alcohol, it was dyed nicely in red.
When I opened the bottle, a rich rosy scent flowed out. I recalled that rose liqueur was also called drinkable perfume.

When I poured some into a glass and squeezed some lemon into it, the colour turned into an even deeper shade of red.
Sieg took a look at the glass by the light from the lantern, and then tilted the glass.

“H-How is it?”

Sieg smiled without saying a word.
From seeing such a rare expression, I ended up clutching my chest.

What is it, what was with that mysteriously alluring smile!?

It makes me want to flounder around in the bed.

“Ritz, you too.”
“……Waa, thank you~”

I somehow managed to calm my raging heart and took a sip of the rose liqueur.

The moment I took a sip, the sensation of a deep rosy scent flowed into my body. It was slightly sweet and bitter, and had an adult’s flavour to it.

Sieg murmured about the time she received the bouquet. She said that she was so happy.

Meanwhile, I wrapped my head in my arms, wondering why I was being so pretentious.

“Can I have this?”
“Please, please”

If possible, please enjoy it alone, or so I conveyed.

But that wish could not come true.
After that, Sieg enjoyed the rose liqueur while watching my embarrassed expression.

To become a side dish for alcohol, how regretful.

Raw link

Bear Meat and a Good Wife's Stew

Bear Stew and a Good Wife's Stew. Additional Chapter

Author:

This story takes place after Chapter 35: Bear ※Drop-Shipped This details the temporary couple life of Ritz and Sieg.

We were continuing to play being husband and wife.
With the excuse of not making people around us find out, I now have more opportunity to be close to her.
Maybe since I overdid it sometimes, she is acting a little cold recently.
I might be able to do this only now. After the contract period is over, the two of us become strangers. So I kept apologising to her inside my head.

I silently stared at her and hugged her by the waist. Getting hugged, Sieg was frozen up.
I caressed her hair and whispered, "I won't do anything you don't want," and waited for her to leave herself to me.
A while later, Sieg entrusted some of her weight to me.
The way how she awkwardly lets me do whatever is unbearable.
I wonder if I was famished for the warmth of people. When I hugged Sieg tightly, I felt relaxed.

I felt uneasy that I was only one in bliss.
Since I had no plans to ignore Sieg's feelings, I asked.

"Sieg, if you don't like it, push me away."
"……"

Sieg said "No," in a frail voice and then stayed still.
If she meant to reject me, I would already have been slammed into wall.

She is doing her best to play 'the role of the wife'. It was disheartening to think that, but the fact that we were connected now was more important.
I fulfilled my desires using Sieg's effort.

Will this remain as a good memory?

Or will this remain as a sad recollection of the happy past?

“Sieglinde……”

“I love you,” such heavy words would be too much for her so I kept them in my heart.
I knew that these actions will be in vain, but I couldn’t stop myself.

My temporary couple life with Sieg continued like this.

◇◇◇

It was time to eat the bear meat we received from Teoporon.
Since butchering and maturing bear meat was new to me, it took some time.
The way it’s matured is also different from other game.
First, the meat is carved up into different parts and then those parts are wrapped in clean cloth. Then, those are put in a box filled with ice from winter and stored in the underground cold storage for about a week. After that, the meat is taken out from the ice box then matured for about a month in the cold storage.
The important thing to look out for is the humidity. If there’s moisture, the meat rots. There are pipes connected to the underground storage for ventilation. The ice are brought from the mountains so they do not easily melt, but dew forms in summer so they have to be wiped frequently. In addition, charcoal from the house is placed in to remove odour and humidity.

The bear Teoporon hunted was in a period where it was viciously eating food after waking up from hibernation so the meat is delicious.
Furthermore, it was a female bear. There’s fat on it which is guaranteed to be tasty.
The meat brought over from the underground cold storage was finished well.

“Sieg, look, it’s bear meat.”
“……Aa.”

Sieg frowned after seeing the meat colour.
It’s no surprise. The fat is turning yellow, and the meat is darkish.
However, this is the best state of matured bear meat.

I received bear thigh meat sometimes from Teoporon. I don’t know how

many times I failed so far. This time, I took care to not let it rot, so it succeeded splendidly.
Bear meat has strong game odour so one has to be careful when cooking it. It has to be grilled with finely chopped herbs, or boiled in red wine while removing the scum, or simply roasted then eaten with sweet and sour citrus sauce to remove the smell.

Today, Ruruporon has the day off, so the two of us started working at the kitchen behind the house.
The meat is placed in red wine and herbs to remove the odour.
It was taken out of the cold storage after wiping the water off, and then it was chopped into bite-sized pieces before putting them in the pot.
Other vegetables are also chopped into suitable sizes. We used onions, carrots, mushrooms, tomatoes, along with many kinds of herbs.
First, the bear meat was boiled with herbs and vegetable peels and scraps. Since the scum started rising, I removed them using a spoon. After it boiled well, only the meat was taken out and the rest were thrown out.
Red wine and clear soup was poured into a pot in a one-to-one ratio, and then the rest of the ingredients were put in. After that, it was boiled well over a light fire.
Once the ingredients were cooked, I added in a jar marinated tomatoes that I made as preserved food, and then I added condiments to add the finishing touches to the flavour.
After that, it was boiled for another hour.

"It takes a lot of work."
"Since it has strong gamy smell and also because it easily becomes tough, the cooking process is hard as well."

Still, I love bear meat.
Sieg helped out with the long cooking process without complaint. For the boiling, we took shifts. We cooked while we did gardening.

When dinner was done, I was smiling on my own peering into the pot of stew.
Sieg looked a little exasperated.

"Thank you for helping me."

“No, anything Ritz makes is delicious. I’ll be looking forward to it.”
“I’m glad!”

Sieg really is kind, saying the right things.
She really is a great wife.

When I tasted it a little, the bear stew was prepared very well.
I formulated plans to have bread and wine, as well as cheese.
When I headed for the front door with the pot, I came to face guests.

“Ah, Lord Revontulet.”
“I-It’s been a while.”

The people in front of the door were the village head of the neighbouring village and his second son.
Come to think of it, I had totally forgotten that we had an appointment today.
Once a year, we have a dinner with the head of the neighbouring village and exchange information.
I was too excited about the newlywed life with Sieg that I forgot about this important occasion.

“Is she the rumoured wife?”
“Ah, yes, she is my wife Sieglinde.”

Sieg greeted the village head and his son.
The second son was around twenty-five years old. If I recall correctly, he was still single.
Maybe because he was bothered about my wife, he stole cursory glances.

Since it was time to dine with our guests, I offered them seats in the living room.
As for the bear stew, Sieg took it to the kitchen.
While I kept our guests company, Sieg served herb tea. After that, she also prepared the meal.
On the table, there were bread Ruruporon baked yesterday along with thick cheese, pickled herrings and bird liver spread. It was an extravagant meal.
The bear stew arrived at the end. It was a masterpiece I made with my wife.
Sieg removed the sediments in the wine and poured them into glasses.
After a toast, it was time to eat.

The bear meat that was prepared well was very soft. The fat melted on the tongue. The sour flavour of the tomato went well with bear meat. The gamy odour was nonexistent too.
When I glanced at Sieg who was sitting next to me, our eyes met coincidentally. From her happy expression, I could tell how she felt. I can say that I did my best for this moment.

The village head also praised the taste of the bear stew.
There were a lot so I offered seconds.

"My, it was the first time I had such delicious bear stew."
"I'm glad you thought so."

His stoic son was nodding silently next to him as well.

"Even so, it is a pity."
"?"

When I asked what was a pity, the village head something grand.
His son, next to him, looked flustered.

"I would have liked to have a lady that cooks so well as my son's wife."
"……"
"……"

The two of us froze in surprise.
However, Sieg corrected him promptly.

"Erm, it was my husband that made the stew."
"Truly!?"
"……"

The village head looked surprised, while his son clearly looked disappointed. I had thought that a correction was unnecessary, but it would be troubling if Sieg was requested to be married after our contract was over, so I concluded that it was the right choice to correct them.

Since the village head asked me, I wrote down the recipe and then we parted ways.
We got over it well, and they did not suspect my relation with Sieg either, so I felt very relieved.

Thus went the day I had bear meat with Sieg.

[Raw link]

<< | Project Page | >>

Luca Salonen Eskola’s Activity Report — First Part

Luca Salonen Eskola’s Activity Report — First Part

Additional Chapter

Author:

This is the story of Miruporon and Luca’s meeting among other things.
As to who Luca is, please refer to chapter 50, ‘Miruporon’s Activity Report’.
This story is divided into three parts.

First Year. Today I went out to the forest to pick branches again.
As long as one doesn’t go into the deep parts of the forest one won’t encounter dangerous beasts.
Just in case, a dog is brought with me.

I wasn’t taught how to shoot yet.
Father told me that he will teach me once I can hunt one rabbit a day for three days.
As for the result, I could not yet hunt a single one. Father also said that he caught his first prey when he was thirteen years old. I still had two years until then.
There’s such a circumstance. The only equipment I have are a bow and arrows and a knife.
In this period, the sky quickly grows dark so I have to finish quickly.

When I gathered enough branches and thought of returning, the dog was staring somewhere far away. It sometimes does these things so I decided to leave it alone.
The surroundings were growing blurry.
This is why I don’t like winter, or so I thought, then I noticed the dog hiding behind me.
It’s a dog that doesn’t fear even bears, just what could it have been frightened by. When I squinted my eyes, I could see the silhouettes of people.
Two of them.
Could it be, ‘the village’s best hunter’ Grandfather Bergholm? He has a terrifying

face that would be able to silence a wailing child through fear.

The approaching figures became clearer.
A large man was coming from in front of me.
He had brown skin and for some reason he did not have any clothes on for the upper half of his body. Moreover, he was walking barefoot with only thin-looking pants. On his ears, he had colourful feathers. His face was tough and deeply chiseled. He was completely different from the rest of the village.
I remember father saying it before. He said that foreigners were residing in the lord's place for a few years now. I had not seen them before until then.
I was overwhelmed by the sight.
The appearance was already amazing, but then he even had a large deer on his shoulders.
Deer of that size is one that adults take a lot of time to drag on sleighs. Just what kind of man is the giant lifting it easily?
I couldn't move from the spot.
The foreign giant did not even glance at me when he passed by.
As I stayed there, I came to face another person.
It was a woman following behind the giant.
She was taller than me. Probably the giant's daughter. Her eyes were similar to his. In her hand, she had a long spear that did not match her size. It was probably her father's.
It was the first time I saw someone with brown skin and black hair. The eyes were black too. It was fascinating.
The woman silently stared at me.
When I said that I just happened to look, she tilted her head.
Then I noticed that she a rabbit in her hand.
She had a bow and arrows on her back. I wonder if she caught it herself?
I was curious so I asked.
However, the woman merely tilted her head, without saying anything.
Seeing me point at the rabbit so many times, she might have mistaken it as me wanting the prey, as she held it out to me.
As if I would receive prey that a woman hunted!? Taking me for a fool!!
I ignored the woman holding the rabbit out and ran all the way to the village.
From that day, I fiercely trained handling the bow and arrow.

As a result, a year later, I was able to catch rabbits three days in a row.
I met the woman after a long time in the village, so I showed her the rabbit, but she only tilted her head.

I felt as though I was being belittled that I grew angry.

Second year. I managed to make my father teach how to handle guns.
I remember starting with the weakest, the air gun.
The air gun is a gun that shoots bullets through air, without using gunpowder.
I'm still not sure about the structure. It's said to be weak, but it has enough power to pierce flesh so father kept emphasising that I have to be careful when handling it.
Only small animals can be caught with air guns. Medium-sized animals like the boars can only be dealt lethal wounds with shotguns that use gunpowder.

Finally, when I got used to handling guns, I learned how to use rifles.
Rifles are the most lethal guns, able to take down large animals such as bears.
Hunting bears is not recommended because of the dangers, but all the mean train to be able to defend against bears.
I'll quickly catch large animals and surprise that woman.

The foreign woman was still curt, and she only tilted her head in reaction to my words.
If she's living in this village, it would be nice if she at least learned the language.
I got angry every time I talked to her because it felt like I was losing.

Third year. Feeling that I now had enough proficiency with air guns, father allowed me to use shotguns.
Now I can hunt boars!
But the woman's attitude did not change.
Even when I showed her my hunt, she merely stared down at me in silence.
Looking down at me, I don't like it! She slowly grew bigger and is looking down at me.
She's definitely going to become a huge woman like her father. What a monster!!
It could be that she's a descendant of the legendary giants.

I'm much taller than my mother. She's the weird one.

I'll overtake her height some time!!

When I drank reindeer milk from that thought, I was hit by my father who scolded me to not waste valuable goods.

Fourth year. By the time I was getting used to using the rifle, I coincidentally met the huge woman in the forest.
She was still using bow and arrow.
I wonder if the impoverished lord told her not use guns? I'm not sure.
Even when I asked directly she merely tilted her head and did not say anything.
She did not hunt anything yet. However, I had a boar on my sleigh.
It was the biggest I had ever hunted so far. I pointed towards it to boast it.
The woman merely stared at the hunt.
I started feeling restless because she did not smile or applaud.
While we were wasting time, the snow started falling.
The wind was growing stronger, so it was clear that it will turn into a blizzard.
Even when I told her that I'm going home, she stared vacantly. Rather, she tightened her grip on her bow and tried to proceed into the forest.
Is she an idiot!? There's no way an arrow will fly true in these conditions.
Hunting also involves observing the forest.
In other words, it's important to learn how to read nature.
If one overexerts oneself in hunting when the forest is rough one might die.
Just what was she learning from her father. Or maybe she did not learn.
Since it couldn't be helped, I gave her a ptarmigan and a rabbit I had in a bag.
I told her to take this bag and go home today.
The woman eyes went back and forth between me and the bag.
It's alright so take it, I told her.

Then the woman did something mysterious.
She suddenly held up her fist and pounded it against her chest.

I had no idea what that meant.
More importantly, the snow was blowing harder so I grabbed the woman's hand and headed to the village.

When I arrived at the entrance of the village, the woman's father was waiting there. Just behind him the lord was there as well.
The huge father came over here with a stern expression. Surely, he can't be

trying to slap my face, I thought, but he took an unexpected course of action.
The moment he saw his daughter he hugged her.
I thought that it was overprotective of him to dote on such a bulky girl.
The woman was saying something while pointing at me.
Right afterwards, he stood right in front of me.
Did she something bad about me?
Could the terrifying father have found out that I've been saying "Giant woman!" or "You don't even know the language!?"

The woman's father raised his fist with great vigour.
Pathetically, I shut my eyes tightly from the force.

However, the anticipated impact did not come.
When I faintly opened my eyes, the father was pounding his chest with his fist.

So what does that action mean!?!

When I stared at her father again, he bowed once more.
Then, he hugged his daughter again and then they headed into the village.

Since I couldn't get what was going on, I spat curses as I stomped on the ground.
Then, the lord who had very thin presence spoke up.

First, he thanked me for bringing the giant woman back.
I was told that she had a strong sense of responsibility, not coming back from hunting until she has caught prey. She was told to not overexert herself too much, but since those words would not be conveyed events like today might happen, he said.

After that, he taught me the meaning of the action of pounding one's chest with their fist.

Apparently it means 'thank you'.
Of course, depending on the situation, it can mean 'yes', it can be used to mean respect for the other. It has many uses.

Now that I knew the meaning of the mysterious action, I felt a little better.

Then, the lord said that he'll be leaving the giant woman to me.
He said that he's glad that a clumsy girl like her has a friend like me.

I’m not her friend! I said, but the lord grinned like an idiot and said, “Come on~ no need to be shy.”

Dammit! Who are you calling her friend!?

I’m going to make her speechless one day! It’s not like I want to do something with her!

The lord told me to take care of ‘Miruporon’ and then he left.

That was the story of the day I found out the name of the giant woman.

Raw link

<< | Project Page | >>

Luca Salonen Eskola’s Activity Report — Middle Part

Luca Salonen Eskola’s Activity Report — Middle Part
Additional Chapter

Fifth Year. Apparently her people express their emotions through gestures.
The lord said that he doesn’t understand them very much.
To be with foreigners that one can’t communicate with. I was awed.

I sometimes met her in the forest. When she didn’t have anything, I gave her small animals such as rabbits.
I’m not really doing it for her. It’s just that butchering small animals is a pain.
I recently learned that the action of opening her eyes thinly while loosening the mouth was a smile.

What, so she can smile.

◇◆◇

The unpopular lord married and the village was slowly changing.
I didn’t see the rumoured wife yet. Apparently, she goes out hunting with the lord, but I didn’t have the opportunity to see her yet.
More importantly, the young women of the village are captivated by a red-haired foreign man that came recently.
Believe it or not, the women gather at the store to talk with the guy.
When I happened to pass by the store and took a peek inside, I witnessed something strange.
I was surprised at the range of the women gathered here. From three-year-olds to women in their fifties.

The woman in her fifties was my mother…… Wait, what are you doing there, I wanted to ask.

I saw the rumoured handsome man, but he wasn’t all that great.
His hips were slender like a woman’s and he didn’t have much muscles. As if such a man can support a family.
They’re all just doting on him because he’s a city person. His looks weren’t bad.

Fortunately, she wasn't among the women.

Since there aren't any other women with black hair and black eyes I could tell at one glance.
After I learned that, I didn't care anymore about this gathering.

I headed out to hunt afterwards.

At night, father asked mother where she had been since noon.
Mother replied with a smile that she was at the gift store to see the handsome person.

So she has no plans to hide it.

Father had a complicated expression on, but he did not scold her.
Since it was him that proposed to my mother, who was a foreigner, while prostrating himself, the hierarchy was clear from a long time ago.

Every time I watch my parents, I end up wondering why.

◇◆◇

The next day.
When I exited the house to go out hunting, she was walking outside.
Since she had a large basket, she must have been shopping.

As I approached to talk to her, someone else talked to her before me.
That person was the red-haired man I saw the day before at the gift store.
He took the basket she had and started walking by her side.

My face became hot in an instant.
That turned into rage when I could not see the two of them anymore.
Despicable actions. Despicable even in traditional clothes.
Normally it reaches down to the waist, but the red-haired man had one that reached his knee. Wearing traditional clothing yet not following tradition, how shallow.

I felt frustrated about other things as well.
She normally looks uninterested in men.
Even when I carry her stuff she merely tilts her head.
Because she was relying on a stranger, I was needlessly infuriated.

That day, my head was so clouded that I couldn't catch a single rabbit.

When I returned empty-handed, I came across her at the fort.
Why is it that I meet her on the day I did not want to meet her at all?

I passed by without trying to get her into my field of vision.

After that, I was frustrated for a few days.
When I went out hunting, I saw that red-haired man with another woman, so I spoke up, thinking that it would be a good opportunity to talk to him.

"Oi!" It was fine up to the point of speaking out with vigour, but I was shocked from hearing the reply.

The voice of the red-haried man was high-pitched for a man.
It was low-pitched for a woman, but it was not a man's voice.

Just in case, I checked the sex. ……A woman after all.

Misleading!!

Furthermore, the redhead was the lord's wife. So that's why she was so friendly with that person.

Now that the misunderstanding was cleared up, I didn't care anymore.
I thought of apologising, but all I did was ignore her so I thought that it would be fine.

Sixth year. The village is still peace itself.
A big change would be that I got close to the soldiers at the fort.
When I talked to them, they were pretty interesting.
The restaurant at the fort sometimes had food from the city so I sometimes went there as well.
It was about her.
They talked about how one person has a unique appearance but is not bad.
Moreover they said that she had a nice figure.

She did not wear the traditional clothes of the village.
She wore exotic clothes.
In winter, she wears coats so she's no different from the rest of the villages, but the difference is clear in summer.

The village women don’t reveal their skin, but as for her, what should I say, it’s quite open.
Her chests can be clearly seen, and her belly is exposed. Her skirt only reaches her knees, revealing her legs.
Not even city women dress like that, apparently.

However, the soldiers said that they’re afraid to court her because her father is scary.
Indeed, I can sympathise.
Furthermore, we can’t even communicate, so it’s not someone one might want to court with a complacent attitude.

The topic gradually changed. Although it didn’t change that the topic was about women.

Apparently, a woman who was rather popular among the soldiers were taken away by a foreigner.
When I asked who it was, I found out that it was the granddaughter of grandfather Bergholm.
The name was Aina, I believe?
The soldiers were disappointed, but she’s a woman with a strong personality. I don’t want to marry such a woman.

Men in their marriageable age were all thirsting for women.
They wanted to marry quickly.

I had no idea about marrying.
In my house, my older brother had married so it wasn’t that noisy.
Households with only one child are being fussy.

It was a problem that did not matter for me.

Seventh year. Recently, that person was socialising with a woman.
The other person is the granddaughter of grandfather Bergholm that recently came back from foreign lands.
She came after a year and half of living together with a man, who came here with her.
I could see the two of them looking pleased quite often.
I then realised that I had not seen her with other women.

I wonder if she is also becoming like a woman.

Well, it's not related to me though.

Eighth year. Father started urging me to marry since I was turning 19.
He told me to go find a wife at the port while selling fish since marrying with village women will make it hard to have children.
It's not a joke, he said, but I ignored father's orders.

While I was coming back from gathering mushrooms for my mother, I came across her.

There were occasions where I was surprised by her, there were times that I told her that she's a giant woman or she's walking around to hook men. I did some harsh things to her.
Though I didn't feel like doing that now, not at all.

Probably, it was because she was wearing the traditional clothes of this village.
She looked much cuter than usual.
I regret saying such harsh things to her.

Also, I decided that I'll stop talking to her after today.
I only say harsh things when I meet her.
Not honest at all.

She did not have any reaction. She only stared at the ground without moving.

I couldn't bear the silence, so I grabbed her shoulder and asked if she was listening.
After looking into her eyes, I thought some things.
Why don't I have the endurance and the learning ability?

Seeing me like that, she raised her voice.
It was a loud voice so I ended up flinching.
Rather, that was the first time I heard her voice.
It was quite cute, mismatched to her appearance…… Wait, that wasn't the problem.
While I was wondering why I got so surprised, she told me that I grew taller in the language of this country.

Indeed, I grew taller than her some time ago.

When I was young, I was hung up on overtaking her height, but recently I did not care too much about it so I forgot about it.

More importantly, when did she learn to speak……

I wonder if she learned from the woman she always hung out with, granddaughter Bergholm?

Which means that she can now understand the harsh words from before. Beads of sweat formed on my brows.

I backed away to quickly get away from here.
However, she spoke out to me clumsily with the words she just learned.

You’re asking why I keep talking to you!? That’s obvious!!

I had a clear answer in my head, but I couldn’t say it out loud.
I adequately evaded the question and ran way.

From the day after that, she actively started striking up conversation with me, enjoying the exchange.
I never thought that our positions would be reversed.

Today also began by correcting her wrong words.
She was so talkative that there was no end to the retorts I had to make.

Raw link

<< | Project Page | >>

Luca Salonen Eskola’s Activity Report — Last Part

Luca Salonen Eskola’s Activity Report — Last Part
Additional Chapter

Ninth year. Now that we can communicate through words, I could understand many things about Miruporon.

I learned that she was unexpectedly talkative. Well, it might be since we are ‘friends’.
It seems that Miruporon hunts on holidays.
Today, we talked about the cat the Bergholms raise.
Cat fur is different from dog fur or reindeer fur apparently.
She was talking about it so happily, so I asked if she wanted to raise a cat.
Miruporon shook her head. She said that there are only lynxes (ilves) in the area.
It seems that there are stray cats in the city, but here cats cannot live without human assistance so they can’t be found here.
She looked a little disappointed.
Then, Miruporon made a request. She asked if she can touch my hair since they’re soft like cat fur.

I got angry and told her to not treat my hair like cat fur, but she looked dejected so I specially let her touch them.

She looked happy as she said that they feel better than cat fur.
I couldn’t help it so I told her that she can sometimes touch them.

Tenth year. Maybe because a child was born to my older brother and his wife, father is pestering me to marry.
He demanded me to go to the port to sell the fish from the lakes and find a wife.
People around my age had all married too.
Even though I was over twenty, I did not feel like marrying.

Today, I ended up fighting with my old father again.
I hunt animals every day, and deposit the money made from selling the fur to the house.
What’s his problem! I felt rage welling up inside me.

My older brother has triplets. The house is at peace.
However, father said that it's not the case. No idea what he's talking about.
In the end, mother had to intervene and mediate.

Since it was almost time to meet up with Miruporon, I left father to mother.

Miruporon was quietly waiting at the entrance of the fort.
She had a basket, so I asked what it was. She replied that she made lunch. To be eaten in the forest, I think.
The autumn forest had been dyed vivdly.
A few days later, a thin layer of snow will form on the ground.
There aren't many days left for us to go out in a picnicking mood.

In the forest, we hunted a rabbit, a duck, and boars, two of each kind.
The small prey were placed in bags, and the boars were hauled on to sleighs before we took a break by the river.
The meal was fish pie and fruit juice. Miruporon made them herself.
When I told her that they were delicious, she looked pleased.

After that, we talked until the sun started setting.

Miruporn said that I looked enervated today.
It's probably because I had a fight with father.
Since it would be useless to avoid the question as she would persistently ask, I only told her that I fought with my father.

She then suddenly asked for my hand, so I held out my hand.
Miruporon started writing something on my palms with my fingers.
When I asked what it was, she murmured, "Arafuni nid."[1] Spider's nest, it meant.

—— Like how a spider steadily builds its nest, your efforts will eventually fruition and receive recognition.

She told me that it was a spell holding such a wish.
Those words reached my heart.
After hearing Miruporon talk, I realised it. I realised that I wanted to be gain recognition from father.

I felt like crying for some reason.

Eleventh year. Miruporon's father is famous for being the master hunter of bears.
He even shares the meat when asked. He's a kind man unlike what his appearance suggests.
That family assimilated into the surroundings after they moved into the village.
It might also be thanks to Miruporon's kind mother.

Meanwhile, I started doing something in secret. That was to hunt a bear living in the forest.
Well, of course no results yet.
I saw scratches on trees and droppings with bear fur, but I never met the real thing.

How can I meet a bear in the forest, I agonised in frustration.

As to why I am aiming for a bear, I am planning to propose to Miruporon.
If I don't get recognised by that father, I won't be able to marry her.

If I get a splendid bear, her father will accept the marriage.
I had such a plan, so I was looking for an opportunity to hunt a bear.

Recently, maybe because they want to become friendly with Miruporon, other men in the village started asking many things about them.
Of course, I did not provide any information.

If I keep loitering around like this, I'll lose her to someone.
Thus, I have to hunt a bear quickly.

The sky grew dark.
I have to go back home now. My family will start worrying about me.
However, there was a rare tailwind.
I felt as though the forest was cheering for me.

The echoing of the leaves felt different from usual.
There was something.

A little more, I said to myself and proceeded forward.

Then, I could see something flashing from far away.

The two sources of light were like fire.

The figure of the beast got clearer.

It was a white bear.

I had heard the rumours, but I was surprised that it actually exists.
A white bear unlike the ones living on ice, a mystical existence, the master of the forest, or so it was told in the family traditions.

White bear meat makes a house prosper, they said.
If I hunt that white bear, my marriage will be accepted.

The bear seemed to have noticed me as well. It suddenly showed hostility and ran over to me.

I quickly aimed my rifle.
The weak points of a bear are its head, neck, and chest. My opponent was heading here on all fours.
First shot. I aimed for the base of its neck.
The bear dodged the bullet at the last moment.
I quickly ejected the empty cartridge and aimed again.
Four remaining bullets. I have to finish it by then.

The white bear roared as it charged at me.
My fingers trembled from fear.
Second shot.
It hit the leg, but it merely slowed it a little. It was far from a lethal wound.

The bear was approaching fast.
It was a very large one. I could feel sweat pouring out from my body.

If I run away, I will definitely be killed. The only way to survive now is to kill the bear here.

The third bullet hit its head.
However, the bear did not stop moving.
Bears have thick layers of fat. Even if the bullet hits a vital point, it may not stop moving, I recall grandfather Bergholm saying that.

That’s why bear hunting is dangerous.

I’m an idiot.

Doing this to marry a woman.

I clenched my eyes and consoled myself.

But then, I suddenly thought of the spider's nest.

—— Like how a spider steadily builds its nest, your efforts will eventually fruition and receive recognition.

When I thought that, I became surprisingly calm.
Nothing frightened me.

When I opened my eyes, the bear was on its hind legs, with one foreleg raised high in the air, revealing its sharp claws.
Its vital point, the chest, was exposed, so my mouth curled up.
I fired off the final two bullets into its chest.
The bear flinched and shook greatly.

The moment I checked the impact of the bullets, I was struck by a great shock.

My vision darkened.

◇◆◇

I woke from the sound of someone's voice.
My hand was gripped tightly, that I felt that my fingers hurt a little.
When I opened my eyes, I saw the ceiling of my house.
The person next to me was Miruporon. Her face was in a tragic state, bloated and reddened from sobbing.

Why are you crying? When I said that, she looked very surprised.
Then, she started crying loudly.
I don't get it.

Hearing her loud voice, people came in.
They were my parents and Miruporon's parents.

Mother ran over to me. "Don't go," she said.

No, I'm alive!!

It seems that she thought that I died.

When I asked for the story, it seems like that I was found under a large white

bear. I was moved to my home, and I was unconscious for three days.
Miruporon's father found me, apparently.
He properly collected the bear after bringing me here. Indeed, was all I could say.

On the other hand, when I honestly told father that I was at the forest to hunt for a bear, I was hit by father.
He scolded that I was a thankless son.
Both father and mother were crying.
I prostrated on the floor and apologised that I did a foolish thing.
Father told me to do whatever I want, and left the room without saying anything more. Mother said that she was glad that I am alive. Also, she told me to leave father to her.

Father's reaction was the worst, but inside I had a sense of accomplishment.
Though I wouldn't dare to do it again.

Miruporon was sticking close to me, not letting go.
Even though when I squirmed and said that we were in front of our parents, she did not budge.

Miruporon's parents stared at us in silence.
I mustered up my courage and asked for Miruporon's hand in marriage.

The words didn't get through, but father nodded in agreement.
Next to him, her mother was smiling happily.

When I asked Miruporon if they understood, she blushed and said, "Probably."

Like so, our marriage was accepted.

Twelfth year. After many events, I was able to marry Miruporon.
Father coolly allowed the marriage. Mother looked happy too.
Today was a day of celebration.
Father-in-law gave me something in a leather bag.
It was the white bear fur that father-in-law always wore.
He gestured for me to put it on.
I wonder if he wants me to wear it to the banquet.
It was something that was used for a long time, but it had a beautiful shine.
I wondered if it was really alright, but he continued to gesture to put it on, so I received it thankfully.

I attended the banquet while wearing the white bear fur.

When I was guided to the reserved seat, all the attendees had animal masks so I was surprised.
Miruporon was wearing the fur from the white bear I had hunted. It was somewhat embarrasing.
Somewhere, I heard someone jeer, “Yo, white bear couple!”
The one who made fun of us was the lord.
The lord and his wife had grey wolf fur on as a set. Even children had wolf fur.
Just where did everyone get those furs?
I burst into laughter from the strange sight.
Miruporon pointed to her friend.
Aina and her husband had lynx (ilves) fur on. They probably sewed that with other fur. Nice handiwork, I mused in awe.

When I looked next to me, Miruporon looked happy.

That was the happiest day of my life. Such was the memory of that day.

◇◆◇

Few years later.

—— The morning of the Rango family begins early.

Every morning, my lovely wife wakes me up…… not.

—— Hii!?

The one who shook me violently to wake me up was my wife’s father, Teoporon Ponu Rango.
He’s a mysterious man who bears the upper half of his body all year round.

When I opened my eyes, he was holding out his spear, which meant that we should go out hunting.
When I was a newlywed, I screamed many times from my father-in-law standing at the bedside with a weapon.
Few years of marriage made me used to it now.

Father-in-law draped on the bear fur hanging by the entrance. It was made from the fur of a brown bear that he had hunted recently. I put on the fur coat

that was hanging next to it.
While I was putting on my boots, father-in-law silently watched me tie the shoelaces with a soft look.
And that father-in-law is barefoot all throughout the year. He never even had frostbites either. Just what kind of body does he have, I wondered.

We went out together, but we headed to separated places.
Father-in-law uses a spear while I hunt with a gun.
It couldn't be helped since our methods are different. The reason is not only that. Father-in-law aims for bears.
It was not just once or twice that I got scared after following him to his hunt. Bears are dangerous, yet father-in-law did not falter a bit and killed them with only a spear.

I went deeper into the snowy forest with a dog.

During the morning, I caught a rabbit and two ptarmigans.
When I returned home, father-in-law had already finished butchering a large boar that he had caught.

I don't have any plans to compete with my superhuman father-in-law.
Even so, it always vexes me.

As I was placing the prey I caught in a container and was moving to the storage for maturation, mother-in-law ran out of the house with great vigour.

"Serious!" she shouted as she grabbed my sleeves and tried to drag me inside.
Mother-in-law did her best to learn the language, but she couldn't improve to the level of my wife. There are many times I don't get what she wants to say.
First, I asked her to calm down and explain what was so serious.
After catching her breath, mother-in-law said, "Baby, about to come."

Upon hearing that, father-in-law immediately let go of his spear and headed inside. I ran towards the doctor.

It was before the consultation hours, but I knocked regardless.
The doctor who peeked out reeked of alcohol already in the morning. It's the worst.

The doctor peeked out while rubbing his eyes. "Wha~t's wrong? Groom of the

Poron family,” he said.

Who are you calling groom of the Poron family! The family name is Rango!

When I told him the proper family name, he called me Lucaporon this time. I don’t have ‘poron’ in my name!! But then I realised it was no time to be complaining about such things.

I asked the doctor to come to the house because a child was about to be born. I also asked the ladies that promised to help with the childbirth.

Thank to my struggle, no, thanks to my wife’s efforts, a healthy child was born.

After everyone else was gone, I told her that she did well as words of encouragement.
My wife said “Thank you” to me for some reason.

When I asked why she was thanking me, she replied that it was because she was so happy. I got an inexplicable feeling and grasped my wife’s hands.

My younger self could not have imagined that Miruporon and I would be celebrating childbrith as a couple while holding hands.

—— Thank you Miruporon. I’m happy too.

It was the moment where I was finally being honest.

◇◆◇

The next day, father-in-law was asking the lord for a favour.

He requested the lord to name the newborn child.

The lord asked me in secret.

“Hey, Luca. Are you fine with me deciding it?” he said. I told him that I didn’t mind if father-in-law said that.

Why do we men have to be whispering in secret, I replied as I pushed away the monster lord who was still looking young.

The monster lord asked, “Would you like something-poron after all?”

Don’t ask me!! Think normally!!

Later, the lord bestowed the name of Mishka to our newborn child.

It means cub in a foreign language, apparently.

My family was happy, saying that it was a good name.
Personally, I was happy that it didn't have –poron in it.

Raw link

[1] Arafuni (アラフニ) showed up as spider in Greek (αράχνη (aráchni)) while nido (ニド) showed up as nest in Spanish and Italian. It was confusing, so I left it as the rōmaji readings.

<< | Project Page | >>

Ritzhard Getting Called Out by Women.

Ritzhard Getting Called Out by Women.

Additional Chapter

Author:

Requested Chapter.

The period is while they are staying at Sieg's family's place before Arno is born.

Today I was going out.

However, my feet were heavy.

Because I was going out to meet beautiful women.

Furthermore, I felt guilty for hiding it from Sieg.

I still had time before I had to go, so I spent some time with my wife.

"So you are to meet with your friends today?"

"Ah, yes."

I unconsciously averted my gaze from Sieg and stared up at the ceiling.

"Ritz."

"Yes?"

"Really?"

"T-Truly!"

I was trying to behave as natural as possible, but my voice shook from Sieg's questions.

The other party asked me to keep this affair an absolute secret.

"……Today,"

"Yes."

"You're looking more handsome than usual?"

"Since I didn't have the opportunity to wear the clothes grandfather gifted to me."

"……"

If one is dressing nicer than usual, it does raise suspicions.

Sieg's sharp gaze pierced me like a dagger.
I started feeling restless, so I stood up from the chair and headed for the window.
I took out a pocket watch from my pocket and opened it.
There was still some time until the departure time. I have to wait in this room for a while.
The sky was clear today. There was not a speck of cloud on the clear blue sky.
Nice weather, when I murmured that with a hand on the window sill, my body was suddenly pushed from behind. My forehead banged into the glass window.

"—— Uwa!"
"……"

It seems like Sieg approached while erasing her presence and silencing her footsteps. I didn't notice at all.
And then she suppressed me from behind.
She tightly twisted my arm to my neck and another hand was tightly grasping my wrist, which was being held at my back.
Since the key points were properly pressed and her weight was on me, I could not move at all. She is indeed from the military. She's used to restraining people.

"S-Sieglinde-san, what might it me?"

The baby inside will be surprised, or so I said to calm her in a roundabout way. However, Sieg did not reply.
When I calmed down and felt it again, her belly was not pressed against me. I sighed in relief that so stress was going to the baby.
Usually, I would be excited if we were making body contact like this, but figuratively speaking, this is 'the arresting of a suspect acting strangely'. Not a pleasing position at all.

"Sieg-san, I, have to go now."

I have to buy flowers or something to gain the favour of the other party.
Even if I went out early, I can easily kill time in the city.

"I-I'll be returning home, as soon as possible, so,"
"……Sister-in-law told me, that,"
"Yes?"

She spoke out in a frightening voice so I got chills all over my body.
Just what might it be, when I asked that, she said something absurd.

“That half of the men have affairs during their wives’ pregnancies.”
”!?”

That, where’s the information from!? Where’s the investigation from!? I ended up shouting that.
Indeed, I am going out to meet a beautiful woman, but I’m not having an affairing. Even if I told her that clearly, Sieg’s grip did not loosen.

I told her that she was the best in the world, but her grip only strengthened.
It hurt a bit, so I ended up yelping, “Hie!” At that moment, the hold loosened.

“……”
“……”

Was there ever a moment in my life where I was afraid of turning around?

While I was frozen up, she called my name in a low voice so I turned around.

After seeing her face, I shouted, “Hie!” once more.

Sieg was in tears. Her eyes were brimming with tears, that even a blink would cause them to flood out.

Such a frail expression, I never saw it before.
I felt a shock as though I was smashed in the back of my head.

“I-I’m sorry!”

I apologised properly in a loud voice and prostrated on the floor, letting my forehead touch the floor.
Then, I explained the details about the person I am meeting today as well as how that came to be.

◇◇◇

I talked after we regained composure and sat down side by side.
The person I am meeting today is Sieg’s cousin, Hildegard von Hertling.
The other day, her marriage was decided.
A few days ago, a letter arrived from her. She asked me to meet her and let her complain.

“Sorry. I thought that it would be nice if your cousin saw me as a well-to-do person, so I was more focused on dressing up than usual.”
“……So that was why.”

In addition, she told me to not tell Sieg. She was bothered that she might be disliked by Sieg if she said that.

Sieg stopped moving while staring at the ground.
I don’t know what I should do in these situations.
I could only feel sorry.

As we were doing that, it was time for me to go out. However, I agonised whether it was alright for me to go out now.

Just in case, I stopped by once more.

“Er~m, Sieg-san, I have to go now.”
“I’ll go too.”
“Eh!?”
“Where are you meeting her?”
“Ah, well……”
“Where?”
“Th-The town café.”

Surprisingly, Sieg said, “my cousin is beautiful so I don’t want to let you meet her alone.”
Even though I told her that she is an unmarried woman accompanied by a maid, she did not let go of my hand.

It’s probably just me getting verbally bashed up by her cousin.
I don’t have a shred of worry.
Rather, if Sieg comes along, the other party will be returning home still frustrated.

So it would be good for Sieg to wait at home.

“Sieg.”
”……”

When I said that I will return soon while caressing her hand, she let my hand go.

Since it felt bad to just leave like this, I approached her to give her a goodbye kiss.
Before my lips could touch her cheek, the docile Sieg brushed me away.
I was shocked that I was still hated even though I was being considerate, but she wasn't outright rejecting me.

The moment I whispered words of love into her ear, her cheeks were dyed red. Sieg with her eyes tightly closed is the cutest. I kissed her lips.

I went out even as I felt sad. The footsteps were heavy after all.

The cousin was already at the designated café.
She was an attractive beauty, so I could tell from far away. She had three maids accompanying her.

"Ah, hello~ Good afternoon."

I trotted into the store and quickly greeted the cousin while taking off my hat. I wanted to meet you, when I said that in a frail voice, she glared at me.

"Sit down."
"Yes, thank you."

I sat down while smiling slightly.
I ordered fruit juice from the waiter who came to receive the order. Then,
"You're ordering that when you're a gentleman," she said in a denouncing tone.
What is a gentleman's drink, I pondered seriously.

The gaze from the front was not the only gaze piercing me.
From above, the gazes of the three maids standing behind the cousin were headed at me. Could it be, that they are also ladies admiring Sieg-sama. It was a little scary, so I couldn't confirm.

I quenched the thirst from the fruit juice the waiter brought, and then moved onto the main topic.

"So, what might you want?"
"I heard that Sieglinde-oneesama became pregnant. Is that true?"
"Ah, erm, yes, fortunately."

Sieg, she gets called oneesama. Unexpected. I also felt like calling her

‘oneesama’.
From imagining her playing with her cousin, I felt much more relaxed.
Maybe because I was grinning too much, she got angry. All I could do was to apologise.

“I cannot forgive you……!”

I felt a fear I never felt before from the beauty trembling in fury.
I lowered my head that my forehead almost hit the table, and waited for her to calm down.

“What part of oneesama did you come to like?”
“!”
“Don’t you dare say that you just liked her appearance.”

Of course, I fell in love at first sight.
The moment I saw Sieg, “She’s the one. I found her!” was the thought I got, and my body moved naturally.
Would that mean I proposed to her because I liked her appearance? I’m not sure.

However, I can say for sure.

“I…… I love everything about Sieg.”

I revealed all of my heart, which I did not even show to her, to the cousin.
I got embarrassed in the middle, that I ended up stammering a bit, but I could get it through.

“……and that’s how it is.”
“……”

The cousin had her fan open, covering half of her face, so I couldn’t tell her expression.
However, I didn’t feel the piercing glares anymore, so does that mean I am forgiven?

“Ah, erm, other than that, any other questions?”
“……ries.”
“Pardon?”
“Let me hear stories about oneesama.”

“!”

She told me that she wanted to know how Sieg has been doing recently.
I gladly recounted how she was in the remote land.

How Sieg captivated the women of the village, how she greeted Emmerich with a roundhouse kick, how she stopped a rampaging reindeer, how she shot an elk that was far away with great gun skills, I told her such stories.
The cousin listened with a gleeful expression.

“That’s nice. Oneesama found a relaxed life in a foreign land without having to restrain herself.”

She told me,
Sieg would not be able to be a nobleman’s wife since she did not receive any education as a lady.
Even if she was doing well, the cousin was worried that Sieg would have been holding it in every day.

“I had definitely thought that she was living a hard life in a foreign land……
However, that was my mistake.”

All along, she was afraid of meeting Sieg, she murmured.
Apparently she was worried that Sieg would have withered away in the harsh environment of living in a foreign country.
In addition, she pestered her father to learn how Sieg came to marry. She was worried that Sieg might have got herself into an unwanted marriage because of her.

The cousin smiled after hearing how Sieg was living. I also felt relieved, too.

After that, I listened to Sieg’s exploits during her years of military service, that we lost tract of time. In the end, we were just worried about the person we liked.

I came to when the sun started setting.

“Uwa!”
“What might it be?”
“Well, truth be told……”

I confessed that I was caught red-handed by Sieg right before I came.

“My, that’s some big trouble!”

After saying that, the cousin Hildegard-san followed me to the house.
Upon seeing Sieg’s face, she started crying.
She said that she did not have the courage to go meet her in a trembling voice.
Also, she apologised for today.
Sieg gently embraced Hildegard-san and patted her head. I felt moved by the sisterly love.

After the storm passed, I apologised to Sieg once more.

“Sieg, erm, I’m sorry.”
“No, I got what’s going on.”
“……Yes.”

Sieg also said that she was sorry for suspecting me.

“Hildegard is a beauty, so,”

She was uneasy that I would be distracted.

I brushed up her alluring red hair on her cheek and whispered into her ear.

“……No other women than Sieg comes into my sight though.”

I continually stared at Sieg looking downwards in embarrassment.

Like so, I was able to safely survive the problem of Sieg and her cousin.

Also, this was a story of the day when I resolved to never make Sieg cry again.

Raw link

<< | Project Page | >>

Emmerich’s Newlywed Diary, Accompanied by Cabbage and Bacon Soup

Emmerich’s Newlywed Diary, with Cabbage and Bacon Soup
Additional Chapter

Author:
Requested Chapter. Emmerich’s point of view.

A long time after living in the countryside, Ritz-kun contacted me that the buzz was dying down, so I thought to return Aina-chan to the village.
Of course, I will be moving with her.

I was preparing to leave for village, but then a problem occurred.
It was about the goat we were raising.

The goat can’t be taken by boat, and it won’t be able to survive the winter cold, so it was returned to uncle.
Uncle was planning on eating the goat at the farewell feast, but I felt sad for it so I asked him to not do that.
That goat kicked me many times, but I was seeing it every day so I became fond of it.
It was healthy and the body was well built so it would be delicious, or so uncle said, but seeing me teary-eyed he gave up on eating it.

Rather, that’s a milking goat, so it won’t be that delicious!? I though.
Not that I know a lot about the meat of livestock.

Aina-chan, aren’t you glad, when I said that, she replied, “About what?”
I told her that the goat we were raising will be kept alive, but she said, “Livestock are for eating.” Apparently, in her village, they raise livestock from spring to autumn when there’s no snow, and then eat the livestock in winter.
Since she was diligently taking care of it every day, I had definitely thought that she liked it.
Indeed, they are a hunting people, I concluded in admiration.

Well, anyhow, I asked him to continue raise the goat for milking.

For the goods in the house, we solved it by either giving away or throwing away most of things.
I did not worry about costs of living.
There's the house that Ritz-kun promised for us, and Aina-chan said that she would be making the traditional clothing. Sieglinde will be teaching me how to hunt. It was a thankful story.
We packed our luggage in one bag for each of us.
There were many gifts.

The night before we left, I sat down next to her who was sitting on the rug.
It was something I bought some time ago when I went on a business trip.

"A-Aina-chan."
"What?"

Maybe because she was in the middle of sewing, the tone of her voice was prickly.
I kept speaking without backing down.

"This, erm, if you don't mind."

She stared at the square box with a puzzled face.

"What is it? Chocolate again?"
"No, there wasn't any chocolate, this time"

Every time I went out to the city for work, I didn't know what to get her so I always chose the easy option of chocolate.
She always received them gladly, so I kept gifting her chocolate, so I thought that she would gladly receive them again.
In retrospect, I should have bought other gifts as well.
Even if she was happy the first, I shouldn't have kept bringing the same gift every time like an idiot.

Well, that's fine now.

Aina-chan received the gift with a wary look.
To be this suspicious of me, I'm not being trusted.
However, Aina-chan's frown was also great so I did not care.

I want to forever stare at how she unravels the ribbon cautiously.

When she opened the box, her eyes opened wide. My gift was a brooch.
Some time ago, I heard from Ritz-kun, “The best present for the villagers are silver brooches,” so I decided on that as a gift.
To be honest, I wanted to give her a marriage ring, but over there they don’t have the tradition of giving rings and it would get in the way of work, so I decided against that. There’s also the reason that I didn’t have enough money for that.

Aina-chan looked at me in surprise.
Maybe because she was surprised, her cheek slowly dyed red. It was lovely.

“This is for me?”

When I nodded in confirmation, she softly held the brooch in her hand.

“P-Pretty.”

It seems like she likes it.
I bought a brooch in the shape of a cat from a jeweler. The curled tail was similar to Rossa.
Aina-chan showed the cat that was next to her the brooch with a glint in her eyes.

“Hey, look, Rossa, it’s like you! It’s very cute!”

That smile, I wished that was not meant for Rossa, but for me.
No, that’s asking for too much.
Her liking the present is reward enough.

When I was about to stand up, Aina-chan tugged at my sleeve.
I ended up looking at her in surprise.
Unexpected words came out of her mouth.

“Th-Thank you.”
”!”

While holding Rossa in one hand, Aina-chan thanked me with a shy expression and her eyes upturned.
Really, she’s too cute, too cute, et cetera.

Like so, our last night before moving passed in this way.

◇◇◇

Aina-chan and I returned to Ritz-kun's village. Ah, along with the cat Rossa.

When we arrived at the port, her mother was waiting for us.
The mother and daughter hugged each other, rejoicing at their reunion.

"David-san, thank you so much!"

I felt sorry because she was thanking me.
I had put her through hardships because I did not earn a lot.
In the countryside, she served mushrooms from the forest and fish from the rivers to me.
Every day was fun, and her cooking was all delicious. For making me happy, I should be the one thanking you, I said as I bowed deeply.

The thanking battle between her mother and me continued until Rossa sneezed in the cage.

We reunited with the lord and the lady in front of the village fort.
Even though I say that, I did see them over there, but it had been a while since I saw them in traditional clothes so it felt as though I had not met them for a long time.

"Emmerich, you did well to come here! Aina-chan, welcome back!"

It was exciting to be welcomed in. I'm sure Aina-chan thought the same.
Seeing the two in good health, I felt relieved.
As for Sieglinde, maybe because she had given birth to a child, her expression had softened greatly.
For reference, their son is being taken care of my Ritz's mother at their house.
I'm looking forward to meeting his mother who is rumoured to be exactly like Ritz-kun.

I parted from the two of them and headed to Aina-chan's place.
I was worried about the scary grandfather, but Aina-chan reassured me that it was alright.

I soon understood the meaning of those words.
Aina-chan's grandfather was completely dispirited.
The moment he saw his granddaughter, he started shedding large drops of tears.

Grandfather said that he reflected on the actions.
Afterwards, our marriage was coolly accepted.

◇◇◇

Morning.
I woke from Rossa kneading my belly.
When I opened my eyes thinly, it was still dark outside.
When I asked to have more sleep, the kneading got stronger.

“Uu, sorry Rossa-san, a little more……”
“It’s not Rossa!”
“!”

I jolted up in surprise.
I thought that it was definitely Rossa treading on my belly asking for food, but it was not the cat but Ainya-chan, I mean Aina-chan.

What do you want me to do? When I asked that, she asked me to go outside and dig out vegetables from the snow.

“I’m busy baking.”
“U-Understood.”

She said that the vegetable was for breakfast, so I hurried.
If the vegetables planted in the garden are left after the first snow piles up, they get buried in the snow.
It’s a natural refrigerator of sorts.
Furthermore, these ‘snow vegetables’ are sweet and delicious.
According to Ritz-kun, the substances in the water of the vegetables change into a sweet substance to not freeze under the snow. Indeed, a son of a scholar. He knows everything.

I went outside and slowly dug the snow out from the area near the vegetables with a scoop.
If a twig is found, it means that a vegetable is nearby. I changed the tool to a short one dug cautiously to not harm the vegetable.

There’s no telling where it might be. It was like hunting for treasure.
Today I dug out cabbages.

When I returned home, the aromatic smell of baking bread had filled the room.
I immediately felt happy.
The cabbage I handed over was quickly cooked.
Aina-chan brewed hot coffee. While drinking that, I watched her cook.
The whole cabbage is put in a large pot and then boiled in hot water for a while.
She then cut out thick pieces of bacon from the wild boar that was hung up.
The cabbage was then taken out of the hot water and then slits were made in a cross shape. In between the leaves, bacon was filled in. To make sure the form does not crumble, the cabbage was tightened with a string. After that, it was put in a stock that was prepared beforehand.
After the cabbage is boiled enough, it's done by seasoning it lightly with spices and salt.
The cabbage is taken out again, and then split into four parts.
A quarter of the cabbage was placed in my bowl. One quarter was also placed in Aina-chan's bowl. Afterwards, a clear amber-coloured soup was poured in the bowl.
The rest of the cabbage and the bacon was put back into the pot. It seems like she will be taking them to her family later.

Freshly baked bread and soft cabbage soup.
It was a feast from the morning.
I prayed to the Spirit and then started eating.

When the rye bread was split into two, white steam rose from it.
I couldn't wait until I split into a bite-size and bit into the bread. The outside was crispy and the inside was soft. I could feel the luxurious texture limited only to fresh bread.
As for the fist-sized cabbage, I sliced it with a knife.
Even without having to put in much strength, the knife went through easily. The knife encountered a piece of bacon in the middle, so I sliced quickly.
First, I used a spoon to have only the cabbage.
The cabbage was soft and unbelievably sweet. The bacon had a proper chewing texture and a savoury flavour. When I had them both at the same time, an indescribable flavour pleased the tongue.

When I came to, I noticed that Aina-chan had not yet touched her meal.

I ate on my own.
Even as I panicked, I gave her my impression to smooth it over.

“Aina-chan, it’s very delicious.”

“Ah, I see.” I thought that would have been the cold reply, but Aina-chan smiled slightly and murmured, “I’m glad.”

—— Uwa, Aina-chan’s super cute (the rest is omitted)

Like so, our newlywed life continued.

Every day made me think that I was in paradise.

Raw link

<< | Project Page | >>

Luca’s Pleasant Picnic

Luca’s Pleasant Picnic

Additional Chapter

Author:

Requested Chapter. Luca’s point of view. Around two years after marriage.

Today, mother-in-law said that the whole family should go out on a picnic to the mountain.

I had thought that we would spending the morning slowly since the whole family was on holiday, but yet again father-in-law was at my bedside, inviting me to a hunt.

……Like I said, from summer to early autumn, hunting is prohibited.

Even though I said that, father-in-law did not understand.

However, it seemed like he does know that hunting is prohibited in this period. So, we are going out to the forest for ‘bear hunting’ which is allowed all year round. Jokes aside, we focus our efforts on gathering mushrooms in the morning.

Father-in-law hunts at least one bear a week. Not only that, he also catches large amounts of fish every day. In addition, he catches them diving. I recall him complaining even though we caught a lot because he did not catch a big one. However, it was still too much for us, so we had to share remainders to our neighbours.

While I was collecting mushrooms with dew on them, father-in-law brought back a beehive.

The honeybees were nowhere to be seen. The way how he has a large beehive resembles a bear.

……Rather, what is he fighting so early in the morning.

Mother-in-law who was coming out to greet us was pleased at our harvest.

“My, bee honey, happy.”

“……”

As ever, mother-in-law's language skills are not great. Well, she's much better than father-in-law who rarely speaks.
However, I learned that it's rather easy to tell what father-in-law is thinking.
After seeing mother-in-law's reaction, the corner of his lips curled up ever so slightly.
Strangers won't notice the change in his expression. I also didn't know in the beginning.
However, as I spent every day with him, I became able to read the emotions through his expressions.

Well, there's are still things that I can't read from my wife's father though.

"Luca, welcome back."
"Aa."

Miruporon, who was having breakfast, peeked out.
She stuck to me so early in the morning so I pushed her away. I wonder if she's not embarrassed even with her parents nearby.

"Mum and dad are always close though?"
"Come to think of it, you are right!"

Father-in-law and mother-in-law are very chummy.
They're not flirting with each other, but they are always together when inside the house.
How envious.

When there are others around, I can't seem to calm down, that I take actions like the previous one. In addition to that, I didn't want to do that while it was still bright outside.

"Okay. I'll endure until nighttime."
"!"

Miruporon said that with downcast eyes.
Why does she have to be so cute from the morning?
I looked at my father-in-law's rough face to calm down.

Breakfast is fried bread and bear soup.
It was not the cuisine of this region but cuisine of their homeland.

Fried bread is flat like a dish. The outside is crispy, while the inside is chewy. It has just enough savoury flavour, and it went well with meat.
The bear soup was red. It had tomato in it, but that was not all.
The soup has a spice called ‘chili’ which has a strong spicy flavour.
The first time I had it, I was very surprised. It was so spicy that I had tears coming out.
However, the taste grows on one.
Mother-in-law brought chili from overseas. She plants them in summer and harvests them in early autumn.
Because they receive too much sunlight during the white nights, they are much spicier than the usual variants.
Incredible, white nights.
The fried bread went well with the spicy soup. The bear meat inside was amazingly soft and delicious.
When I had almost finished eating, there was a lot of sweat on my forehead. Miruporon wiped them away as if it was natural to do so.

After resting my stomach a little, I prepared to go out.

Because I had sweated, I changed my clothes.
While I was struggling to tie my hair, Miruporon came over with a comb while saying that she wanted to do it.

“You, braid it properly.”
“But, fluffy, braids are, definitely cuter!”
“What are you saying, are you stupid!”

I told her that she can’t, but in the end my braids were looser than usual. Moreover, the bangs that I usually brushed back had been arbitrarily lowered, with a decoration to tie them.

“Look, it’s pretty after all!”
“……”

Since I had to please my family sometimes, I endured it today.
Miruporon was wearing the high exposure foreign clothes with a Sámi women’s shawl and a silver brooch on the chest.
Also, she had a feather of a different colour than usual.

Father-in-law and mother-in-law seemed to be ready as well. Father-in-law was half-naked and crossing his arms. As for mother-in-law, she was dressed in the same way as Miruporon, wearing a shawl over her traditional clothing.
Seeing me all dressed up, mother-in-law's eyes gleamed.

"Luca! Cute, cute, you look good. How nice."

What do you mean cute cute!? Even father-in-law's smiling subtly as well!

"Oi, don't you need to make father-in-law cute as well?"
"Dad, mum made him cute already."
"……"

I was planning on giving him the same look, but it seems that father-in-law was made cute already.
I checked, but it was the usual flawless, half-naked father-in-law.

……These people, aren't they mistaking the meaning of cute?

Both the parents and the child were staring at me, so I said that we should get going soon.

◇◆◇

I had thought that a picnic was something people did to take relaxing strolls while enjoying nature.

"……You're walking too fast! Are we training or what!?"

With father-in-law at the lead, we started climbing a mountain.
Moreover, they left me behind.
They had unbelievable leg strength. I followed them while getting drenched in sweat.

The mountain peak.

"Why did we come to mountain!! Usually, picnics are just, going to the lakeside or the riverside, those kinds of places!"

I shouted as I flung down a stick I found on the way up.
My voice echoed back here so I felt even emptier.

They were not tired at all. Just what sort of body structure do they have?
Miruporon talked to me happily.

“Mountaintop, scenery, pretty.”
“Ha!? I can only see forests, forests, forests, forests, lakes and more forests!”
“Village, also see.”
“So what!”

I was out of breath after talking with Miruporon, so I collapsed on the spot.

“Luca, meal, lunch.”
“……”

She tugged my arm, so I decided to head to the spot where father-in-law and mother-in-law were sitting.

As for lunch, mother-in-law prepared it with great vigour from the morning.
Four lunchboxes were laid on the quilt.

“Luca, eat lots.”
“……Yeah.”

Mother-in-law served food onto the plate.
Lunch was bear meat and fried vegetables wrapped in a baked bread of cornstarch in water, bear meat skewers, braised beans and bear meat, bear meatballs. A splendid meal of bear meat.
However, having cooked for the count for many years, mother-in-law’s cooking was great.
My body was tired, but the food kept going in well.

After that, I spent time staring at empty space. I wonder if father-in-law went somewhere to relieve himself. I couldn’t see him for a while now.

Even so, he’s taking some time.

“——Haaaaaa!?”

From the unexpected turn of event, even Miruporon and mother-in-law were surprised.

Father-in-law came back while hauling a bear.

Apparently, he strangled it to death because it attacked while he was relieving

himself.

“Nonono, impossible!!”

I shouted that, but indeed, father-in-law was had a bear on his back. Rather, is he planning to descend the mountain with a bear on his back? I couldn’t ask because I was frightened.

Father-in-law easily descended the mountain while bearing a bear. Afterwards, he even had enough energy left to butcher the bear.
I followed him to the slaughterhouse to help him, but when I sat down for a short break, I couldn’t stand up again. I ended up staring at father-in-law with a vacant expression as he worked.

Above was how the Rango family spent the holiday.

Rather, the body didn’t rest at all! I ended up retorting that.

Raw link

Story of One Summer Day — First Half

Story of One Summer Day — First Half
Additional Chapter

Author:
The story takes place at Sieg's place after Arno is born.

After Arno was born, grandfather came over to Sieg's place every time he could.
He even buys large amounts of toys as a present every time.
I do appreciate that he's buying mostly animal dolls, but seeing the mountain of stuffed toys I can't help but tilt my head in wonder of who is making those.
I was thinking of asking father to make the ones we will be using at our home, but then I remembered that his handiwork was bad so I decided against that.
Mother is more skilled than father, but I felt sorry about asking her so it would become my work.
Well, it's too early to worry about making stuffed toys for Arno though.

Anyhow, grandfather came.

When I went to the front door after hearing the news, he was just entering while holding a large teddy bear.

"Grandfather, that is……?"
"It's not for you."
"Well, I knew that already though."

I heard someone running over here from afar.
Shouting something.

"They're here."

Grandfather grinned. And then he crouched down on the sport.

"Grandfather Lüneburg~~!!"
"……Aru, wait, running's, dangerous."

It was the nieces. They came running, with Edelgard stopping nearby and

Adeltraud hugging grandfather.

I wonder when they became so close.
I was surprised to learn that grandfather liked children.
Grandfather has a scary look so children of House Lüneberg are scared of him.
However, Adeltraud didn't seem to mind, as she was talking to him with a smile on her face.
Edelgard didn't seem to be used to it yet, since she was only glancing at grandfather's face.
For now, I went up next to her and said, "He's a kind grandfather, so why don't you play with him?"
Grandfather handed the teddy bear to Adeltraud and then beckoned Edelgard, who was fidgeting a little ways away.

He always came late and left without staying, but today he will be spending a night here.

"It seems like I made it before the girls went off to sleep."
"It is still rather late though."

The time was past nine.
Since the nieces heard that grandfather would be coming, they were waiting earnest.
Let's play tomorrow, or so they even made such a cute promise. Having received the teddy bear, the sisters were led away by a servant.

"Where's Sieglinde-san and Arno?"
"They're getting up, probably."
"I see."

He bought a parasol as a gift for Sieg. The deep blue parasol and embroidered with a black lace on the edge. It's one that has a rather alluring, or mature design.
From I imagining Sieg using this parasol, I ended up smirking a little. Grandfather was also saying, "Wouldn't it be nice?"

"This is for you."
"Nn?"

Apparently he had a gift for me as well.

I was given a heavy and large box from the servant. What could this be?

“Grandfather, what is this?”
“Well, open it up in your room.”
“?”

When I returned to my room, Arno had just finished a meal.
His belly was chubby, having had a lot of milk.
Grandfather received Arno from Sieg, and was making a smile as if he was melting.
If people of House Lüneberg saw this sight, they would be surprised.
I felt moved from seeing that sight for some reason.
Grandfather had been overburdened with parenting. I’m glad that he’s this delighted with children.

“Ritz, that is?”
“Ah, I wonder?”

I remembered that I was holding up a box.

“Grandfather, if it’s alright, please take a seat.”
“I’m putting Arno to sleep, so later.”
“Ah, thank you.”

Grandfather put in a lot of effort and energy into making Arno sleep. rocking his body. Arno quickly went to sleep in the cradle while letting out a “My.”
He was looking at Arno’s sleeping face, but a servant brought tea so he came over here and sat down on a chair.

“What, you didn’t open it yet?”
“Yes.”
“Open it up.”

Grandfather’s gift was placed on the table.
I opened it as my heart pounded in excitement.

“……Nn?”

There was something like a metal pail in the wooden box. There was a tightly shutting lid for it. On its side, there were handles. It had a mysterious structure.

“What do you think it is?”
“Hmm, a metal pail!”
“Think more before you answer!”

……No, well, I can only see it as a metal pail.

Grandfather asked the same thing to Sieg.

“Might this be for making something?”
“Yes.”
“Grandfather, a hint please.”
“For something cold.”
“Ice-maker?”
“Close!”
“Could it be for ice cream?”
“Indeed!”
“Hehh, so there’s something like that.”

When I opened the lid, it was double-layered inside.
Ice is to be put in the outer layer, and then the ingredients are to be put in the inner layer. After that, the lid is to be closed then the handle is turned to make ice cream.

“You can take it back to the village and set up a store.”
“Ah, that is a nice idea.”

Selling berry-flavoured ice cream to tourists and raking in money. That might be nice.

“Huh, wait, what is the ingredient for ice cream……?”
“We need dairy so the costs will be high.”
“Uu!”

My dream was crushed from Sieg pointing that out.
We don’t have cattle nearby, so milk is an expensive product because of the transport fees. Reindeers can only be milked in early spring, and we need to make cheese, so there won’t be enough left to make ice cream. I went limp.

“Ritzhard, could you have never had ice cream before?”
“Ah, come to think of it!”

After grandfather pointed it out, I realised that I never had ice cream.
There are many ice cream stores in the cities, but unfortunately there are none in the remote land. Stalls sometimes set up in the port, up only kids have them.

"Sieg, have you had them?"
"Well, a few times."

Apparently there is a famous ice cream store in the city.

"It's a famous dating place for young people."
"!?"

I ended up complaining to Sieg, asking with whom she went there.

"No, I just went there with my cousins……"
"Then it's alright!"

I felt relieved that she didn't go with her colleagues or something.
To me who was acting like that, Grandfather put in an attack.

"Though you were playing with women every time you were coming here."
"Erm, grandfather, those stories……"

What is he saying, now, at this moment.
Of course, that's before I married.
No, well, I reported to Sieg about those things, so it should be alright…… not!!

Sieg was sending a sharp glare over here.
Even when I said, "Sieg is the prettiest woman in the world now," with a trembling voice, she merely narrowed her eyes at me.

I was playing around freely, yet to be worried about Sieg's relationships, how hypocritical. For now, I apologised earnestly and told her that we should talk about it later.
I might be hit using the parasol with the alluring design, but I vowed in my head to endure it.

"Now, why don't we rest?"
"!"

I was surprised at grandfather withdrawing early.

……How cruel. Dropping a bomb and disappearing.

“Grandfather-in-law, thank you for the lovely gift.”
“It will be good.”
“Grandfather, thank you for the ice cream maker as well.”
“Make some tomorrow.”
“Yes.”

Tomorrow’s schedule was decided.
The problem is what happens afterwards.

Sieg was tapping the parasol she got from grandfather against her palm.
From the movements that were as though she was checking the durability, beads of sweat formed on my brows.

“Erm, Sieglinde-san?”
“What is it?”
“What should I do for you to forgive me?”
“Why do you ask?”
“No, well, you look a little angry~”

I mustered up courage and asked, but Sieg-san replied that she was not angry.

But her movements were quite scary?
I said that I will do anything and then lowered my head.

“Well, if there’s something I want to do,”
“Yes.”
“I want to ride a boat on a lake, so won’t you row with me?”
“Pardon?”
“I received a splendid parasol after all.”
“!”

I was surprised at the sudden date proposal.
Also, my heart pounded from Sieg’s embarrassed expression.

When I asked why she was swinging the parasol around like that, she replied that she was doing so because she was pondering about inviting me.

I felt relieved that she wasn’t angry.
Tonight, yet again, I was thankful at Sieg’s magnanimity.

Raw link

Story of One Summer Day — Second Half

No Content

Compilation of Short Episodes

Compilation of Short Episodes Additional Chapter

Author:

This time, I present you with stories that were cut from the light novel and a short story that was posted on twitter, as well as a story posted on my activity page.

Narou Con site has made a special page for 'The Snow Country Hunting Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife'!

It has a splendid content and design, so I would appreciate it if you would take a look.

(I have put up a banner from the treasure island special site from Narou Con m(_ _)m)

Translator:

I wonder why I even bothered to translate the above when I have so many things to translate already……

(18,000 characters? You must be joking……)

Index of the Short Episodes

- The Story of Kayneth and Ritzhard
- Agitated Ritzhard
- Luca Saw
- Eru and Aru's Fantastical Fairy Story
- The Children and the Summer Forest
- The Children's Observation Diary
- Grandfather's Joy

"The Story of Kayneth and Ritzhard"… A story from Kayneth's point of view.

At the ball where dazzling young men and women seek for their lifetime partners, Kayneth, the third son of the viscount of House von Brzeska, entered with a grimace.
It was the first time he was attending a ball.
Kayneth had been living as a commoner for eighteen years.
However, his father whom he had never met before adopted him into the nobility as the eldest son had died just the previous year.
His mother who was working in a factory was apparently working at the viscount's mansion when she was young.
Having relationships in the heat of youth and getting fired after pregnancy, it was a common story among servants working for nobles.
The viscount's second son was sickly, so Kayneth was adopted as a backup successor.

Of course, originally a commoner, there would be no way that Kayneth was used to high society, so he merely leaned against the wall and stared and young men and women chat.
When he gazed somewhere a little ways away, there was a crowd.
At the centre was an elderly gentleman, whom father had instructed Kayneth to remember the face and the name.
Adalbert von Lüneburg. Marquess.
He was taught that he is an influential noble who uses his private funds to build schools for common people, factories or stores where women could

work, among many other businesses for the economically weak.
The factory his mother was working at was run by the marquess, so he felt an arbitrary familiarity.
He was taught to greet him if he ever met the marquess at a ball, but unfortunately he did not have the opportunity so he was merely staring blankly at him.
Next to Marquess Lüneburg, there was a young man that did not look to be twenty.
Kayneth was surprised at the appearance of that young man.
Beautiful white hair that was almost like silver and blue eyes that were like gems. The beauty was something that was not of this world.
Kayneth could not help but stare at the appearance that was as though it came straight out of the fantastical paintings at the viscount's manor.
It was not only Kayneth who was like that.
All the people around, regardless of age or sex, had their attention stolen by the young man.
While he was glancing at the white-haired young man as though he was staring at a rare animal, their eyes happened to meet.
The young man smiled slightly at Kayneth before turning away.
That time, Kayneth could only think that he was a frivolous man to smile at strangers.

At the second year of the ball, Kayneth set off with a scolding from his father to put more effort into it.
He properly learned the dance moves, and had remembered sentences that would please women.
The ballroom was still dazzling and colourful.
Kayneth was tasked to invite at least one woman to a dance.
When his heart was about to burst from nervousness, his eyes met a nearby woman's.
"Excus——!?"
The moment he was about to talk to her, someone bumped into him from behind.
"Ah, I'm sorry!"
He knew that he didn't do it purpose because the person had apologised, but

the woman in front of him ran away.
When he turned around spitefully, the person standing there was the white-haired young man whom he had seen a year ago.
“Is your back alright? I’m sorry, I wasn’t paying attention.”
“……”
Seeing the young man bow in apology, he concocted a plan.
Thinking that the man would be a good bait to allure women, Kayneth invited him for a talk.

That was the meeting with the white-haired young man Ritzhard Salonon Revontulet with whom he would be acquainted for a decade.

◇◇◇

After introducing themselves, they started chatting while leaning against the wall.
Ritzhard had a fleeting impression, but he later found out that he is from a hunting people who hunt their own food with guns. At first, Kayneth thought that was a joke.
“As if someone so fluffy like you can hunt.”
“Yes I can~”
There are many unfortunate people in the world, and Ritzhard is one of them, or so Kayneth thought.
He had an enervating way of talking, or a unique relaxing aura.
However, his ability to charm women was real, since Kayneth could feel glances from some time ago.
“What did you come here for?”
“Of course to find a wife!”
“Then that’s convenient.”
Kayneth whispered to Ritzhard, telling him that they should to talk to the two beauties that were standing far away.

It was a brilliant plan to use Ritzhard as bait, but it sank splendidly.
Ritzhard failed to read the mood and started talking about butchering animals.
“How did talking about the recently popular spreads in the cities turn into talking about butchering animals!”
“No, I was just saying that ptarmigan liver spreads are delicious!”

“You don’t need to talk about the manufacturing process!”
“Hehh, I~ see.”
“……”
Unfortunately, Ritzhard was a hunter deep down.
“Hey, talk about things women are interested in, such as trending goods, art and flowers.”
“Ah, I know a lot about plants!”
He exclaimed as he pointed at the white flower in a vase by the wall.
“That flower is very pretty, but it’s toxic.”
“……”
“Cardiac dysfunction, was it? Apparently having some would cause one to have trouble breathing. I think I recall hearing that having even the water in the vase is dangerous~”
That’s not it, Kayneth thought, but he did not have the energy to retort so he quietly listened to Ritzhard talk.

After that, Kayneth kept reuniting with Ritzhard once a year at the ball.
He was doing a foolish thing, repetitively getting fiancées who would run away.
“Come to think of it, Kayneth, aren’t you marrying yet?”
“I’m still alright.”
The year before the last, his father had remarried and had a son.
Now that the succession was no longer instable, people around him did not pester him.
“I’m just here to take a break from the bleak life in the military.”
“Ah, I get you!”
In the snow country, Ritzhard was leading a bleak daily life without anything to play. Kayneth, following a strict schedule in the military, he could only had a break in the ball.
“I wonder what marriage is like~”
“As if I’d know.”
You might not be able to find a wife here? He thought, but he did not say.
He pitied Ritzhard who was looking forward marriage so much.
However, that couldn’t be helped.
In the dazzling world of nobles, even Kayneth once had a dream.

◇◇◇

Ten years later.
The ball was no different from usual.
Tonight, the ball that would act as a meeting place for men and women was to open.

What was different from usual was that a famous person who normally did not come to balls had come.
Sieglinde von Wattin.
She was a very famous person, whom everyone in the army knew.
Kayneth saw here only once in the army, but the vivid red hair left an imprint on his mind.
The women were swooning over the gallant figure of Sieglinde.
The men were envious of her who looked more handsome and manly than any others.
However, Ritzhard was different.
He fell in love with her at first sight and suddenly proposed to her.
As he was taking the soldier that was drawing the gaze of many women, Ritzhard earned much ire.
First, to calm the commotion down, Ritzhard and Sieglinde left the hall.
Ritzhard left with a hunched back, while getting curses from ladies.
Sieglinde had her hand on his waist to protect him as she led him out.
From the side, Ritzhard and Sieglinde was the splitting image of a suspect getting arrested by an elite soldier.
Kayneth laughed from seeing such a scene.

Kayneth saw his friend off while praying that he would find happiness this time.

A few months later, a letter with surprising news arrived for him.
What was written was that Sieglinde von Wattin and Ritzhard had married.
There's no telling what might happen in life.
That was what Kayneth thought.

Fin.

◇◇◇

“Agitated Ritzhard”… Near the beginning of the story. Middle of the temporary life.

It had been a few days since I started living with Sieg. Other than the martial race family, it had been a decade since I lived with someone, so I was trying to not get carried away.
I was fluffy every day so I naturally made some mistakes.
One morning,
I woke up early for some reason, I thought of waiting for Sieg at the living room.
It was still dark as the sun did not rise yet. In the dark, I headed out of my room in my pyjamas.
“——Eh?”
For some reason, Sieg’s room door was slightly open.

It was always tightly shut, but how come!?

I was worried, so I knocked lightly and spoke out.
“Sieg, Sieglinde.”
I called her name many times, but there was no response.
I could only get bad feelings. The sound of my heart pounding echoed in my head.
“Excuse me, Sieg.”
I knew that it was something I shouldn’t do, but I entered Sieg’s room.
“!?”
Of course, it was dark in the room. However, when I went inside, there was no one there.

——Sieg is not here.

I returned to my room and lit a lantern to properly investigate, but I couldn’t find Sieg.
I went down to the first floor and looked around the rooms in panic, but there was no one.
“Sieg, where are you!?”
I took a look around the mansion, but it was quiet here as well. The dog house, the reindeer shed and the workshop were all quiet.
I felt a presence at the forest near the mansion, so I ran over there, but ended

up flinching.

I ended up meeting Teoporon.
“——U-Uwa!”
“……”
“Ah, I’m sorry. I was, looking for Sieg.”
He did not falter a bit at my behaviour and showed me the boar he caught in the forest.
Did you see Sieg? I was asking, but I was panicking so I couldn’t communicate well.
I looked around a lot, but Sieg was nowhere to be seen within the grounds of the mansion.

Could it be, that Sieglinde is already, with the village ——!?

That thought was a frightening one.
Could it be that she could no longer bear living with an over-familiar man? I should have been more considerate.
It’s too late to regret.
Before I realised it, I was running to the village.
When I shone the lantern on the snow, there were signs of someone passing here. However, there was the possibility that it was Teoporon’s footprints, so I could not rest easy yet.
The villagers were working in the dark. On closer inspection, it was only the women, digging and getting water from the well. I had heard that it was the women’s job to protect the house, but I did not know that they also did manual labour.
However, I did not have time to think about those things. Finding Sieg is the most important task.
While looking around, I ran to the fort gates.
Unbelievably, both the iron bars were up, and the bolt to prevent intruders was not there either. I ordered them to at least lock the doors at night, so I was going to scold the soldier in charge of the night duty, but there was no one at the window.
If it’s like this, I can’t even ask if Sieg came here.
I complained for them to work properly at night, but it seems like there was no

effect.
I felt depressed at my weak-mindedness for being a lord.
I went outside and checked the snow on the ground. There were no footprints, but if snow falls the evidence disappears so there is no meaning to checking it.
For now, I bolted the gate so that no one will be able to come it.
If any merchants or travellers that visit in the dark, they can go to the shed outside the gate.
There is a fireplace as well as food there, so they won't freeze to death there.
After finishing the check-up, I felt fatigue washing over my body.
I ran at full speed here, so my heart was pounding heavily.

—— My chest hurts.

That was probably not just because I was tired. There is another reason. I breathed in and out for a little, and then proceeded down the corridor to return home.
"Huh~, I wondered who it was, my lord?"
"!"
Someone looked out from the window, so I flinched a little.
The person who peeked out was the soldier in charge of security of the fort.
So I complained about how the night duty was in poor condition right away.
"Aa~, I did think that someone was here though~"
"……"

I thought so.
It felt like a waste getting angry.

Even if I shouted here, that would be me just taking out my anger on him, I decided to scold him lightly only.
First, regarding this one, I have to talk to the army headquarters. Even if I talk their superiors, it will be useless.
I thought that the conversation was over now, but the curious young soldier kept asking questions.
"What happened? This early in the morning."
"Nothing. Just a little stroll."
"Could it be that you fought with your wife and was chased out of the house?"
"No."

“Eh~ Really~”
“……”
Even I talked with him, I would only get depressed so I told him I had business and parted ways with him.

Maybe because it had snowed last night, the path I was treading down had barely any footprints.
I carefully looked around the village, but I couldn’t find Sieg.
“Oh my, my lord!”
“Ah, hello.”
The store lady that I coincidentally met greeted me.
“On a stroll this early in the morning?”
“……Well, I thought that going on morning patrols sometimes wouldn’t be so had.”
“Is that so, it was rare sight, so I wondered if anything was up.”
“……N-No, not really.”
I hardly went on patrols. My intuition must have dulled from my depression.
For now, I asked the whereabouts of Sieg.
“Have you seen Sieg?”
“Not today.”
“Nn? Not today, what do you mean by that?”
“Sieglinde-san takes a stroll around the area around this hour, so she should be back in the house by now, I believe?”
“!?”
That was unexpected. Sieg was taking a stroll in the village every day.
I thanked the store lady and ran back home as fast as I could.
I ran through the forest and the small hills.
The sky was getting faintly brighter, that it was easier to see the surroundings.
When I passed the gate and ran up to the front door, I saw a tall red-haired figure standing there.
“Sieglinde!”
When I called out the name, the woman I wanted to see turned around.
I ran up and grabbed her arms.
“——What’s wrong!?”
Even when she asked, I couldn’t answer. I was having trouble breathing for the

second time today.
I never ran this much in my life, so I didn't know how to breath, only puffing out white breaths.
"Are you alright?"
"Y-Yeah."
While grabbing Sieg's arms, I hung my head down. I was tired from running so much from the morning and an indescribable feeling of relief came over at the same time so I was very exhausted.
After I calmed down, I suggested that we talk inside.
"Sorry, it must have been cold outside?"
"No, my body was warmed from taking a stroll, so there's no trouble."
"Is that so? What a relief."
"Aren't you the one feeling cold?"
"N-No, it's not that cold."
"Is that so."
Come to think of it, I was still in my pyjamas. I reflected on my actions.
"Now, it's cold outside, so come inside."
"Aa."
We went inside in a strange atmosphere.

Miruporon was had lit up the fireplace so it was warm inside. It was a thankful thing.
When I sat down across from her in the awkward atmosphere, Ruruporon served warm drinks.
After having some herb tea and catching my breath, we started talking.
"So, erm—— Sieg, you go out on strolls every morning?"
"Aa. Sorry. I forgot to report."
She told me that taking a stroll was part of her daily life. At her wonderful and composed hobby, I was at a loss for words for a while.
"N-No, it's fine going on strolls."
To go on a stroll in the dark, I couldn't imagine such a thing. To immediate think the worst, what an amazing confusion.
Since I also shouldn't keep secrets, I properly told her about that.
"Frankly, I had thought that you might have run away so I went outside in panic."

“I did a bad thing.”
“No, thinking calmly, I can tell that Sieg is not one to go out quietly……”
It might have been that my head was not working properly form just waking up. I felt really sorry for suspecting her.
“I think I told you before, but my previous fiancées ran away so many times……. So when I couldn’t see Sieg in the morning……”
“Aa, so that was how it was.”
“……Yes.”
My considerate wife understood my exaggerated action.
“Don’t worry. I won’t run away nor hide. It would be unthinkable to disappear silently.”
“Thank you, thank you.”
I felt happy from her declaration, that my eyes got very teary form that.
I might have been afraid of people disappearing without me knowing. It’s most likely because I had been scarred by fiancées running away.
When I explained the situation, Sieg suggested a few things.
“From now on, when we go out silently, we should leave a note on the living room table.”
“B-But, wouldn’t that be a bother for you?”
“Just writing a little on a piece of paper is nothing. Don’t worry.”
What a magnanimous woman. I felt so thankful that I clasped my hands for her in my head.
“In return, I’ll keep going on morning strolls.”
“You can do that as much as you want.”
That was the story of the day when I made a promise with Sieg.

◇◇◇

Northern Nobleman, a rather short story: “Luca Saw”… This is a short story that was posted on twitter.

While passing the window of the store, Luca became disgusted seeing the inside of the store.
(Mother, are you at the meeting to see the lord’s wife again.)
Today, yet again, there was a meeting of people wanting to meet the lord’s wife.

(That person's quite amazing though.)
A woman charming other women. Luca wondered at the mysterious scene.
Just who are there, he thought and checked.
After checking everyone, he felt a chill run down his spine at the last moment.
That person had especially pretty hair and the clear eyes were looking at the lord's wife.
Luca thought that the person who had the hair in one braid was the prettiest.
The moment he realised who that was, he became angry.
(……Shit! That, is the lord!)
Among the women, the lord Ritzhard was mixed in there.
How does he look so natural with the women, he wondered.

To begin with, it's strange enough for the wife to look manly, Luca thought.

"This is wrong!"

Outside the window, the boy ran away from the store screaming.

Fin

"Eru and Aru's Fantastical Fairy Story"… Edelgard's point of view.
This takes place approximately two years after the final chapter of the main story.

●○●

In the summer of the third year after meeting uncle Ritzhard, me, my little sister, grandfather, father and Ritz the dog, four people and one animal went to the village of the fairies.
Grandmother and mother are staying home again.
Listen to grandfather and father and be good children. We promised that before we went.
Father was worried about sleeping inside the ship, but that was undue worry.
My little sister quietly read books, and I drew pictures.

We arrived two days later.
We finally arrived at the small port city.
I was surprised that it was cold rather than cool even though it was summer. I

put on the long sleeves we brought from home, and got on the carriage.
After getting on the carriage, my little sister could not calm down. While looking at the scenery, she was throwing exclamations everywhere.
Like uncle Ritzhard had told us, the greenery of this country is beautiful.
It's very different from the thick forests of my homeland.
We could see a bright forest for the first time.
I had read that most of this country consists of forests and lakes.
When I told that to little sister, she was very happy, even saying, "Because this is the country of fairies!"
My little sister believes in fairies.
Still, it couldn't be helped because the reason for that, uncle Ritzhard really is like a fairy.
His white hair shines silver when it receives sunlight.
His blue eyes shine like gems and are very clear.
His eyelashes are so long that they might even make sounds when he blinks, and his skin is white without any flaws.
The appearance was as though it came straight out of a picture book. Both my little sister and I were fascinated by it.
Uncle was also very knowledgeable about the forest.
Trees where honey can be found, flowers that can be eaten, leaves that can be used for tea, we were taught many things.
We had thought that the dark forests were scary places, but thanks to uncle guiding us, the forest was a good playground for my little sister and me. Of course, we were keeping the promise that the two of us would not go in alone.
While we were absorbed in the scenery, we arrived at the village.

"——Eh!?"

Little sister was surprised upon seeing the entrance of the village. Because there was a huge wall in front of it.
Grandfather explained. The walls were built three centuries ago to keep out harmful beasts.

"Hehh, I see~"
"It's alright now."
"Really? There are no bears?"

“Iyaa, please no bears……”

Grandfather suddenly shut his mouth and stared up at the sky.
Having become uneasy, father asked if it really was alright.

“No, it’s alright.”

I decided to not mind what he said in a small voice. From the way speaks, it might be a safe bear.
Before we went in a soldier came out from a small shed.
When grandfather showed his ID, he led us inside.
Inside the fort, there were two iron bars, and when the soldier gave a signal, they were raised with a bell ringing.
Grandfather then wrote something at the window in the middle, and when that was over we headed to the entrance of the village.

“U-Uwa!”
“……Pretty.”

Surprisingly, the inside of the village was full of greenery too. We were told that there is a house before getting to the forest.

“Ah, uncle!”

Before we found the house, we met uncle Ritzhard. It seemed that he was coming out to greet us.

“It’s been a while, princesses.”
“Uncle, you too!”

Uncle came over and hugged my sister and me.
It had been a year, so I felt like crying from happiness.
After that, uncle also hugged grandfather, but father waved his hand, declining the offer, saying that the feeling was enough.
After our reunion with uncle Ritzhard, we were guided through the village.

“!?”
“……Wa!”

The red brick houses were lovely.
But more importantly, we were surprised at the villagers.

Everyone had white hair and blue eyes like uncle Ritzhard.

This was indeed the village of fairies.

Until we arrived at uncle's house, my little sister was absent-minded, but we were then surprised by something else.
When the mansion door was opened, we saw an impossible creature.

—— A giant white bear!?

Before we realised it, my sister and I were hiding behind uncle.

"Ah~ Edelgard, Adeltraud, it's alright~."
"B, B-B-But, there's a bear-san! A huge bear-san!"
"That's a kind bear-san."
"!?"

After hearing uncle's words, I slowly checked the figure.
On closer look, it was not a real bear but someone wearing bear fur.
But he was bulky and scary.

"His name is Teoporon. He greets people by pounding his chest. You two can return a lady's greeting."

Uncle introduced the white bear-san to us.
Then, he pounded his chest as was said.
Instead of curtsying, my little sister pounded her chest like the white bear-san did. Father did a similar thing with a serious expression.
I was a little embarrassed, so I curtsied slightly. It would be nice if I could do it by the time I am returning home.

When we went inside, aunt Sieglinde greeted us.
She had the baby that was born in spring in her arms.
Arno who could now walk also greeted us.

"Uwaaaa! Cute!"
"……Indeed."

Named Veronica by our grandfather, the baby girl had clear eyes and quirky hair, just like uncle.

"This child will become a beauty in the future."

Father said that while looking at uncle Ritzhard, so he received a cold glare from aunt.
Grandfather had Arno on his lap while he was looking at Veronica who was in a cradle.

“Ah, cute. They really are cute children.”

Grandfather looked really happy.
He always looked a little sad when he talked about Ritzhard, so I felt happy as well.

Afterwards, it was time for lunch.
On the table, there were only dishes that I had never seen before.
I was especially surprised by reindeer meat.
Uncle said that it might have a strong taste, but it was delicious.
The raspberry sauce was sweet and sour, and went well with the meat.
We even had blueberry pie for dessert.
We ate so much that it was as though it was lie that we ate only a little with my little sister.

That day, we were a little tired so we rested early.
The next day, we went to pick berries in the forest, and the day after that we went fishing.
On the last day, we wore traditional clothes and played a little with the village children.

The fun days passed in the blink of an eye.

When we had to part with uncle, my little sister cried so much that it was a little hard.
However, uncle Ritzhard said that he will come over to play, so she stopped crying. I was glad that she was simple.

The experience at the village of the fairies became beautiful memories in our hearts.

Fin.

◇◇◇

“The Children and the Summer Forest”… the story takes place before Arno is

born.

●●●

Today, I went out to the forest with my nieces and nephew.

“Uncle, today I made cream cheese and honey with older sister!”
“Hehh, sounds delicious.”

The nieces made snacks for eating in the forest.
A simple sandwich of honey and cream cheese in bread, it’s a snack that is loved by the people of this country.

It seemed that she put in a lot of effort for going out today, so I felt happy.
While I was feeling satisfied, I heard a deep sigh from next to me so I looked over there.

“Haa? Not meat sandwich?”

The cheeky Claus voiced his opinion to the nieces.
He looked discontent as he held the sandwich basket in his hand.

After hearing that, Adeltraud revealed the secret regarding the meal today.

“Uncle likes honey.”
“Ha?”
“He doesn’t eat meat!”
“Uncle, you said that you usually have meat.”

He murmured softly so that the sisters won’t hear.
When I patted Claus for his kindness, he got angry and told me to stop.
Adolescent boys are hard to deal with.

Even as he complained about many things, Claus accompanied us on our stroll.

The early summer forest had beautiful flowers and lush foliage.
Edelgard and Adeltraud drew pictures to record flowers they found.
Apparently they are going to find out the name with an encyclopaedia when they return home.

“What’s so fun about this?”
“You think so?”

From a young age, I felt calmer when I walked through lush green forests, and I felt happy from finding herbs in the forest, but Claus said that it was not so.

“Then, why don’t we try making cider?”[1]
“Nn?”
“Ah~ erm, it’s something similar to Apfelschorle of this country, I guess?”

Apfelschorle is a sparkling liquor made using apples.
I told them the story of me getting surprised around ten years ago, when I was served sparkling apple liquor when I asked for cider in a store of this country.

“I don’t really understand, but you mean we can make sparkling water from things available in the forest?”
“You’re right. In addition, what I’ll make is recommended for early summer.”
“?”

I called over the sisters who were observing flowers and told them the plan.

“Uncle, is there something?”
“Thank you for coming. From now on, we’ll be making sparkling juice using things available in the forests.”

That’s amazing, the two piped up at the same time.

“Uncle, what will be making juice with?”
“Nn, that tree.”

The ingredient was right in front of us.

“Eh, that’s a pine tree.”
“You know very well, Claus.”

I reached out to pat his head, but then I remembered that he got angry a while ago so I stopped. Instead, I changed the trajectory and patted Edelgard and Adeltraud.

“W-Why are you patting Eru and Aru when they didn’t say anything.”

Well, you get angry when I pat you.

Adolescent boys are difficult after all.
I patted their head without much meaning, but the sisters received it gladly

with smiles.

“Uncle, we can make juice out of trees, not flowers?”
“Yes. If we dip the leaves in water and expose them to the sun, the water in the bottle will become sparkling water.”
“Really!?”
“It’s true. Let’s get some leaves.”

The way the sisters’ eyes gleamed as they heard my story was cute.
Claus looked at me as though he was looking at a fraud.

If fresh early summer pine needles aren’t used for making cider, it tastes bitter.
So this season is the best opportunity.

I climbed the straight pine trees and collected leaves.
Since the yellow bits at the edges create acerbity, the leaves were cut in the middle.
In the middle, Claus said that he wanted to do it too, so I taught him how to climb trees.

After we filled a small basket full of pine needles, we took a short break.

Claus was staring at the pine needles in the basket with a puzzled expression.

“Uncle, are these sweet?”
“I wonder? I never tried them raw so I have no idea.”

Full of curiosity, Claus tried some raw pine needles.

“!”

Of course it was not tasty. He quickly spat them out.

“What is this!”
“Well, I did think they won’t be tasty.”

I explained that the juice won’t be getting sweet from the pine needles.

“What do you mean!?”
“That’s a normal leaf.”
“Say that quicker!”

“So~rry.”

As to how the juice is made, the yeast in the pine needles become active when it receives sunlight. They then collect the sugar, and during their movements the water becomes carbonated.
I made it a few times when I was little, but the fact that father had been using the sugar in secret was found out so the production was halted. The juice has a sad memory to it.

We had honey sandwich as we talked about the pine needle juice, and then returned home.

After we returned, we promptly started making juice.

“First, we pour water in a pot and boil it.”

We worked at a corner of father-in-law’s ranch.

“Claus, can you measure the sugar please?”
“Alright.”

I left weighing the sugar to Claus.
As for Edelgard and Adeltraud, I asked them to rinse the pine needles.

“If we wash it too much, the yeast becomes thinner, so rinse it lightly.”

After instructing the sisters, I got down to sterilising the bottle and making sugar water.
The bottle we were to use were empty bottle of alcohol father-in-law drank.
To sterilise that, I boiled that in a pot.
For the second pot, I merely boiled water. That was for the drink.

Once the sterilisation was complete, the bottle was left to dry.
In the boiling water, sugar was mixed in.

While letting the water cool, I helped out with father-in-law’s ranch work.
As a reward, I got freshly made sausages.

Two hours later, after checking if the hot water cooled down, we started working on the next step.

“Can you please the bottles with pine needles?”

In two bottles, we put in the lightly rinsed pine needles. The preparations were finished by putting sugar water in there.

“Don’t plug it tight, but put a cloth over the lid and fasten it with a string.

The reason is because if the lid is airtight, there is the danger of the bottle exploding from the fermentation process.
At night, the activities of the yeast stop so they have to be shut tight to not make the carbon fly away.

Once it is left for a few days, the sparkling juice is complete.

The finished sparkling water has lactic acids and acetic acids, so it tasted bitter.
Since it was sour, I added in honey and squeezed fruit juice to adjust the flavour.

I had my cooperators taste the amber-coloured sparkling drink mixed with honey.

“Uwa~, it’s bubbly and sweet.”
“……It’s delicious.”
“So-so, I think.”

The sparkling drink had a soft taste.

The cider was very popular among the children, so we went into the forest again on another day to make more.

Fin.

●●●

●●●

“The Children’s Observation Diary”… the small incident that happened to Claus and the young sisters during Ritz’s stay at Sieg’s place.

“Stu——pid! That’s not true!”
“It’s not stupid——! It’s true——!”

The two that are fighting fiercely are Claus, the son of the eldest son of

House Wattin, and Adeltraud, the daughter of the third son of House Wattin. Edelgard was panicking a little ways away from them.

“As if uncle Ritzhard would be a fairy, stupid!”
“It’s true! He is a fairy!”

As to why this happened, while the sisters were drawing fairy pictures, Clause saw them and realised that the model was their uncle.

Adeltraud drew a person in snowy scenery, while Edelgard captured a famtastical snow fairy in the snow.

White braided hair and blue eyes, from those traits, it was clear that it was Ritzhard.

Seeing that, Claus was planning on lightly teasing, “Uncle’s not a fairy,” but that statement lit a fire to the anger of Adeltraud, who firmly believed that Ritzhard was a fairy.

“What part of him is a fairy, he’s just an old soldier!”
“Uncle’s not a soldier!”
“That’s not what it means!”
“He eats flowers!”
“Haa, what the heck!?”

Adeltraud suddenly ran out the room. Edelgard followed shortly after.

Few minutes later, Adeltraud came back inside with a flower.

“I’ll give this to uncle.”
“No, feeding that to uncle, don’t you feel sorry?”
“Why!? He said that he loves flowers!”
“If you take it to him with expectations, he’d have no choice but to force it down his throat.”
“Then I’ll ask a maid to take it to him!!”

Adeltraud said that they can peek through the window to see what Ritzhard does with the flower.

After that, they asked a nearby servant to take the flower they picked from a garden to Ritzhard.

Then, the children started running. They headed for the window where they could peek into Ritzhard's room.

Since the window was where Adeltraud couldn't reach, they asked the gardener for a box and peeked into the room with that.

Inside, the couple was sitting side by side in a great mood.
Seeing that they weren't late to see the servant deliver the flower, Claus felt relieved.

"Wa, it came—mugu!"

Claus hurriedly shut Adeltraud's mouth, while she was looking excitedly.

They were peeking into the room using the gap in the curtain, but fortunately they weren't found out, so he let out a sigh.

As he received the flower from the servant, he smiled slightly after heard that it was a present from the niece.
He enjoyed the scent, and made a broader smile.

The servant bowed and left the room.

From here, the three children swallowed their breaths and watched every single movement of their uncle.

After momentarily spinning the flower with his fingers, Ritzhard started talking to his wife.
Sieglinde darted his eyes about and looked flustered.

"What might uncle be saying? It's the first time seeing aunt getting embarrassed like that."
"……"

Claus checked once again if aunt really was being shy. Of course, her cheek was dyed red from embarrassment.

Could it be that something that shouldn't be shown to the young sisters is starting, Claus started worrying, but he couldn't move because he was so curious as to what will happen next.

Ritzhard hugged Sieglinde by her shoulder and leaned in. He grabbed her hand and whispered something into her ears, before decorating her red hair

with the flower he had in his hand.

When he whispered something into his wife's ear again, the children witnessed their aunt blushing completely red.

"N-Now, let's go!"

Claus said that and took the sisters away.

◇◇◇

"Haa, that was nice~"

Adeltraud said in wonder. It seemed like Edelgard had the same opinion as her little sister.

"We can take another flower to him later. When aunt is not with him."
"No, it's alright."
"Eh?"
"It's been confirmed that uncle Ritzhard is not human."
"Really!?"
"Yeah."

Claus thought,
Making that ferocious aunt become embarrassed like that is a feat impossible for a human.

"Uncle really might be a fairy."
"See, I told you!?"

By recalling his aunt acting shy, a chill ran down Claus's spine.

From witnessing such a scene, he could not help but agree to the opinion of his cousins.

Fin.

●●●

"Grandfather's Joy."… The time period is some time after Chapter 70 'Arno's Activity Report'. From Ritzhard's grandfather's point of view

●○○

Today, my grandson, his wife, and my great-grandchildren are coming over.

I can't adequately describe how much I have been looking for this day.

The youngest grandson, Ritzhard, became a father.
It was the first time I am meeting with their youngest son Erenfried. I'm worried that he might be afraid of me.

As for the bear fur, I once ended up making Ulrich cry so it was put away as decoration in the bedroom.
For this day, I bought many new books for Veronica. I wonder if she will like them.

I was also bothered whether Krimhilde became a little calmer. Really, that tomboyish lass, just who does she take after.
Arno was sending me a letter every month. From the firm wording, I felt happy that he grew well.

The butler announced the arrival of my grandson's family.
I wanted to go out to the front door and greet them, but I patiently endured.

While I was waiting on the specially ordered sofa for eight people, there was a loud knock on the door.

"——Come in."
"Great-grandfather——!!"

At the same time the door opened, Krimhilde flew to me like a bullet.
I somehow caught her and released a sigh of relief.

Really, are you trying to kill me!? Or so I was going to yell, but……

"Great-grandfather, I really really wanted to see you!"

Hearing that, my complaint holed up in the inside of my throat.
After Krimhilde, other grandchildren came in.

"Great-grandfather, it has been a while."
"Mm, indeed. Ah, right. Veronica, because I wanted to read some time ago, I bought dozens of books, so you can take a look at the library later."
"Y-Yes, I look forward to it."

Veronica was making a humble smile, but the moment I talked about books, she was smiling like a blooming flower.

“Great-grandfather, it has been a while.”
“Oh, Arno.”

Arno came in while holding Ulrich’s hand. He grew quite big. He still has a gallant face taking after his mother.
The easygoing Ulrich hugged me without saying a thing, so I embraced him back without saying anything as well.

“Rim, let me have the spot on great-grandfather’s knee.”
“No way!”
“Both of you, stop fighting! Get down from his lap, because that burdens great-grandfather.”
“How come! Arno-oniichan’s like a sister-in-law!”
“What!? Rim, where do you learn those things!?”

My great-grandchildren started fighting over me.
The popularity is troubling. Good, do it more.

“Uwa, everyone gathered around granfather!”

At the end, my grandson, his wife and Erenfried arrived.

“Ah, grandfather, it has been a while!”
“Yeah.”
“Grandfather-in-law, I’m glad to see you in good health.”
“Same to you.”

I’m meeting them after three years, but the couple still looks to be on great terms.

“Now, show me Erenfried.”
“Yes~”

The youngest child, whom Ritzhard was hugging, was looking over here interestedly.

“Ehrenfried, it’s the first time meeting you.”
“……Yes, nice to meet you!”
“Eren, it’s great-grandfather.”
“Great, grand, father?”
“Yes. It’s grandfather’s father.”

When I showed him my palm, he stretched his hand out to me.
The youngest son is a surprisingly amiable child, like his father.
Even though it was our first meeting, he relaxed and entrusted himself to me.

“Sieglinde.”
“Yes.”
“Come here.”

When I beckoned her, she came over with light movements and kneeled on one knee.

“You did great. To have five children, it is an amazing thing. I will always be proud of you.”
“Thank you, very much.”

Before handing Erenfried over to Sieglinde, I gently hugged her.

“Ritzhard.”
“Yes!”

I only called his name, but he quickly came over here and sat down in front of me.

“Are you a monster!?”
“Pardon?”

I had thought that he was the only one looking young, but on closer inspection he did have wrinkles under his eyes. When he smiled, the wrinkles grew deeper.
Ritzhard was properly aging too. I somehow felt relieved at that fact.

“——……”

I was going to say something, but the words didn’t come out.
Things came welling up, so I covered my face with my hand.

“Grandfather.”
“……”
“For a while, let’s all live here”
“……”

Ritzhard hugged this old man’s body and patted my back.

“I forced all the work on father.”
“Ah, ahh, is that so. That is, an amusing, thing.”

I really have become useless through aging.
To think I would ever be comforted by my grandson.

For some time, this quiet mansion will become noisy as well.

There were many things I wanted to do, so it will become busy again. I psyched myself up again.

Fin.

Raw link

[1] In Japan and Korea, cider refers to soft drinks like sprite.

Translator:
7,200 words…… I’m spent… I don’t think I got this tired when I was writing my term paper……

Other than that, awww grandfather… I’m glad he’s still healthy when he’s almost 90 though.

<< | Project Page | >>

Amnesiac Ritzhard

Amnesiac Ritzhard Additional Chapter

Author:
Sieglinde's point of view.

Translat0r:
Real life has not and will not be kind to me, it seems. I have been occupied with real life work for the past two days, and there is a personal appointment tomorrow that will keep me occupied for the whole day. I'm sad that I can't translate more often. Anyhow, enjoy this sweet chapter of our Northern couple.

Today, I will be making linen with the village women.
I will be away from the house the whole day.
A year and eight months old now, my son was left to father-in-law. He is not inhibited, same as my husband, so there shouldn't be a problem.
Father-in-law, who likes children, gleefully started chatting to my son, asking what he would like to play.
Mother was full of energy to make berry jam from the morning. It seems that she was going to bake pie was well, and she seems to look forward to it.
My husband Ritzhard said that he will be doing maintenance of the sheds.
I told him to not hurt himself.

"Then, I'll be off."
"Sieg, you be careful too!"

It's probably only my husband that says such things to me.
My family, my parents had once said, "Even if you meet a criminal, go easy on them." I think there's a limit to being rude.

"Then, Sieg, a farewell kiss."
"Ha?"
"It's just fine to have it on the cheek."

My husband pointed his cheek towards me.
This is outdoors, and mother-in-law had been going back and forth.
It would be embarrassing if we were to be seen. Thinking that, I pushed my husband's body back.
When I furtively glanced at him, he had his hand to his mouth as he wore an expression of shock.

"Sieglinde, how come……"
"There are others outdoors."
"I don't mind though."
"I do."
"Alright."

He looked dejected, but he seems to have accepted it.

"I like Sieg's tough side as well."

He said something strange, but I ignored it.
I patted his shoulder telling him to take care of the house and then I went out.

When I stared up at the sky, a clear blue sky was spread over me.
The colour was like the beautiful shade of my husband's eyes.

◇◇◇

In the evening, I was returning home after work.
I had received chickpeas from Aina, so I was walking home while thinking if I should use them for soup tomorrow, but —— "Linde-cha~~n."

Mother-in-law was running over here.
Just what happened? I also walked over quickly.

"Mother-in-law, what happened?"
"U-Un, y-you see~, erm, big trouble~~"

Even as she did not sound as though she was in peril, I carefully listened.

"Ritchan, Ritchan fell off the ladder!"
"What!"
"He was just scratched a little, no big injuries, but,"

I felt relieved that there were no grave injuries.

However, at the next phrase mother-in-law said, I was aghast.

“It seems like Ritchan lost his memory from getting hit in the head~~”
“!?”

I dropped the chickpeas in my hand.
That can’t be, for my husband to lose his memory……

For now, father-in-law judged that it would be best to not cause a fuss. It was decided that we will keep quiet about it to the village.
We also decided that we will not provide unnecessary information.
Father-in-law is to act as a doctor, while mother-in-law is to act as a friendly neighbour lady.
Since there will be confusion if my son meets his father who lost his memory, Aina and Emmerich are taking care of them.

***What an unbelievable situation,* I thought and stared up at the sky.**
Seeing me like that, mother-in-law gently patted my back.

“Linde-chan, it’s okay. Ritchan will definitely remember.”
“……Yes, i-indeed.”

I realised something after talking that much.
Would it not be better if I didn’t return home?

“Linde-chan, please stay with Ritchan.”
“What should I say……”
“Linde-chan, I think you can stay as Linde-chan.”

That is…… rather troubling.
Just what should I do?

However, my husband must be troubled too, since he doesn’t have any memories. So I might be able to console him at the least.
I returned home after making up my mind.

I went back with an expression of nervousness, but there was father-in-law, relaxed as always.

“Sieglinde-san, welcome ba~ck.”
“……I’m back.”

“It was a little hot today eh~”
“……Yes, indeed.”

Seeing the ever unchanging behaviour of father-in-law, I felt exasperated. His only son lost his memory. *How carefree,* I thought.

However, thanks to him, my fluttering heart calmed down.
I breathed deeply and shifted my mood so that I could act normally.
With the berry juice I received from mother-in-law, I headed for my husband’s bedroom.

◇◇◇

When I knocked on the door, a reply came back quickly.

“Yes! Please come in!”

It was an unexpectedly bright voice. I started suspecting if he really did lose his memory.
When I opened the door, I saw my husband leaning against the bed. He had a book in his hands.

“Huh, you are——?”
“I am……”

I then thought that I should have made up a story. I was at a loss for words. Seeing my husband look at me interestedly, I really felt that he did indeed lose his memory.

“Could you be a lady Richelle-obasan knows?”
“Well, that’s, about it.”

Surprisingly, I was shocked at the fact that my husband did not remember me.
Uncharacteristic of myself, my fingers started trembling.

Suddenly, I thought of my husband’s dejected expression in the morning.

Why did I reject that simple kiss.
Such simple greetings, anyone can do that. Back then, I couldn’t do it because of embarrassment.
I felt deep regret, that I should have kissed him and went off with smiles.

“What’s wrong?”
“N-Nothing……”

I noticed that I had been standing awkwardly at the door with the berry juice in my hand.
I quickly approached and gave him a cup of juice.

“Thank you——. Waa, you!”

“W-What is it?”
“I think you have strong and clear eyes.”
“……”

I recalled my husband telling me that he fell in love with at first sight.
Since he was saying the same thing even after he lost his memory, I ended up chuckling.

“Ah, eh? Did I say something weird?”
“No, nothing of the sort.”

I felt relieved after talking with him.
Even after he lost his memory, my husband was the same.

“Erm, may I have your name?”

I stared up at the ceiling.
I felt a pain in my chest.

“Sieglinde.”

When I answered so, he asked me how he should call me.

“You can call me, whatever you’d like.”
“Then, Sieglinde-san.”

The current situation is different from when we first met.
Back then, we were talking with marriage as a premise. Thus, he wasn’t calling me by a nickname this time.

“I certainly don’t seem to have memories……”
“Apparently.”
“I may cause inconveniences.”
“Yeah.”

It's alright, don't worry. That was what I was thinking, but tears welled up in my eyes.

◇◇◇

Since there were no injuries, from the next day, my husband…… Ritzhard went back to working.
He doesn't have memories, but it seems that the snow country life was embedded into his body.
He woke up early, took care of reindeer and dogs, and chopped wood until it was time for breakfast.

He greeted the Rango family in a refreshing manner as well.
Surprisingly, it was the usual Ritzhard.

I continued to him.

I felt that there won't be a problem if I was with my son Arno, so I greeted him.
It was fortunate that he couldn't say 'dad' yet.
Arno was calling me 'mum' so I introduced Arno as my son to Ritzhard.

"Ah, Sieglinde-san, so you were married."

Upon hearing that, I felt sad.
I told myself that I could only place away my feelings for now.

Ritzhard doted on Arno all the time.
I felt relieved at seeing that.

Even after he lost his memory, daily was surprisingly the same.

The difference was that Ritzhard and I were not couples but strangers.
We told him that I was a widow raising my son on my own.
It really was a sad lie.

A quack doctor, a neighbouring lady, a widow and her son. In addition, a martial race family.
Ritzhard did not seem to be suspicious of this strange cohabitation.

He was bright as usual.

However, I was going mad.

I'm right next to him, but I am not able to act like we did. It was suffocating.
I don't know how many times I retracted my hands as they reached for his innocent smile.
Since Ritzhard always reached out first, I realised that I had never felt lonely before.

Not knowing my feelings, Ritzhard said something very cruel.

"Sieglinde-san is a very diligent and pretty person. Your husband must have been the happiest person in the world."

Hearing that, my chest tightened in pain.
I wonder if this will continue on, when I thought that, the pain grew stronger.

As Ritzhard smiled serenely, I turned my back on him.
I didn't know what I should say to him.

◇◇◇

A month passed since Ritzhard lost his memory.
We managed to keep this a secret from the villagers and continued living quietly.

I headed to the village to make linen.
Everyone chatted as they spun thread.
Today, talking about family was painful.
I ended up making Aina, the only other person who knew, worry.

When I returned home, the house was silent.
In front of the door, there was a note from my parents-in-law that they're on a stroll with Arno.
I wonder if Ritzhard is home?
I peeked into the living room. Then, I saw the figure of Ritzhard sleeping on a chair——

Even when I entered the room, he did not stir.
I sat down next to him.

I thought again as I stared at his profile.
I love Ritzhard.

I reached out to his silver-white hair.
It was fluffy and felt nice to the touch.
It felt like I was touching it after eons, that I felt very happy.

I wanted to enjoy it fully, but since it would be if he woke I quickly retracted my hand.

Before, because Ritzhard's affection was too embarrassing, I ended up rejecting it quite a few times.
Why did I do that, regret washed over me.

There's Arno and Ritzhard, and my parents-in-law are healthy —— I was leading a life that did not lack anything.
However, I felt empty.

How wretched. I felt ashamed at myself for these womanly feelings.

If this is a dream, I wish for it to end quickly.

Suddenly, I had a stupid thought.
In fairytales, kisses undo curses.
If I kiss Ritzhard on the cheek, won't his memory come back, I thought as I carefully approached.
I was moving slowly, but the chair creaked.
However, Ritzhard did not stir.
I approached my lips to his cheek.
The moment they were about to touch——

"No, Sieglinde-san."

Ritzhard said as he still had his eyes closed. I was frightened.
Unmoving from his posture, he opened his eyelids.

An awkward silence enveloped us.
I couldn't stand it, so I spoke up.

"Since when were you awake?"
"Ever since Sieglinde-san came into the room."
"That's from the beginning."

I never knew he was good at feigning sleep. Should I feel happy at this new

discovery? I felt confused.

As I agonised over how I should make up an excuse, Ritzhard spoke to me.

"Even so, Sieglinde-san is awful."
"I apologise for touching you selfishly. For, trying to kiss you."
"That's not it."

He approached me and pressed my waist down with his weight. I couldn't move.
Anyway, what does he mean by "That's not it"……?

"You don't know? Why I'm angry?"
"……Yes."
"I won't let you go until you answer me."
"……"

Why is Ritzhard coming on me so severely.
He is usually soft and does not act like this. Because of that, I ended up panicking.

"What should I do. If you don't know, should I punish you?"
"……"

What punishment would he deliver. I couldn't even imagine.
However, I was resigned to my fate.
I am in the wrong.

"I'm sorry."
"You're awful."
"I won't ask you to forgive me."
"Of course. Because, I feel that Sieglinde-san, you see your husband in me."
"Eh?"
"In your eyes, I am not reflected. It feels as though you are looking at someone else."
"Ritzhard, what are you talking about……?"
"I wonder if you still love your former husband? You're approaching to satisfy your own emotions."

Then, I could guess why he was angry.

Ritzhard was jealous. At himself, before he lost his memory.

I felt relieved for some reason, and felt exhausted.
Before I realised it, tears were rolling down my face.
Seeing that, Ritzhard was aghast.

“Ah, uwa, Sieglinde-san, I’m sorry! I-I didn’t mean to make you cry——”

His grip loosened and he sat down.
Sitting next to me, Ritzhard could not do anything else but panic.

After calming down, I slowly spoke to Ritzhard.

“……So, you, love me.”

When I asked that, he nodded in confirmation.
I’m glad. Really.

We can live like we always had.

While I was feeling relieved, my parents-in-law hurriedly came back into the living room.

“Welcome back.”

Ritzhard greeted my parents-in-law and reached out for Arno.

“Arno, welcome back!”
“I’m back, da……d”
“Eh?”

Ritzhard sounded surprised upon hearing Arno.
After that, he turned around to me.

“Uwa, Sieg, did you hear, he just called me dad! Yay~~! ……Ah.”

As he lifted Arno high into the air, Ritzhard made an awkward expression.

“What’s wrong?”
“Eh~ erm. I remembered everything.”

The moment I heard that, a warm feeling ran through my cheeks.
I unconsciously murmured, I’m happy.

“Sieg, sorry…… father, mother, too.”

Ritzhard apologised sheepishly. Certainly, he got his memories back.

◇◇◇

“I, really was in pain——”

Sitting next to me, Ritzhard recounted about the time when he had lost his memory.

“Sieg was extremely cute and kind, so I fell in love again, but you said that you were a widow and didn’t look at me!”

Even when he had lost his memory, he still liked me. I never noticed.

“Please like me~~ I sent such gazes, but you merely smiled troublingly, so~~”
“I see.”

I would have never guessed.
We were each others’ unrequited love.

“When I was pretending to be asleep, I was doing it out of hope that I might be approached. I was happy, but I felt that it wasn’t what I wanted……. but I thought it might be nice after all, but it didn’t feel good in the end——”

While talking, I reached out for Ritzhard.
When I stroked his hair, he closed his eyes delightedly.
It was a blessing that such a meeting existed.
I went around and kissed him on the cheek.

“Fufu,” Ritzhard laughed strangely.

“What?”
“No, Sieg fawning over me, is very cute.”
“……What was that?”
“You’re the cutest in the world!”

After saying that, he hugged me.
He kept whispering words of love into my ear, so I felt helpless from the embarrassment.

Indeed, his affection is overly embarrassing, but as there is no second time for the time we spend together, I decided to continue cherishing it.

— The End —

Raw link

<< | Project Page | >>

The Happenings Over a Picture

The Happenings Over a Picture Additional Chapter

Author:

This story takes place at Sieg's family's place.

From the morning, I helped father-in-law in organising his library.
Apparently this room was to be given to the eldest son.
We packed books from the bookshelves into boxes. Most are to be donated to a library.
Mother-in-law said that the cleaning should have been left to servants, but father-in-law said that he'll do it himself because of personal belongings.

While I was struggling to arrange the books, father-in-law who was working a little ways away suddenly burst into laughter.
When I wondered what it might be, he said that he found something amazing and beckoned me over.

"What is it?"

When I approached, there was something like a large album in his hand.
The cover was smooth leather and did not have anything written on it.

When he opened it, there was a picture of a gallant young red-haired officer.
Wearing white uniforms and a sharp expression, the figure could only be expressed as handsome.
The age is around in the late teens. He was holding a hat in one hand and sitting in a chair.
He was handsome enough for someone to fall in love with him at first sight.
Father-in-law asked if I could guess who it is with a trembling voice.

"Sieglinde-san, right?"
"Correct!"

As I thought!!

No, I felt that it was Sieg at first sight.
Compared to when I first met her, her hair is shorter and her eyes are quite

sharp.
When I asked, he replied that it was from a little more than a decade ago.

“What do you think?”
“She must have been very popular with women.”

When I said that, father-in-law burst into laughter.

“Ritzhard-kun, can you guess what the picture was for?”
“H~m.”

I wonder? Let’s watch over our healthy daughter! Would it be that?
Sieg in the picture felt a little prickly and hard to approach.
However, I somewhat liked it. I thought that it would have been nice to meet her back then.

I pondered about the purpose of the picture, but they were all wrong guesses.

“The answer is……”

W-What could it be.
Father-in-law teased me.
It’s not in celebration of her getting a decoration nor for her promotion nor for her birthday. Just what kind of purpose could it have……?

“For marriage interviews.”
“Eh!?”

Once again, I checked the picture of the gallant officer.

—— Yup, handsome!!

If such a picture came, I think any lady would instantly say, “I want to marry him!”

Apparently, they called Sieg over to force her to have a marriage interview, but despairingly none of the dresses looked good on her. In the end, her military uniform suited her best, so they had no choice but to make the painter draw a picture in her military uniform.

“Really~ it was tough. No one wanted to marry her after looking at this picture!”

Back then, Sieg was not interested in marriage. That's why she has a sullen expression, I thought.

"I bowed my head and got marriage interviews arranged, but Sieg was busy so she could not come."
"……Sounds like you had a tough time."
"However, when the interviews were cancelled, the men looked relieved in contrast."

If a soldier that seems stronger comes to the marriage interview, it would feel depressing.
If it was me from my younger days, I probably would have declined.

"Hmm, I see. So Ritzhard-kun you weren't interested in Sieg."
"But I really love her!"

However, my taste a little more than a decade ago differs greatly from now.
If it was back then, I wouldn't have proposed to her.
Sieg too wasn't interested in marriage back then.

"So the two had a fateful meeting as time passed."
"Indeed!"

Rather than fate, it's more that our interests aligned though.
Well, it doesn't change the fact that I am happy now. So it can be called fate.

"Alright, I'll give the picture of a handsome soldier to Ritzhard-kun!"
"Eh!? Truly?! Hurray——!!"

What an amazing reward!
I unexpectedly ended up receiving a treasure.

However, I was to keep it a secret from Sieg.

◇◇◇

The picture of Sieg is wrapped in cloth and carried in secret.
To not let anyone see it, I quickly moved through the hallways.
At every corner, I checked if there were anyone.

If Sieg finds it, she will definitely confiscate it!!

It was a treasure I wanted to protect at all costs.

A little more and I'll be in my room! The moment I thought that, someone talked to me from behind me. I felt as though my heart was going to spring out of my mouth.

"Ritzhard-san, what are you doing?"
"You are sort of sneaking around."
"Ah, brothers-in-law……"

I was discovered by dangerous people.
The people who approached me from behind were the single brothers-in-law whose ages were close to Sieg.
I tightly hugged the picture of Sieg to hide it.

"Could that me, a nude painting?"
"Eh!?"
"It's recently trending in the cities."

I-I see. I didn't know.

Leaving my uneasiness aside, my brothers-in-law heated up from talking about naked women.
Apparently, lewd pictures of blonde beauties are popular in the cities.

"So, Ritzhard-san, what did you buy?"
"Eh!?"
"Even if you look fluffy, you are a man after all."
"No……"

W-What should I do.

Should I say that it's a nude painting and leave?"
However, I don't want to my brothers-in-law.
But, if I tell the truth here it will be found out by Sieg.

"The latest?"
"N-No, something from a decade ago."
"Hehh, that's quite old."
"I-I wasn't the one who bought it."
"F-From father?"
"No no no!"

To protect father-in-law's honour (?) I shook my head.

"I wonder what was popular a decade ago?"
"Worrying."
"!?"

N-No! This is for myself! ……Because I said that, I kept getting cornered.

"What did you buy?"
"I don't know Ritzhard-san's tastes."
"Ah, that's,"

As I slowly took some steps back, I hit the wall with a thud.
Being surrounded by brothers-in-law who are at least a head taller than me, should I say that they're imposing, or intimidating?

What should I do? What should I do?

Would it be alright to reveal it here.
The gallant figure of Sieglinde in her youth.

No. I can't.
Here, I'll just say, 'Can I enjoy this alone this time?' and make them give up.

When I decided on that plan and was about to open my mouth, a yell came from far away.

"What are you doing!"
"!?"

From the sound, my brothers-in-law flinched.
I was also a little surprised.

It was Sieglinde.
She started questioning what my brothers-in-law were doing.

"N-No, we were just talking with Ritzhard-san, that's all."
"I-Indeed, we were talking about art, r-right?"
"Ah, yes."
"It looked to me as if you were cornering Ritzhard!?"
"Th-That's not what we were doing."
"W-We were just having an enjoyable conversation."

When Sieg glared at them, my brothers-in-law ran away.

What should I say, Sieg, she's strong.

"Are you alright?"
"Eh?"
"You were getting pestered by my brothers, weren't you?"
"N-No, not really."
"You don't have to mind my brothers."

Well, it is true that she saved me.

"Why were getting cornered like that?"

……No I'm not safe yet!! This is a disaster!!

Sieg noticed the picture I was holding dearly.
I couldn't answer even when she asked what it was.

"What are hiding?"
"But this is,"

……This is impossible. I'm getting even more than when I was with my brothers-in-law.

Her sharp glare pierced me.
However, they were much softer than the one from Sieg in the picture.
I can endure this somehow? I thought.

However, there's no hiding anything from Sieg.

As beads of sweat formed on my brows, I handed over the picture to Sieg.

Sieg removed the cloth and looked inside.

"……"
"……"

The moment she saw the picture, her cheeks were dyed red.
She looked at me with a slightly wet eye, that it was less intimidating than before.

"Sieg, let's talk in my room."
"……"

If she’s going to get angry, let’s have that happen where others can’t see her. I invited her to my room out of that thought.

Sitting across from each other on our seats, she started interrogating me.

“……Where did you find this?”
“From father-in-law’s library.”
“Did you get it from father?”
“……N-No.”

I thought that I shouldn’t drag father-in-law into this, so I kept silent.

“I apologise. It would be unpleasant to you for me take this without telling you.”
“……”

I honestly confessed that I wanted to enjoy the picture for myself since it was a dashing picture.
Sieg looked dumbfounded.
When I told her that I’m sorry, she said something surprising.

“Ritz, what about your picture?”
“Eh?”
“Don’t you have one at the Marquess’s mansion?”
“Mine?”

Hmm. I think that someone painted some when I was young.
When I answered so, another unexpected response came.

“If I can have a picture of you, I won’t mind giving this to you.”
“Eh?”
“I’m also curious about how you looked when you were young.”

If I can have this picture with something like that, then gladly!!

When I contacted grandfather later, he brought over a few pictures.
We flipped through each of them.

“Isn’t Ritzhard when he was little like the snow fairy?”
“Indeed, very cute.”

He showed pictures of when I was a baby, when I was four years old, and

when I was ten years old. Three pictures in total.
I only came thrice to this country when I was little. I don't remember the first two times.
Sieg joyfully looked at the pictures. I felt embarrassed for some reason.
Meanwhile grandfather made an unnecessary……I mean, a wonderful proposal.

"Pick one, I'll give one you like to you."
"Eh, is that alright with you?"
"It's fine, so choose one."

Sieg seriously pondered for about an hour. In the end, she settled on the picture of me as a baby.

"Grandfather-in-law, thank you very much. I'll treasure this."
"I'm glad you like this."

Like so, the picture exchange was over.

The picture of me when I was a baby is now hung up in the bedroom.

Yeah, embarrassing after all.

Raw link

To Grandfather!

To Grandfather!

Additional Chapter

Author:

The story takes place at Sieg's family's place.

After Arno was born, we received many presents from grandfather.
So Sieg and I wanted to repay him somehow.
Before, we already gave him wooden animal carvings and kuksas, so we thought that we shouldn't make handicrafts.

"Then, why don't we go to the department store at the capital?"
"Alright."

She told me that there is a large commercial complex a few hours away from House von Wattin's fief by carriage.

"Would it be alright take Arno as well?"
"Well, that's a delicate issue."

Moving for long periods places a burden on children.
For that, we decided to consult a doctor and my parents-in-law.

The next day.
I consulted my parents-in-law, and they suggested that I should call a department store employee from the city. It seems that it would be possible to know what kind of goods people around grandfather's age prefer.
Since they said that they knew the person for a long time, I asked them to take care of that.
When I told Sieg about that, she smiled, saying that it's a good thing.
The doctor said that moving in carriages does not cause problems, so we can take Arno to the city. Grandfather will be happy too. However, it hasn't even been a month since his birth so we shouldn't strain him. For the present, I decided to take it to grandfather's house in person.

"That's how it is, so Arno has to watch the house with mum~"

Arno was staying still on my lap. When I rocked him, he let out a yawn. Even though he's my child, he's too cute. I wanted to smooch his puffy cheeks, but he was nodding off to sleep so I didn't do it.
He fell asleep a while later, so I placed him in the cradle.
I knelt down and slowly moved the cradle.
The faint baby scent made me feel happy.
My cheeks kept getting loose from seeing his sleeping face, but since there would be no end to it I returned to my original spot.
I sat down next to Sieg.
My wife had her arms crossed and had a frown on her face. Just what might she be pondering?

"What is it?"
"Ritzhard."
"Ye~s?"
"Are you alright with the payment?"

Money for the goods.
Payment for grandfather's present.
If I'm giving a gift to a marquess, I have to give a top-quality item.
He is a gentleman living in high society, so he has to be careful about what he wears. "What's imp0rtant is the feeling ☆" doesn't work for people living in that world.

"To be honest, I haven't used the allowances I received from grandfather."

Twenty nine years since birth. The money I received from grandfather every year was not used and stored in the bank of this country.
Grandfather told me to "be a proper gentleman" using the money, but for some reason I ended up not having a use for the money.
Of course it was forbidden for me to use it for the village.
It really was money with no good way to spend it.

"Isn't that money for Ritzhard to buy clothes?"
"Ah, well, that's right."

I did use the money to buy dress suits and other goods for the balls every year. However, more enough money was deposited every year.

The usage was limited, so I didn't think of that as my money.

"I think giving a splendid present is something a gentleman should do."

Anyhow, I can only use the money here. Even if I use it for grandfather, I probably won't be scolded.

"Then, let me pay half."
"N-No."
"I have money I saved up from my days in the military as well as lifetime gifts from father."

I found out about Sieg's assets for the first time.
It seems that she had been receiving money from father-in-law, and the amount was easily much greater than the total amount I received from grandfather.

"Sieg, amazing."
"I never had the opportunity to use it before."

She never withdrew money.
Apparently, she thought of using for the village, but she thought that it would have been nosy to give aid when it wasn't requested.

"It sounds like you were rather bothered by it."
"No, well, it is a difficult problem."
"I-Indeed~……"

Sieg really is kind, not harm my trifling pride by just suggesting means to raise money.
If I did ask for money from her, I probably would have been extremely embarrassed.
However, Captain Artonen saved the village from a financial crisis.
Now, we can function smoothly with just the budget from the country.
This was also thanks to her advice, so I have to be very thankful.

"Sieg, thank you."
"I didn't do anything."

Being modest again!
More importantly, there was something bothering me so I asked.

“Why did father-in-law do something like giving you lifetime gifts?”
“He thought that I wouldn’t be able to marry, so he specially gave me those.”
“Ah, that’s why~”

Apparently Sieg’s family couldn’t even imagine that Sieg would marry.
Really~ I am a lucky person.
To marry such an amazing woman.

“What are you thinking of?”
“Sieg!”

Because I was grinning, Sieg eyed me suspiciously.
It seems like my road becoming a gentleman is far away.

◇◇◇

A few days later, a department store employee came to the house with many goods.
When I went to the living room, there were various items laid on the table.
The clerk told us to take a look without hurrying.
Unlike the door-to-door merchants in the village, the clerk was not noisy, merely standing against the wall until called.
Pocket watches, canes, accessories, gloves, coats, hats, shoes, there were many expensive goods for nobles.

“N~n, what would be good.”
“This is rather tough.”

I don’t know anything regarding whether the products were good or not.
My parents-in-law went out, so I did not have anyone I could ask for advice.
Sieg was also frowning, saying, “I have no idea.”

“Ah!”
“Nn?”

Sieg held up something.

“What’s that?”
“Shades.”

Shades apparently protect the eyes from sunlight.

Come to think of it, grandfather squinted often when he went out. Maybe the sunlight was too bright.
I asked the employee to explain further for more details.
The good consists of two coloured lenses fastened in a metal frame, after which earpieces are affixed so that one can wear them on the ear.
They were originally used in the military, but recently ones for civilian use were made.
Since they're not very common yet, it would be a good gift for grandfather who is very curious about new things.
I discussed with Sieg and decided to buy shades along with a case for it.

Some time later, a nicely wrapped product was delivered. Along with that, we decided to send a painting we commissioned recently.
It was a picture of Sieg, Arno and me, the three of us.
Sieg is sitting on a chair holding Arno in her arms, while I'm standing behind them with a hand on the chair. Sieg proposed that grandfather would be happy if he received it so we commissioned a painting.

"Then, Sieg, Arno, see you later."
"Have a safe trip."
"Roger that!"

This time, Sieg and Arno will be house-sitting.
I will be spending a day at grandfather's place then I'll be returning the next day.

After a few hours on the carriage, I arrived at the capital.
Maybe because he knew I was coming, grandfather was waiting for me at the entrance.

"Hmph, what, it's just you."
"I'm sor~ry."

I did write that Sieg and Arno can't come in the letter, but he might have been having a faint hope. I felt sorry that it was just his grandson who was turning thirty soon.
Since he told me to wait in the drawing room, I headed there without anyone guiding me because I knew the house.
For the bag containing the picture, a servant carried it.

While I was waiting on a chair, my uncle came. He's my father's older brother. He's a praiseworthy man whom I can't make a correlation between him and my father.

"It seems that you received a prompt welcome from father."
"Haha, well."

He complained that I was alone, but that might be his way of welcoming me.

"For the last few days, father could not calm down when he heard that you were coming."
"H-He was looking forward to seeing my wife and son, no?"
"No, he said that it was only you who was to come."
"!"

G-Grandfather, he's not honest……
I wonder if he was looking forward to it so much that he came out to the front door to greet me.
If he was welcoming me, he could have given me a hug or something.

While we were chatting, grandfather came.
Uncle exited.
I smiled and gestured for him to sit next to me, but father sat down on the chair across from me.
After that, he was eyeing the packages on the table.

"What's that?"
"A present for you, grandfather."
"Do you want allowances or something?"
"……It's different."

First I gave him the package containing the shades.
Having received it, he opened it as if he was looking at something strange.

"Hm. Shades, Isee."
"They're to protect your eyes from sunlight."
"I see."

Grandfather looked at the glasses interestedly.
How is it? When he asked that, I replied that it suited him very well.

The response is great. It was indeed something that Sieg picked.

Then, after that, I gave him the painting.
Disregarding me, Sieg and Arno were very lovely.

“This is……!”

Grandfather stared intensely at the painting.
Since the picture’s drawn very well, he must have liked it.

Then, while dining, I talked about Arno and Sieg.
Grandfather listened with a benign expression.

“To be honest, I wanted to bring Sieg and Arno as well.”
“Well, riding carriages would be tough for a baby and a mother that just had a delivery.”

Well, I can say the same for grandfather.
He looks healthy, but he’s in his late seventies, so long carriage rides would burden his body.

“If it’s just me, I can come again.”
“Well, it can’t be helped that it’s just you!”
“There you go again~ Saying something like that~”
“W-What do you mean again!”

I couldn’t say “You love me too, don’t you?” He probably can’t get honest in front of the person in question.

For now, I felt relieved since he gladly received the presents.
Later, when uncle wrote me a letter, apparently he wore the shades every time he went out, and the picture was hung up in his private room, where it can be seen clearly.
It seems like he quite liked them.

I thought that it would be nice to get a picture with him next time.

Raw link

Adalbert von Lüneburg's Activity Diary

Adalbert von Lüneberg's Activity Report Additional Chapter

Author:

This is the story of Ritzhard's paternal grandfather.

Time and time again, I was told that I have a 'scary face' from people close to me.
However, I thought that it wasn't something to fuss over, and did not think of it for a long time.

But then I realised what those words meant my first child was born.

At first, I scoffed at the thought of children.
I really did think that because I did not have any experience with children.

However, when I saw my newborn, well, it was lovely.
I felt that my child was the loveliest thing in the world.

My wife held my son out to me, so I took him in my arms.
I was told that it was a child that did not cry easily.

However, the moment I embraced him, he was crying as though a fire was lit on him.

When I returned him to my wife in panic, he stopped crying.
He might have been in a bad mood. I had thought that back then.

However, even after that, my son cried greatly when I held him.
When that happened around ten times, I started getting cautious.
I realised that I had a face that was not loved by children.
As I spent busy days, my child grew quickly.
They were so small, but before I realised it, he started walking, talking and eating on their own.

I had been busy so I did not have many opportunities to spend time with my child.
When I saw them after a long time, he cried the moment our eyes met.

Meanwhile, my wife conceived our second child.
This time, I have to put in effort to not be hated.

I pondered greatly to how I should go about it.
They're so cute, but it's painful to be disliked.
To get a good idea, I went out of my office during lunchtime and spent time thinking in the park.

Children were running about happily.
I was watching the sight contentedly, yet when a child's eyes met with mine he screamed and ran away.

So it's the face after all.
I couldn't really accept it for some reason.

The next day, I headed for the park again.
It was to understand and observe children.
Children were happily playing about yet again. There were quite a lot of adults too, unexpectedly. I wonder if everyone's enjoying their leisure time.
When I sat down on a bench, a young woman around the age of my wife approached, asking if I wanted to buy some flowers.
The flowers she had were merely wildflowers organised into bundles.
I couldn't believe that she would sell this. She did not even have the money to procure flowers.
The woman's clothes were in poor condition as well.
They're struggling to get by. It's a sad story.
The bouquet cost ten pfennig. I didn't have such small currency. I passed some coins I had in my pocket for the flowers.
When I took a closer look around, most of the adults in the part were women. They all had baskets, selling something.

I heard that the employment rate for women were low.
Even when they need money, they don't have places to work at.
It really is a sad state of affairs.

Well, more importantly, the children.
They were playing tag happily. It seems that children like playing tag.
Indeed, I thought, and chased my four-year-old son, but I ended up making him

cry for his dear life.

It seems like not all children like tag.

I continued to observe children at the park.
One day, I saw something great.
An entertainer with a strange appearance had captivated the children.
He was well-liked as 'the moustache guy'.
Indeed, the way how his moustache was upturned was interesting.

Right, it's the moustache, I realised.

A neatly trimmed my moustache and waited for my second child to be born.
Our second child was a girl.
Children really are cute.

I had a funny moustache, so I thought that it would be alright.

However, the result was a miss.
Just by me looking at her, she cried. What is this.
My daughter grew into a beautiful girl, but she did not like me at all.
When I peeked into the children's room, my son and daughter were huddled up together in fear. It was a somewhat cruel thing.

I had thought that they might get used to it if I saw them every day, but unfortunately I had only one body to keep up with my busy schedule.

Two years later, another son was born.
My wife said that he was too quiet.

Even as I did not believe that, I held him in my arms.
As my wife said, our third child was too quiet.
He did not cry, but when I embraced him he cried while remaining expressionless.
Our third child was an oddball.

Hated by three children, I might have given up, but I didn't do that yet.

I thought that I would have more leisure if my business was failing, so I started something new in a desperate mood.
I had thought that I would be able to spend more time with my family that

way.

The new business was running factories with women employees.
I thought up the idea after seeing the women in the park.

People around me tried to stop me, saying that it was a foolish idea.
However, if there's less work, I can spend more time with my family, so it's a good deal.

Or so I thought, but my desperate business was very successful.
Of course, I became even busier, that I could see my family only once a month.

My first son grew into an adult before I realised it, with all traces of cuteness gone.
My first daughter was married off. She had grown into a beauty like my wife, but looking back I could count the number of times we talked with my two hands.
I'm sure about my second son.
The oddball was doing some research in university.
In addition, he's not just any oddball.
I told him as well, but he was lacking emotions as a human.
I thought that his emotion did not change no matter what I did, but that wasn't exactly so. If there was something he liked, he got so absorbed that he would forget to have meals.
Go study about people's feelings, when I told him that, he started researching psychology or something.
I wanted to scold him that study does not necessarily mean research, but I patiently endured.
Then for some weird reason, he said that he will go on a trip and disappeared.

A few years passed after my second son disappeared.
My first son had married and had family.
The next year, my grandchild was born.

Of course, the baby did not like me.
I had already given up on the matter.

A few years after that, a letter detailing surprising events came from my second son whom I had forgotten about.

He told me that he married in a faraway land, and even had a child.
I quickly sent celebratory gifts, but nothing came back.
After that, I sent gifts every year, and saved up money for my grandson. I did not get careless about the preparing for the child I had not seen yet.

My grandson's name is Ritzhard.
According to my son, he was cute like the snow fairy.

I told him to come with his wife and child many times, but apparently the father of the wife was reluctant to come to this country.

My wish was granted four years after that.
My son came back with his wife and child.

First and foremost, I was surprised at how my son had changed.
He felt softer, and could smile.
I could understand why from seeing his wife.
My son must have been greatly influenced by her.

My grandson was just as my son had described.
White hair like snow and blue eyes like sapphire.
I couldn't see him as anything other than the snow fairy from fairytale.
Believe it or not, the child smile after seeing me.

"——Ha?"

A child smiling at me!?

I was dumbfounded for a moment.
When my son introduced me as his grandfather, my grandson trotted up to me and bowed.

"Grandfather, nice to meet you, I'm Ritzhard."
"!"

After introducing himself, Ritzhard spread his arms open while fidgeting.
Whatever could that mean!?

My son said, "Father, won't you hug him?"
I realised it after he told me. My grandson wanted me to hug him.

I cautiously approached.

When I glanced at him, his eyes were shining.
I embraced him quickly.

I was worried that he might suddenly start crying, but Ritzhard laughed joyfully.

What should I say, what an innocent child!
I thought that he was the cutest in the world.

I had thought that my efforts came to fruition, that I was now loved by children. However, my first son and my first daughter's children still cried upon seeing me.

How regretful.

◇◇◇

"I was scared of father when I was little."

I heard my son's confession a decade later.

"At the time when you chased me, you appeared in my dreams for many day……"

He asked what I was doing that day.
I couldn't tell him that I was trying to play tag.

The grandson feared me married as well, and had a child.
I did not expect anything, because if I showed up the child would cry and hate me.

Well, I could dote on Ritzhard, so I thought that was fine.
I did not have any regrets.

However, an unexpected change came for me.

The man who could not marry, Ritzhard had married, and the children at his wife's place miraculously came to like me.
More miracles happened, as Ritzhard's child was born.

I was happy just having a great-grandchild, but Ritzhard wanted me to name the child.
I felt moved that such a thing would happen.

I agonised for days and days, and decided on a name for my great-grandchild. My grandson and his wife were happy too, so I felt great.

In addition, the great-grandson was the cutest in the world.
Another miracle occurred, as the child did not cry even when he saw my face.

What bliss.

That day, I thought that living long was not so bad after all.

I felt thankful to Ritzhard for making my dream come true.

I did not tell him in person, but I should show him my appreciation some time.

Raw link

Translator:
End of Additional Chapters. From tomorrow, we will be moving onto Volume 3.

Chapter 108: Ritzhard’s New Challenge!

Chapter 108: Ritzhard’s New Challenge!

Volume 3 — The Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife’s Village, Grand Renovation Plan!?

Author:

This takes place after the family returned to the village after Arno was born at Sieg’s place.

Today, mother was working hard from the morning again.
She made breakfast with Ruruporon, sang lullabies to Arno while making jam, processed the fish Sieg caught into dried food and returned to work after lunch.

After I started living with mother, I unexpectedly could not handle the free time I had. Even when I offered help, she told me to rest. I pointed out that she was overworking, but mother said that it was normal.
When I asked Sieg to say something to mother, she made a troubled expression.
According to her, mother and I are very alike.
I’m not fluffy and buoyant like mother! When I said that, Sieg turned her gaze and stared elsewhere.
When I listened what she wanted to say, she pointed out that both mother and I are hard workers who do not realise it ourselves, apparently.

N~n, hard worker, eh?

Well, that’s all fine, since she now had some leisure in our lives.
I thought of starting new, so I pulled out something that bothered me for a few years from the study, which are father’s research papers.

On the cover, ‘Beekeeping in the Snow Country’ was written.
Beekeeping is raising bees for honey and wax. According to father’s research, the land here is the northernmost point of the habitat of bees.
In the village, honey is thought of something that is imported from outside.
There are quite a few beehives in the forest, but people don’t bother them since trying fight bees only hurt them.
There probably are many villagers that have never had honey. It’s very tasty, how

unfortunate.
Personally, I like honey very much.
Pouring honey after placing butter to melt over fresh warm bread or cake, placing plenty of honey inside crispy scones, even adding honey to warm milk is great. The soft sweetness is unbearable.
Even so, most of the times I had honey was at grandfather's place.
Sometimes, I get beehives from Teoporon, but just how is he collecting them? It's a mystery.
I'm thankful that he's offering me precious honey, but I didn't how to process beehives so there were quite a few times I ended up wasting the honey and wax inside.
When I return home after being able to have honey anytime at grandfather's place, I sometimes missed the luxurious life at the foreign country.
With the money needed for buying honey, many other things can be bought. On that line of thought, it felt wasteful to buy honey from visiting merchants.

So when I discovered in the study that father had written something about beekeeping I felt happy.
However, when I read it, there were many bothersome processes which I did not have the leisure for so I had them tucked away.

Years passed. I met Sieg and married her and had children. Mother came back too, so now I had some leisure time in my life.
Now might be the time to challenge beekeeping.

Father's paper had information on beekeeping with words and pictures together. It was very easy to understand.

To collect honey, a hive has to be set in the forest in early spring, and then wax scent and sugar water has to be placed inside to lure the bees. If they feel that the place is better than their hives, they move in.
The honey collecting is done after the snow melts in spring.
Unexpectedly, the honey can be collected until autumn. In winter, they do other things to survive the winter. Surprisingly, bees can survive the winter.

I started spending time on learning the art of beekeeping, organising the budget spendings. I checked how many beehives there were in the forest and made blueprints, proceeding smoothly with my plans.

For starters, I reported it to my family.

“—— And so, I’m planning on beekeeping.”

I reported the new challenge I took up with the references I prepared, but Sieg and mother did not look that please.
They were worried about the stings the bees.

“Ritchan, it will be bad if you got stung by a bee~”
“Don’t worry. Bees are creatures that don’t attack first.

Bees are very docile, gentlemanly, or should I say sincere insects.
They won’t attack as long as I don’t move too much.
Bees only get aggressive when something happens to their home or if they’re being forced to do something.
Honeybees are docile and craven, so if one approaches in a benign manner they won’t attack. As long as I am cautious, there’s nothing to be afraid of.
When I explained earnestly, Sieg and mother accepted it in the end.
From the next day, I set about making the hives.

◇◇◇

Beekeeping begins in early spring.
It’s autumn now, so the plan has to be suspended for a bit.

Meanwhile, I decided to try some other business.
Even so, I did not have any inspirations. My head was blank, so I decided to consult Sieg.

“Hey, Sieg, I have something I want to talk about.”
“What is it?”

I explained to her about the new business.
I told her that I wanted to open a store that can be run during the depressing polar nights.

“I thought that it would be a nice idea.”

After thinking hard, I thought up a café where people can play games, but it was somewhat strange.

It’s not just the villagers that get depresses, but also the soldiers in the fort.

During the polar nights (kaamos) everything is dyed dark, that even people's hearts seem to be dyed in black.

"Sieg, what did you do for leisure in the military?"
"Let's see……"

She said that soldiers did not have that much leisure as they had strict discipline.
She just went out on strolls to the park on holidays, or played tennis with her nephew Claus.

"I heard that sports are good to refresh oneselves."

But still, playing sports in the snow-filled polar nights is a bit hard.

"Other than that, I visited pubs once a month."
"!"

Pub! That's it!
A store that has simple dishes and alcohol might be good for make people happy.

"Pub! That might work!"
"But wasn't it hard to purchase food during the polar nights?"
"Ah!"

That's true.

During the polar nights, we spend the time quietly on preserved food.
We have our lives, so it will be hard to open stores.

For the fund, I was thinking of using the gold bars I received from grandfather.
However, even if I had money, merchants don't visit during the polar nights.

"I thought that opening a pub would be a good idea~"
"……"

While I was hanging my head in disappointment, Sieg raised her voice in exclamation.
When I wondered what it was, she told me that there's something good.

"Ritz, try canned food."
"Canned food?"

Canned food is processed food stored in airtight metal cans which are then sterilised for long-term storage.
When she was training in the mountains, she explained that canned food was used for rations.

“Hehh, there’s something like that~”

In Sieg’s country, there are also ones for civilian ones.
We had left everything regarding meals to the cooks, so I did not have the opportunity to visit the markets for that.

“Come to think of it, I never saw them here.”
“Right.”

Here, merchants don’t sell canned foods.
Someone once brought them, but they did not sell well as the villagers had their pride in making preserved food.

“Canned food is not something I actively seek out, but it might become very tasty after some work.”
“I see!”

Canned food.
Will it be the product that will save the village?

First, I decided to consult a merchant and see if I could buy them.

Author:
7th October {Chapter originally released on 30th September} — I was corrected by many people that only Japanese bees are very mild-mannered to people, while European bees are not. Furthermore, I have fixed a part of the chapter.

Raw link

I

Canned Food War! — First Half

Canned Food War! — First Half

Volume 3 — The Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife's Village, Great Renovation Plan!?

Canned food is food preserved in tin cans by removing the air inside and sterilising the can to prevent the food from spoiling, for long-term storage.
It seems that they were originally made for solving food problems in the military. Apparently, seeing soldiers from collapsing from getting ill from spoiled food and getting malnutrition from not getting fresh food, a foreign King offered great rewards for a solution, which led to the creation of canned food.
In the early stages, the cans were opened by heating the soldered lids, which sounds rather cumbersome. Decades later, new types of cans, which can be opened easily by using hammer and chisel, were invented.

When I told mother about the pub and the canned food, she agreed.

"If there's canned food, we won't have to struggle so much before the polar nights (kaamos)."

I hadn't thought of the price, but I am thinking that it would be nice if the advantages of canned food were taught in the pub and the canned food spread to stores.
The low birth rate problem of the village is dire. We might be filled only with old people in the future. Then, canned food will prove to be very useful.

"Tomorrow, a merchant will bring some."
"Hehh, I see~"

Mother was listening in a buoyant manner, but maybe because she thought of something, she suddenly made a serious expression.

"What's wrong?"
"Canned food, Ritchan, canned food you say……"

Mother twirled her fingers on the table as if to draw something, but I could not tell what she was trying to draw.

When I handed her paper and pen, she drew something that was like bread that had risen. In the middle on the can, there was a drawing of fish.
And then she asked with a trembling voice.

“C-Could canned food be this!?”
“Erm, sorry, I never saw canned food before.”
“I-I see.”
“Sieg should know, so I’ll call her over.”

Sieg took Arno to the room to lull him to sleep. He might be asleep by now.

A few minutes later.
After seeing the picture of the canned food mother drew, Sieg tilted her head.

“Linde-chan, is this the canned food you know?”
“The canned food I know aren’t inflated like this.”
“R-Really!?”

Sieg drew canned food on the paper.
Maybe because her drawing skills weren’t that good, the picture was not that different from the inflated can mother drew.

“Hmm, is it different~?”
“I’m sorry, mother-in-law. My drawing skills are not good.”

Well, the shape is fine. More importantly, I asked why mother was so afraid.
Mother started talking about her experience from the decade of travelling the world.

“Was it soon after we left? At a port of the neighbouring country, they were selling canned food.”

She was thinking of dining at a restaurant, but father took interest in the canned food sold at the port. The shape was peculiar so it interested him, or so.

“The container was swollen up, like risen bread.”

Sieg said that she never saw such canned food. Father thought that it might be a defective product, but when he asked the shopkeeper the reply was that it was normal.
The content of the can was herring. ‘Surströmming’ or so it was called. Inside,

there’s herring pickled in salt.

“Daddy thought that the inflated can was interesting, so he started saying that he wanted to eat it……”

He asked the shopkeeper how it is meant to be eaten. The fish first has to be washed with spirits. Then, along with steamed potatoes, pickled vegetables and sour cream, it should be wrapped in a chewy flatbread called ‘tunnbröd’. After buying bread and vegetables the store decided to have the food in the park.

“Daddy had hammer and chisel, while I was holding the can down……”

The moment the chisel was driven into the can, the stench spread. It was so strong that made her cry, mother recalled with a sad expression. Apparently the fish has a deathly stench.

“Really, the tears didn’t stop for an hour.”

Father also thought that it was rotten, so he went to the store to get it refunded. However, the canned food was not rotten, but fermented. It was food that had a strong smell yet was tasty, so it was loved by some of the inhabitants.

“Still, no~ matter, no~ matter what we tried, we couldn’t dare have it, so we gave it to a person at the store for them to eat.”
“……”
“……”

Mother affirmed that ‘surströmming’ was the most pungent food she ever had. She said that it smelled dozens times worse than rotting food scraps.
On top of that, unfortunately, the smell did not go away from the clothes and the luggage.

“I think that the villagers can’t have that canned food.”
“O-Of course.”

Even that tolerant mother has food she abhors. ‘Surströmming’.
I vowed to not buy it even if a merchant brought it.

Of course, rotten, I mean, fermented herrings are not called there is to canned food. Sieg explained that the canned food she had during her days in the military were not ‘surströmming’.

Sieg persuaded mother that she had nothing to worry about.
I even promised to do the tasting first.

"There could something father wrote about canned food in his study~"
"I see. I'll search for it."
"Sorry if there aren't any."
"It's alright."

As mother said, there was a research paper on canned herring.
I had thought he was rather calm, but unexpectedly he does not like to just go over it.
According to the research paper, 'surströmming' was to be made with herring caught in spring, as per the king's decree.
It is made by putting herrings in a container of salt water, leaving them in for two months for fermenting. Before cans were introduced, they seemed to have been made in barrels.
As for reason why the cans swell up, they are produced without heating for steriliastion, so that the fermenting process can continue, creating gas.
As to why they did not properly salt and heat the food, they did not have enough sunlight to create salt, and they lacked fuel such as firewood even for heating, so they had to resort to such means of making fermented food.
This was also precious food for soldiers during times of war, apparently.
Not rotten, but fermented, 'surströmming'.

When I read the paper, I felt like eating —— of course not.
For the peace of the village, I vowed to never touch them.

◇◇◇

The next day, a merchant brought about a dozen different kinds of canned foods.
I was wary of 'surströmming', but I could not find any canned food with the labels in the language of the neighbouring country.
I asked the merchant about that. Apparently, pickled herring can be bought at cheap prices, but they're not bought since it's not well-received outside of that country. I thought that it was a wise decision.
All the canned foods are imported from overseas. Unfortunately, I couldn't read the words. I thought that I would just have to make by with the pictures, but

Sieg said that she can read some.

“There’s beef, fruits, vegetables, and also condensed milk, it seems.”
“Condensed milk?”

It seems that the big can had dairy. Sieg, looking at it for the first time, held up the can and read the information written on it.

“It seems like it’s milk concentrated with sugar.”
“Hehh, canned dairy might be nice!”

I bought everything the merchant brought. They were expensive since they were imported goods, but I convinced myself that people have to spend money to keep the economy going as I purchased them.
The merchant said that there will be a discount of 20% if I bought in large bulks. I felt thankful for that.

I paid the money and parted ways with the merchant.
Seeing the cans on the table, I felt excited.
To be able to buy preserved food with money, I had never imagined that would be possible.

“This is rather exciting.”
“Well, I don’t think it will be that amazing though.”
“I see.”

First, we have to confirm if the canned foods are delicious.
Tonight, the Rango family is resting, so our dinner will consist of canned foods.

Raw link

Translator:
Ritz’s parents’ mistake is opening the can of surströmming as is. They should have dunked the can in water and then opened it to mitigate the effects. ~~Not like that will make the smell any better.~~
Personally, surströmming was quite alright for me. It was like skate, just a little smellier.

Canned Food War! — Second Half

Canned Food War! — Second Half
Volume 3 — The Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife's Village, Great Renovation Plan!?

Mother prepared dinner.
Vegetable soups with plenty of root vegetables, triangular cheese pie made with potato and bacon, white fillet fish and mushroom grilled with herbs and butter.
In the basket, there were thinly sliced rye bread.

After praying to the spirit, we started eating.

Since it had become very cold in the past few days, the warm soup healed the body greatly. The simple taste of vegetables boiled for a long time was good.
The triangular pie was split into two with a knife so that we can share.
The crust was crispy! The cheese was thi~ck, the potatoes were soft, and the bacon full of pepper was just irresistible.
The white fillet fish and the grilled mushrooms were eaten with bread. Fish from early autumn have plenty of fat so they're very tasty. I think that the combination of buttered mushrooms, fish and bread is justice.

"Ritchan, is it good?"
"Delicious."
"How glad~"

She asked a similar question to Sieg and smiled happily.
It was a peaceful dinner table.

After dinner, we started tasting the canned foods.
While mother was lulling my son, I took out the canned foods from the shelf.

Sieg silently stared at the cans laid out on the table.
It seems that they look different from the ones she had from her days in the military.
The ones we bought from the merchant are ones that just started getting mass-produced. They're products made with the latest technology.

“Sieg, what do you have in the military?”
“……”

Sieglinde suddenly made a sour expression.
Oh no, how wonderful!! No, I mean, I apologised if I shouldn’t have brought it up, but she said it was alright.

“The food in the military was terrible.”

Combat rations are foods that can be stored for long periods of time over great distances, that the food was more for getting the nutrients quickly rather than for enjoying meals, or so she said.

“Our main diet was hard bread called hardtack……”

Made with flour and water, the hardtacks were also called ‘iron plate crackers’. They’re small biscuits smaller than one’s hand, but they had a scary solidity, probably hard enough to block bullets.
There were also canned baked beans, cans of fried nuts, coffee and black tea, but since they were all made with low funds they were mostly disappointments.

Sieg bitterly said that the food in the military were extremely disappointing. Even in the dining halls the food was just warm, not too different from the food she had in the field, Sieg recalled with a sad expression.

If it didn’t hurt her diet too much, she even had just canned food in her room, she said.

“Back then, just opening a can was hard.”

Of course, there are no tools to open cans on the fields of battle. So, apparently, she had to open then with her sword.

“So, I was surprised to see these.”

Sieg was staring at the part attached on the cans with a serious expression.
I heard from the merchant that they are called ‘winding keys’. The shape is similar to the clock keys.
Apparently, by winding the notch attached to the can, the can can be opened easily.

“They invented something great overseas.”

“Indeed.”

The age of opening cans through force is over, Sieg was murmuring.
Also, she murmured that it was really fortunate that she came here.

“If I had rejected the marriage, I might have been having cold canned food along in the barracks.”
“N-No way!”

How nice……
It really was nice that I met Sieg at the ball.

“The battlefields were very desolate.”
“Uu, Sieg!”

Maybe because she remembered the painful days in the military, Sieg made a melancholy expression. She looked sad, so I hugged her tightly.

Sieg silently accepted my embrace.

“The food here was dreamy. The reindeer meat that foreigners apparently can’t handle was very delicious too.”
“I’ll continue to prepare great food!”
“Thank you, Ritzhard.”

I never knew that the diet in the military was that bad. It was unimaginable for me.
Come to think of it, when I first met Sieg she was much thinner.
I have to give her even more delicious meals and make her put on some weight, I thought as I patted her head.

“This really is paradise. It is breathtakingly beautiful, the food is great, my husband and child are cute, and my mother-in-law is diligent and kind.”
“……Yeah.”

I felt as though I heard me being included in the list of cute things, but I just thought that I just misheard.

◇◆◇

To change the mood, we started trying the canned foods.
Today, we are opening corned beef, which is meat cured in salt.

It seems that these are being mass-produced in a foreign country, and are a hit product.
Since I didn't have beef that much, I was excited.

We decided to quickly open the keyed can.
I grabbed the key attached on the notch at the side of can, and wound it around the can to open the can. Inside, there was a lump of meat.

Since it could be opened easily, it was good for elderly people and children too.

Corned beef is beef cured with large grains of salt, and then sliced into small pieces, after which they are spiced.
In foreign countries, it seems that they usually don't slice the beef beforehand.
Sieg recalled that Sieg sometimes had corned beef as a part of her combat rations.

"They're not that delicious. They were greasy and the smell was hard to bear."
"I see~"

I placed the beef on a dish. Even if they were split into many pieces, there was quite the proper chunk.
I sliced some with a knife and had some.

"……Mm."

Well, it wasn't especially delicious. As Sieg said, it tasted like meat processed in salt and grease.
Thought I thought that it was amazing how it didn't have a strong taste like wild game. Indeed, it was meat from livestock.
Sieg said that they were much tastier than the ones she had in the military.
I got it!

"Well, if we cook it, it might become delicious, I think?"
"Indeed."

It was rather salty, so I thought that it would go well with potatoes. After adjusting the flavour slightly, it might be nice to grill them with cheese.

I decided to try it out right away at the fireplace.
I brought a pot, potatoes and spices from the kitchen and started cooking.

The potatoes were chopped finely so that they could be cooked easily then were cooked until they were crispy. Afterwards, I added in diced corned beef. After adding a bit of salt and pepper, the whole thing was done.

First, I tasted the thing myself.

“Ah, as I thought, potatoes go well with it!”

Since it was unexpectedly delicious, I recommended Sieg to have some as well.

“I can’t believe that such a taste comes from corned beef.”

Nice. Sieg also said that it was delicious.
Afterwards, we had fish, oysters preserved in oil and other things, but unexpectedly all of them were rather nice.
It seems like we can have canned foods.

I checked the period for how long the canned foods could be stored, which was three years.
I thought that these might change the lifestyle of us hunting people.

Since we could take care of the food, the next problem was deciding on the spot for the pub.
Well, I am the lord, so I can build wherever I want though.
If possible, I’m thinking of somewhere near the square or the gift store. For that, I have the consult the shop lady and her husband.

First, building an establishment with a cellar is the top priority.

While consulting Captain Artonen, I wrote down the plans for the pub on a paper.
Every time something was decided, I reported to Sieg and mother.

I told Sieg the contents of today’s discussion.

“Come to think of it,”
“Nn?”
“Did you decide on a name for the pub?”

I completely forgot about it.
Store name, eh……

“How about ‘Wonderful Sieglinde’?”

“Rejected.”
“……”

As I thought. But I think it’s a great name.
Even when I asked if she had a good idea, she merely crossed her arms and frowned without moving. It seems that she couldn’t think up anything good.

“Then, how about ‘The Crimson Eagle’?”
“……”
“Well, hey, when it’s the tourist season, Sieg’s fan ladies might come over?”
“……Well, then,”
“Alright?”

Sieg looked sour, but accepted in the end.

Frontier pub ‘The Crimson Eagle’.

Yup, it’s a great name!

Raw link

Remote Land Pub Plan!

Remote Land Pub Plan! Volume 3 — The Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife's Village, Great Renovation Plan!?

The plan for the pub gradually proceeded.
The location of the establishment is next to the gift store. Fortunately, the shop owner and her husband welcomed us.

The building was being raised smoothly.
The craftsmen of the village were doing well.
The store was to a wooden single storey building, and I am planning on painting the roof white and the walls blue.
Since there are many red houses in the village, I wanted it to stand out and I wanted it to be in the colour Sieg likes.

It would be finished two months later.
I want to open it before the polar nights (kaamos).
The polar nights will come about three months later.

Buying alcohol and canned foods, designing the interior, thinking up the menu, there was a mountain of work to do.

Thinking that it would be nice if it could become a place where people can spend the depressing polar nights happily, I did my best every day.

◇◇◇

In our bedroom, after our son went off to sleep, we made rustling noises under faint light.

Presents arrived from Sieg's family. Three large wooden boxes.
A box of potatoes and a box of apples. In the other box, according to father-in-law, there are many miscellaneous goods.

"The apples are harvested in this period."
"I see~"

There are no apples around this area, so I was not used them. Apparently, father-in-law had been growing them in a corner of the ranch.

Sieg handed me an apple. It seems like it was alright for me to try it. After thanking her, I took a bite.

“——Uwah, sour!!”

Since I would wake Arno, I quickly covered my mouth.

Sieg burst out into laughter.

“Isn’t this too sour?”
“Sour you say.”

I gave her the half-eaten apple and told her that it was really sour. But unexpectedly, my wife had the sour apple without changing her expression.

“Eh, it’s not sour?”
“No, not really.”
“That can’t be~”
“It’s just normal and delicious.”
“N~n.”

While we were talking about that, a memory from a year ago became clearer in my head.

“Ah!”

I remembered.
We had apples in a foreign port.
That was a year ago. On that day, we discovered that Sieg was pregnant. Pregnant women like sour food.

“Liking sour food, c-could it be!?”
“No, I don’t think so.”
“!?”
“I did enjoy sour apples from a long time ago.”
“Ah, really?”
“Sorry.”
“N-No.”

Oops, I’m being greedy, to be hoping for a second child. Furthermore, giving

birth puts great strain on the mother. She still has to rest.
Just having Arno born is a miracle already.
While I was kneeling down on the floor and feeling crestfallen, Sieg patted me.
She had a troubled expression, so I quickly explained.

“Ah, sorry! Erm, I’m not being disappointed, but I’m just embarrassed of myself should I say……”

I confessed what I was thinking in a frail voice.
Then, Sieg tightly grasped my hand.
When I looked up at the face in alarm, she had a soft smile on her face.

“It would be nice if we could have a second child.”
“!”

Unexpectedly, Sieg told me a wonderful wish.

The moment I heard that, I thought of hugging her and kissing her, but she promptly turned around and headed back for the luggage, to open the third box.

My outstretched hands flailed in the air and from that momentum I slipped and banged my forehead on the floor.
Both my body and my heart hurt.

“A-Are you alright?”
“Y-Yeah, what about Arno?”
“No, he didn’t wake.”
“Then, it’s alright.”

She asked me just what I was trying to do, but I lied and said that I just slipped while trying to get up.

In the third box from father-in-law, there were fruits, nuts, berries, confectioneries and bottled goods.

“The fruits smell nice~”

The box was filled with a sweet scent.
Pears, red peaches, plums, walnuts, chestnuts. It was full of the tastes of autumn.

“There are many kinds of fruit in Sieg’s country.”
“Our country doesn’t have that much though.”
“I see.”

As for this land, the fruits that grow here are berries.
There are many fruits in the market, but they’re mostly imported. Moreover, they’re expensive.
I think that it would be nice to have an orchard here, but the trees will wilt from the cold.
Sieg said that the situation was similar in her country.
There are not that many kinds, but the fruits that can grow in snow are aromatic and sweet and sour, with apples being the prime example.

Sieg told me a story about fruits.

“In my homeland, there are three words for describing kinds of fruit.”

Sieg held up a bottle strawberry jam in her hand.

“We called berries like strawberries ‘Beeren’.”

The meaning is grainy fruit.
Berries also grow in Sieg’s country, but it seems like the variety is not the same as my country.

“The second are fruits with large stones inside, ‘Steinobst’.”

The meaning is stone fruit.
Apricots, plums, peaches and cherries are included in this variety.

“Finally, fruits with small seed at the core, ‘Kernobst’.”

The meaning is core fruit.
They usually refer to apples and pears.
It seems that the demand for ‘kenobst’ is high.

“My country is called ‘the country of apples’ by people of other countries.”

Sieg’s country produces a lot of apples, fruits which are loved from a long time ago.

“I recall a foreigner getting surprised from seeing me take an apple out of my bag.”

“That really is surprising.”

Carrying fruits in a bag, it’s the first time I heard of something like that. For getting full, quenching thirst, there are many uses for it.

That really is nice. I didn’t know that Sieg liked apples that much.
Since they sell apples occasionally at the market, I thought that it would be nice to buy some.

The fruits that were sent this time could be stored for long periods of time, and they were usually used for confectioneries.
There were lots of them, so I might be able to think up a menu that serves them.

Apple pie, apple cake, baked apple, apple scone.
Nn, it feels lke they will all use a lot of butter and eggs.
Dairy is precious so I don’t want to have to use it in the pub during the polar nights as much as possible. In addition, we can’t procure eggs in the polar nights.

“It’s a pub, so wouldn’t it be alright to not have confectionery?”
“But still.”

I would like female customers as well, not just men.

However, to make baked goods, I would need eggs and butter.
I can buy butter, but I can’t make mass purchases of eggs, which spoil easily.

“I think caramelised apples would be the limit.”
“They might go well with crackers or biscuits.”
“Alright.”

Crackers and biscuits have to be imported, but they can be stored for long periods of time.
I might introduce coffee or black tea for female customers.

“S-Somehow it’s not really a pub anymore.”
“It’s not a café either.”

We’re not just serving food, so it’s not a restaurant either.
I wonder, something like a pub, something……? Or is it different.

“Well, it’s okay. Not tied down by anything, the liberal ‘Sieglinde’.”
“The name is wrong.”
“Right! ‘The Crimson Eagle’.”

I want the establishment to have a warm interior and a bright mood.
The poster girl would of course be Sieglinde……, while I was having delusions, I suddenly realised something. I had not yet asked her to work as a waitress at the pub.

I promptly told her about it.

“Erm, Sieg.”
“What is it?”
“I have a request.”

When I bowed and asked if she could help with the pub, she said that she will help even if I hadn’t asked.

“I will help as much as possible.”
“I-I’m happy!”

If there’s someone so cute like Sieg, there might be men who come to see her.

When I told her that, Sieg had an awkward expression.

“I think that there’s a higher probability for cute girls to come in……”

R-Right!

I remembered that Sieg was popular with the women.

Even before the store opened, I felt that there would be many female customers, so I burned up with a mysterious sense of duty that I have to fill the menu with many sweet foods.

Raw link

Translator:
Gahh German terms again… any help (checking the terms) would be greatly appreciated.
Edit: Many thanks to tokanya and Heartless for their efforts!

The Herring Fair and the Secret Dessert

The Herring Fair and the Secret Dessert Volume 3 — The Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife's Village, Great Renovation Plan!?

Today, we went to the herring fair being held at the port near the village. Mother, Sieg, Arno, all of the family went.
I had Arno wrapped in a cloth hanging from my neck and held him under my arm.
A baby is warm and cute and the best!!

It's the first time I'm going to the herring fair. It's an event with a long history, being opened once a year.
They usually sell processed herrings there. Other than those, there are also delicious breads, vegetables, spices, among various goods.
Until now, I have been living alone, and it was enough to fish in the lakes and rivers. It seems that mother frequented this fair every year. Every time she came with father, he would get lost. What a troublesome person.

"Huh, then, did I go to the fair when I was young?"
"Grandpa said that you shouldn't go since Ritchan would be lost in the crowd."
"I see."

Mother's father, my grandfather is much stricter and more earnest than my paternal grandfather.
However, after hearing more stories about him now, I could tell that he wasn't all just draconian.
It would have been nice to know more about grandfather.

While we were talking, we arrived at the port.

Maybe because it's still early, there weren't many people. According to mother, it seems that this period is time is right. If there were many people, she was planning to wait with Arno, but it seems that it would be alright to go with Arno.

The main item of the fair is the pickled herrings that the fishermen are proud of. Depending on the store, there are many different kinds of seasonings.

Mother seemed to have a shop that likes to visit, so she proceeded without even glancing at the other stores.
It's been a decade since mother came here, but the store she had in mind was still there.
She looked happy to see the shopkeeper again after many years.

When I glanced at Sieg, she was making a strange expression as she was looking at the stores around her.

"Sieg, what's wrong?"
"Nothing, I just thought that the atmosphere of the city is different from usual."
"Since there are so many fishermen opening stores."
"I see."

It's not rare to see fishermen betting everything on the herring fair that opens once a year. Everyone brings out their prized pickled herring and competes, or so I heard.

Mother bought herrings from the first store she visited. The goods were packed and then placed into the bag I was carrying.
She bought three kinds of pickled herrings, one with carrots, one with herbs and one with pickled onions, in large quantities.

After we bought what we wanted, we strolled leisurely around other stores. We also bought cheese, processed salmon, tomato sauce, canned fish, among many other preserved foods.

"Ritz, will you be alright with the luggage?"
"I'm fine."

The bag I have was bulging now. Sieg and mother also had luggage in their hands. We might have bought a little too much.

"This could be sold at the pub! Thinking that, I ended up buying a lot."

Well, there's only a few times a year when we can shop this much. It's good sometimes for a change, I thought.

Our stomachs are empty, so let's go eat! I wanted to say, but we decided to load the luggage onto the carriage first. Today, I splurged a bit and hired a

carriage for the day.
Sieg decided to change Arno's diaper and breastfeed him inside the carriage.
When I was about to get on as well, mother said, "Ritchan, you can't~," softly rejecting me. I was ordered to standby in front of the door.
To protect my family, I stood guard in front of the carriage door.

The carriage can be locked from the inside, though……

After we finished shopping, it was time to eat.
Only during this period, a special restaurant opens, or so I heard from mother, so I was looking forward to it.

However, upon arriving at the restaurant, my eyes opened wide.

"Mother, this is?"
"A restaurant~"

Sieg looked a little surprised as well.
Mother led us to a large fishing boat.
The special store was an on board restaurant.

When we went inside the ship, there were many tables like a restaurant.
Maybe because it was before lunchtime, there weren't many people yet.
The shop lady had lent us a cradle for Arno.
Possibly because we were on a ship, Arno went off to sleep though I rocked the cradle for a bit.
I placed my coat over him so that it won't be cold.

"Now then, what will we have?"

When the menu paper arrived, I told mother and Sieg that they can look first.

"Linde-chan, Ritchan, you can have whatever you want~"

The other day, mother received her share from her traditional handicrafts, so her purse was filled.
It seems that the bracelets and the hair decorations mother makes are popular among tourists. The shop lady was happy too.

Sieg and mother seemed to be done with deciding their dishes, and handed

over the menu to me.

“Ahh, this is hard to choose……”

Befitting an on board restaurant, there were many different kinds of seafood. Since it was a special occasion, I wanted to have something that I usually could not have.

“Shrimps…… Shrimps, I guess.”

To share, we ordered many different dishes.
A while later, the dishes were served.
First, an assortment of cheeses was served.
It was rare to see cheese with nuts or herbs in them.
There were aperitifs as well, but Sieg is breastfeeding so she can’t have them.
Mother can’t drink either, so I ended up having to drink it.
It was a free service from the store, so I couldn’t waste it.
The drink was strong, like how fishermen like it, I drank it as tears formed in the corners of my eyes.

Now, the long-awaited food was served.

Mediterranean shrimps blanched with herbs, round slices of boiled eggs, salmon (lohi) grilled with herbs and butter, an assortment of vegetables, herring gratin, mackerel in tomato sauce, the staple salmon milk soup and sliced rye bread.

There were many fish dishes.

After praying, we started eating.
I picked up a shrimp and an egg slice with a fork and dipped them in tartar sauce. The shrimp was chewy and went well with the mild flavour of the sauce. The boiled egg was nice too.
The salmon grilled in herbs and butter was being served at the stalls too, and the delicious smell was unbearable. I could finally have it. The surface was crispy and some oil had risen so it was delicious. The taste of butter and herbs was just indescribable. The herring gratin is also called ‘the alluring gratin’. It’s made with herrings pickled in salt and oil along with potatoes. It is said that these are tasty enough to tempt vegetarians.
The surface had crispy potatoes and there was cheese melted inside. The

savoury flavour of the herring went well with the thick white sauce. It might go well with alcohol too.
Mother liked the mackerels in tomato sauce. The salmon milk soup was a stable favourite.
The herring salad tasted light so it was good. The spices were nice, and went well with bread.

Everything tasted nice.
With full bellies, we returned home.

◇◇◇

After we returned home, we all went about our work.
I went to the outdoors kitchen behind the house.

What I was going to make was the snack I was going to bring out at the pub.
I am using the apples and the crackers I received from father-in-law.
For many days, I pondered how I should bring out the sweet flavour.

The problem of not being able to use eggs and butter in the middle of the polar nights will be solved with the crackers. I hadn't made any yet, so I'm not sure yet.

The seeds were removed from the apples and then candied.
The caramels made by boiling condensed milk, along with crackers, were heated in a pot until they became soft, after which they were placed at the bottom of a plate.
Apples, crackers, apples and crackers were placed on top, along with some bread crumbs, and baked in an oven.
The apple pie was finished.
I took some home, thinking of asking Sieg and mother how it is.
I prepared some tea and served the pie slices.

"How is it?"

The moment she put some pie in her mouth, mother's eyes glistened. The corners of Sieg's mouth had curled up slightly too.
Even without hearing it, I could tell it was delicious.

I decided to have some as well.

The surface was crispy, and the inside was moist. The sweet and sour flavour and the chewing texture of the apples were good too. The crackers soaked in caramel was a little too sweet.
Well, for making this for the first time, it was quite good.

“Maybe I should tone down the sweet flavour?”
“Don’t worry. Women like sweet things.”
“It might go well with coffee too.”
“Aha!”

I noted down what the women said.
Unexpectedly, the apple pie received amazing reviews.
It seems like I could take care of the sweet snacks for the pub. I felt relived.

Raw link

Translator:
What a coincidence, I had mackerels in tomato sauce for lunch today.

Aa, Wonderful Nuts

Ahh, Wonderful Nuts Volume 3 — The Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife's Village, Great Renovation Plan!?

Today, I set about processing the nuts I bought from the merchant.
The nut in question is walnuts.
Walnuts are one of the delicacies of autumn. I heard that they're very nutritious and good for one's health from father.
Other than that, they make one's skin more beautiful as well as prevent aging effects. It is also good for insomnia and strengthening one's organs.

Freshly picked walnuts are cheap and easy to procure.
Because they have hard shells. That is a little bothersome though.

For walnuts, the insides are eaten.

Seeing the three boxes of walnuts, I reflected a bit that I got a little too excited.
Maybe because I had a troubled expression, Teoporon was going to help.

"Then, can you help me with getting the walnuts?"

I explained to Teoporon and started working.
I peeled the green fruit that definitely looked as though they ere unripe.
The process is simple: just smashing the fruits with a hammer.
There is the method of placing the fruits in water or burying them to rot them, but they have to be left there for two weeks so using hammers are faster.

I brought two flat slabs of stone from nearby to start getting the nuts.

"Then, let's begin!"

Brown juices came out of the walnut fruits. These dyed my fingers. They're troublesome like berry juice, in that they do not come off easily. I have to be careful to not get them on my clothes.

We continued working in silence.

……Even so, Teoporon is quite fast.

He got rid of the fruit and filled the basket with walnuts.
Thanks to the strong warrior, processing three boxes worth of nuts was done quickly. Afterwards, we were to rinse the walnuts.
On the surfaces of the shells, there are astringent bits so we have to remove them.
We got water from the well and washed the nuts.
Even here, Teoporon kept pumping water.

……I'm envious of that stamina and those muscles.

If I tried to pump water at the rate Teoporon did it, I would definitely get muscle pains the day after that.
That was the sad reality.

After washing the walnuts, they were laid out to dry with a net placed over them to deter bugs and animals.

A fortnight after drying the walnuts. The walnuts finally became edible. If left in the shells, they can be stored for one or two years, serving as a precious source of nutrients.

Moisture is the greatest enemy to walnuts!
Thus, I stored them where there was plenty of ventilation.

"Amazing."
"I wonder if I bought a little too much?"

Seeing the great amount of walnuts, Sieg exclaimed in surprise.
I am reflecting on it.
I decided to give a third to the Rango family.

"Now then, why don't we try some!"

It can be eaten raw, but since it's hard to remove the shell we eat it after roasting it once.

"How do you shell the walnuts?"
"There's a nutcracker somewhere~……"

I have a nice steel nutcracker, but objects can't be found when searching for

it.
I couldn’t help but crack them with my hands.

“The shell looks hard, can you really crack them?”
“If you know the trick.”

I picked up two walnuts and arranged them so the hard blunt bits will touch each other, then clenched hard with both hands.
Then, one shell would be cracked. If done well, both shells can be removed.

“Alright.”

I grabbed two walnuts and clenched them to crack them. With a clear sound, the shell split.

“Hehh, amazing.”
“I think anyone can do it though.”

I talked about cracking shells as though I knew a lot, but honestly I think I was lucky.
It’s been a while since I cracked walnuts with my hand. I was relieved that they were split cleanly.
The dextrous Sieg managed to learn the trick in just a few minutes.

“Be careful not to hurt your hands.”
“There’s no need to worry.”

The two of us cooperated and opened enough walnuts for both of us to eat.
I lightly fried the walnuts in a pan.
Once they were fried a bit, the brown husks came off as well.
First, we had them with a bit of salt.

The fried walnuts had an aromatic scent. The texture was crunchy.
I thought that the saltiness was just enough.

“It’s good.”
“Indeed.”

It would go well with alcohol indeed.
As she was abstaining for now, she stared off into the distance.

Next, I tried making caramel walnut jam.

The method is just adding fried walnuts and honey to condensed milk caramel and boiling them.

"We'll have these with bread!"

I spread plenty of the completed caramel walnut jam on bread.
Then I took a bite.

The compatibility of the walnuts and the caramel was amazing.
It was just boiled condensed milk caramel, but it was very sweet and had a soft flavour.
I felt that it would go well with toasted bread.

Sieg also praised that women would like these.

"Then, should I make a toast meal set……"
"I think adding them in the dough would be nice too."
"Caramel walnut bread! Uwa, that will definitely be delicious!"

For that, I asked Rurupron to make some later.

◇◇◇

The menu of the pub was slowly getting filled out.

The menus that were already decided are:

- **Soup of potato dumplings with corned beef inside (limited to five servings a day)**
- **Fried corned beef and potatoes**
- **Fish and tomato sauce stew**
- **Fried oysters and mushrooms**
- **Daily soup**

For the permanent menus, they will be simple dishes able to be made with canned foods.
For the potato dumplings that will take some time, they will be limited menus.
There will be rye bread and caramel walnut bread for the bread.

For the alcohol:

- **Berry liqueur**
- **Red wine**
- **Potato liquor**
- **Beer**

In addition, we decided to serve alcohol only for three hours every night. No one is to get dead drunk, absolutely not.

Non-alcoholic beverages:

- **Berry juice**
- **Coffee**
- **Tea**

There's not that much for some reason, but it can't be helped.
I am trying to make some other things. Though I'm not sure if it will succeed.

Finally, the desserts:

- **Caramel apple pie**

For the desserts, I am still in the process of researching them.
Indeed, making confection without eggs or milk is hard.
After the polar nights are over, I want to make the menu better.
I'm curious about the snacks using buckwheat that the shop lady mentioned.

Nighttime.
After everyone went off to sleep, I went to the kitchen.
To add another drink, I decided to try making a sample.

The ingredients are honey, brown sugar, white sugar, lemons, raisins and yeast.

First, water is boiled in a pot.
Sugar is added and the mixture is cooled for a bit, after which lemon juice is added.
It is then cooled more.
Once the mixture became lukewarm, I added yeast and left it for a day. Then, there will be a little bit of fizz.

That is added into a bottle with raisins and sugar, then cloth is put over the lid.
It will be finished after a week of leaving it in a cool storage.

Sparkling lemon juice, complete.
If it's a little sour, one can add honey.

If there's too much yeast, it will become alcohol, so I need to be careful.

I referred to mother's recipe for this.
It was a juice I was used to from a long time ago.

I tried it after a week, and it was rather good for the first attempt.
It was refreshing, so it might go well with snacks with strong flavour.

◇◇◇

The building that I left to the carpenter was completed recently.
The blue walls and the white roofs were appraised as cute by a neighbour lady.
Since the shop lady said that many people asked what the building next door was, so I decided to make a sign.

—— Remote Land Pub 'The Crimson Eagle', opening before the polar nights!

For now, we will work every other day, opening from morning to night.
I can't even fathom how many people will come and how many people we would need.
I will have to learn as I manage the store.

We made a poster for advertisement as well.
I asked mother to draw the picture.

I was asked to write something, so I wrote about how 'The Crimson Eagle' will be a fun place serving good food.
Also, I remembered to write, 'The cutest and the most popular women will greet you!'

I put up the posters at the fort's dining hall and the village square bulletin board.

Just a little more until the opening of the store!

I continued to prepare while enjoying it greatly.

[Raw link]

Translator:

Huh more coincidences… I was chewing on walnuts and raisins as I worked on the previous chapter.

|

Interlude: Halloween of the Remote Land

Interlude: Halloween of the Remote Land! Volume 3 — The Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife's Village, Great Renovation Plan!?

I was surprised upon seeing mother and Sieg's appearances when they came home after shopping.
They had great amounts of pumpkins in their hands.

"Just what are those for?"
"I'm thinking of doing a Halloween party~"
"Halloween?"

When I asked what that was, mother started speaking energetically.
It was a foreign festival that she experienced in the middle of a trip.
However, mother did not seem to be used to the festival (?) called Halloween.
To summarise the story……

- **Draw demon faces on pumpkins.**
- **Cosplay and threaten that you'll play tricks unless there are treats.**
- **Have a pumpkin cuisine party at night.**

It sounded like her memory of it was fuzzy and vague.
There might have been something holy to the actual festival.

However, I think that it will be fun.
I thought that it would be good to make this a festival for the whole village.
Since, a festival involving treats is good for children.
The villagers would also be happy if children came to play.

It's just a week away, but I quickly drew up plans and went around the village asking for favours.

◇◇◇

For now, I named it 'Halloween of the Remote Land'.
For the houses that are cooperating, I asked them to place pumpkins outside their doors.

The children will dress up and go to the houses with pumpkins to get treats.
After receiving the treats, they will help out at the house and then return.
I went around the village and asked for cooperation.
It was a festival involving children, so there were many houses that accepted.
I also asked Captain Artonen about it.
The kind captain said that he will have a pumpkin on the window and wait for the children.
The shop lady was very glad to celebrate Halloween again, saying that she missed it.
Then, I heard the whole story about Halloween from her.

Halloween is a festival where the autumn harvest is celebrated while chasing evil things away.
Depending on the region, the history and the interpretation can vary greatly.
Most of the time, people see it as a fun festival where people dress up and get treats.
There is some religiousness to it, but not many people mind it, the shop lady said.

"Well, I guess it's good if people enjoy it."
"Aha!"

Well, it started from mother's vague statement, but we would be able to enjoy Halloween unique to this village.

I bought many ingredients for making treats and returned home.

Halloween was tomorrow.
We were busy with various preparations, so I had not been making snacks.
Mother and Sieg were making some, but since it was rare opportunity I decided to make something as well.

Of course, I am making pumpkin snack!
I decided to make simple scones.

First, I cut open pumpkins and boiled them until they became soft, after which I mashed them.
Frankly, peeling the skin off would be better for the texture, but pumpkin peels are full of nutrition so I mashed them up together.

I added warm milk into the pumpkin mash and kneaded.
In a bowl, I mixed flour, baking powder, sugar, butter melted using a double boiler and the softened pumpkins.
Once the dough formed, I started kneading it over a plate that had flour sprinkled over it.
I kneaded it using a wooden stick, folding and rolling it many times.
I put the dough into thin cups that had flour applied to it to get round shapes.
Then those are placed on oiled iron plates, with fried pumpkin seeds placed on top.
They were finished twenty later. The dough had risen properly.
I left them for a while to let the residual heat go away, and then I tasted them.
The crunchy and fluffy scone had the original sweet flavour of pumpkins.
The fried seeds were delicious too.
I asked Sieg and mother to have some as well, and they liked it.
Mother and Sieg were making cookies with chocolate and nuts.
I had only one, but they were very delicious.
After the three of us finished wrapping the snacks, we started preparing for tomorrow.

“Right! Ritchan, I made proper Halloween costumes for you too!”
“Eh?”

Don’t only children dress up? I was about to say, but mother ran out of the room cheerfully.
I only got bad vibes.

When she returned, she joyfully showed us the clothes.

“This is for Linde-chan!”

She prepared a witch’s black hooded coat for Sieg.
It was unexpectedly simple, so Sieg looked relieved as she received them.

“This is for Ritchan!”
“……”

Mine weren’t clothes. There was a headband with triangular attachments that look like cat ears.

“M-Mum, these are?”

“Cat ears……. Sorry, I didn’t have time to make clothes for Ritchan.”
“…… No, it’s alright, but isn’t it fine if I don’t dress up?”
“But there is the theme of being a black cat couple.”
“Black cat couple?”

Sieg and I both got surprised.
There were cat ears on her coat hood.

“S-Sieg’s, cat ears!!”
“I think they’re cute~”
“Th-They’re, very cute, I think!!”

That’s my mother!!
What a genius, to have cat ears.
I love Halloween. It’s the best!!

“If I had time, I would have made tails too.”
“Oh, tails!!”
“For Ritchan.”
“No, I’m fine with tails……”

I asked her to get a good night’s sleep tonight.

I stared at my son’s face as he slept in his cradle.
When Arno grows up, I would like him to put on many different monster costumes.

◇◇◇

Halloween.
Immediately, I took a peek at the cat witch Sieg.

Sitting in front of the dressing table, she had the coat on, but she didn’t have the hood on.
I sneaked up behind her and put it on.

“Oh, it’s a beautiful cat!”
“……”

She sent me a sharp glare through the mirror.
But it looks good on her, so isn’t it alright?

“Ritz, what about your cat ears?”
“Huh, is it bad if I don’t have them on?”
“It’s better to have them on.”

Who’d be pleased with an old guy with cat ears……

However, I felt sorry to only have her dress up, so I also put on the cat ears.

“Come to think of it, there was a Halloween phrase, right!?”
“Trick or treat?”

That that!!
I wanted to hear it from Sieg, so I’m happy to hear it from her!!

“Hey, Sieg, say it again.”
“……Trick or treat.”
“I see~~ How troubling, I don’t have any treats~~”

I spread open my hands for her to play tricks on me.
Sieg looked exasperated.

“……It’s the first time seeing someone welcoming tricks like that.”
“Really?”

If possible, something other than hitting me, I asked.

With an expression that seemed to say that she can’t help it., Sieg approached.
She put her arms around my shoulders and kissed me on the cheek.

Tricks are the best!!

◇◇◇

At our house too, many lovely monsters visited.
They threatened us for treats, but when we gave them treats they became nice and helped out.

They helped pack dried mushrooms, helped out with the gardening, played with the dogs, doing various things.

I left the sharing of treats to Sieg and mother, while I went to the village to check on things.

Surprisingly, there were many houses that helped out.
Captain Artonen of the fort also said that it was a healing experience because many children visited.

Finally, I went to Teoporon's house.
He also had a pumpkin in front of his house.
I had explained Halloween to him just with gestures, but I'm happy that it got through properly.

When I knocked on the door, Teoporon greeted me.

He had a basket of treats in his hand.

"Ah, Teoporon, I'm not a kid, sorry."

However, Teoporon silently stared down at me.
Could it be that he will give treats if I say that?

"T-Trick or treat~?"

Teoporon made a nihilistic smile and gave me a treat from the basket.

"Th-Thank you~~……"

After that, I helped out with cleaning up the wood bits that were lying around after Miruporon chopped firewood.

The children at the square said that it was fun going to Teoporon's place.
I wonder just what happened.
They said that it was a secret.

Later, when I was coming back home after shopping, I heard the joyful yells of children. When I took a peek, I saw Teoporon lifting up a child. The children around him were happily insisting that they were next.
The Halloween mystery of Teoporon was solved.

It was a sudden event, but it received positive reviews from the villagers.
I thought that it would be nice to do it again next year.

Raw link

Translator:

Happy Halloween!

I hope you enjoyed/are enjoying/enjoy Halloween and all its festivities!

Foreign Feast

Foreign Feast Volume 3 — The Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife's Village, Great Renovation Plan!?

After seeing the menu of the Remote Land Pub 'The Crimson Eagle', mother commented, "The menus look like things old people would like."
Well, a thirty-year-old old man did think of it, so it can't be helped. I can't think up what young men and women would like.
Furthermore, there weren't many ingredients so it was hard.

"Then, how about pasta?"
"Pasta?"
"Yes!"
"Could it be, something you had overseas?"
"Correct~"

Pasta seems to be a food made in various shapes by making dough with flour, eggs and water. Then these are boiled and had with various sauces. I couldn't imagine it at all.

"Shall we make it?"
"What? Have you been working at a restaurant?"
"A lady at an inn taught me."
"Hehh~"

What's more, they managed to get close even though they didn't know each others' languages. During their stay, father followed an unfortunate schedule of working at night and sleeping during the day, so he didn't translate for them. He really is an absurdly useless being.

"Ah, but, don't we need eggs for pasta?"

Eggs got in the way again.
Because we can't use eggs, the menu overall became catering to old people's tastes.
However, mother said that it was alright.

“There’s pasta that doesn’t use eggs.”
“I see.”

Promptly, mother headed to the kitchen to make pasta.

Moreover, after mother returned, Ruruporon allowed us to use the kitchen.
I wonder if she was cheering us on in her own way.
Her encouragement was warm, and I felt happy.
In addition, today the Rango family are off-duty.

“Then, let us promptly start making them!”
“I look forward to it!”

When mother teaches things, for some reason, she uses polite speech. The reason is unknown.

“There are only three ingredients.”

The ingredients for pasta are flour, salt and olive oil. That is all.

“Now, we shall start making ear pasta~”

‘Orecchiette’ means small ear.

“First, weigh the flour!”

To be able to make some myself later, I noted down the recipe on a piece of paper.
Half of the flour is flour used for bread, while the other half are coarsely ground wheat called semolina.
Semonlina usually used as substitute for bread crumbs when deep frying, or for making snacks such as cookies and cakes.

In a bowl, the flour, lukewarm water, olive oil and salt were mixed together using her hands.
It seemed to take quite a bit of energy, since mother had beads of sweat forming on her forehead. Though, even when I asked if I should take her place, she refused.

Once the dough formed, a cloth was put over the bowl to make sure the dough doesn’t become dry and then it was left in the cold storage for a few hours.

Two hours later.

The thinly spread dough is cut into stick shapes, and then those are sliced further. When the front part is pulled with pressing the dough with a knife, the dough flips. It seems that maintaining this shape is the point.
The completely pasta is dried for a while.

“For the sauce, broccolis boiled until they turn stick are nice.”
“They don’t sell that around here.”
“Sorry~”

Since it couldn’t be helped, I made sauce with things I had at home.
It seems that tomato sauce is commonly had with pasta.

“Then, let us make tomato bacon pasta.”
“Alright.”

There are many cans of tomato and bacon. I think that this dish can be added to the store’s menu.

While mother was preparing to boil the pasta, I made the tomato sauce.
The ingredients were preserved tomatoes made in summer, water, bacon and vegetables.
First, sliced and dried garlic is fried in a pan with olive oil. Then, the garlic is removed, and chopped onions are fried until they turn light brown.
The fried onions are moved to a separate dish, and afterwards bacon is fried.
Once it was cooked slightly, onions, tomato, water and spices are added then heated to make tomato sauce.
At the same time, the pasta seemed to be ready.
Today, we invited the Rango family for luncheon.

On the table, there was a strange dish other than pasta.
When I asked what it was, mother replied that they were dishes she learned when she was staying at a place of people who looked similar to the Rangos.

“When I left, I got a lo~t of rare spices.”
“Hehh, I see.”

There was bread made using corn, with finely chopped vegetable and meat on top of it, along with some red sauce made with the spices.

“Is this tomato sauce too?”
“Something like that~”
“?”

Mother gave be a very brief explanation.
There were quite exotic dishes. It became a fine feast.
When we were about finished with the preparations, the Rangos came.
They presented us with a large chunk of smoked bear meat as a gift. It was before the polar nights, so I was very happy.
I greeted them by pounding my chest with my fist.
When I led them inside to the dining room, they happily looked at Arno who was sleeping in his cradle.
Everyone likes children.
When Sieg greeted the three of them, they, except for Ruruporon, returned to the usual sharp expressions.

Mother asked them to take seats.
Before we started eating, the three of them whispered something with their hands on their chests. It might prayers before a meal. We also prayed to the Spirit.
When that was over, mother introduces the dishes.

“This is taco! I wonder if Rango-san also had it~?”

When offered the food, Teoporon pounded his chest and took a bit of the food that mother called taco.
Then, he opened his eyes wide and looked at Ruruporon who was sitting next to him. Seeing him like that, Ruruporon also took a bite.
The moment Ruruporon had some taco, tears started rolling down her cheeks.

“Eh, Ruru-san, what’s wrong!? My, what should I do.”

Was it too spicy, I heard mother murmur, so I also tried some.

“Uwa, spicy!”

The description mother gave was indeed very rough.
On top of the taco, there were lots of spicy foreign spice, called chili, used for it.
I also had tears rolling down my cheeks like Ruruporon.

“Oh no, Ritchan, not you too!”

Sieg gave me some water. How kind……

It was spicy, but I felt that I would get used to it. My body warmed up too.

Before I realised it, Miruporon was eating it without changing her expression. Ruruporon also calmed down and started eating with a smile.
It seems like they like the dish mother made.

“Could it be that they missed it?”
“Ah, that might be it.”

Here we can’t get the spice called chili. They might have been happy to taste flavours from their home after a long time.

“Ah, right!”

We were in the middle of eating, but mother went out.
A few minutes later, she came back with something in her hands.

“Ruru-san, these are chilies and chili seeds I received when I was travelling.”

Since we don’t make a lot of dishes using chili, she decided to give them to the Rangoes. Ruruporon received them with a surprised expression. She was crying again. Instead, Teoporon pounded his chest and bowed down.

“I’m glad that you liked it.”

I don’t know what the environment for raising chili is, but I thought that it would be nice for the harvest to be successful.
It might be a good idea to ask a merchant if it’s possible to order chilies here.

After that, we started eating bacon tomato pasta.

“Ah, delicious!”

The pasta was springy. The pasta was dimpled so the sauce mixed well. It was rather satisfying dish.
It was simple to make as well, so I thought that it was perfect for the store.

The people of the Rango family enjoyed pasta as well. I felt happy for some reason.

“Teoporon, Ruruporon and Miruporon, thank you all the time!”

Once again, I thanked the Rangoes.

I had been spending over a decade with them, but I never did something like this.

I could say that I did not have that much leisure. Although that's rather embarrassing.

Thanks to mother and Sieg, I finally had some leftover time.

I was spending a very enjoyable time.

If it's possible, I would like to have a meal together with them like today.

Raw link

Translator:

Edit: I must be stupid to translate taco as squid when the context shows that it's food from the Americas.

Bewitching New Menu!

Bewitching New Menu! Volume 3 — The Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife's Village, Great Renovation Plan!?

After returning from hunting, I can take up the glorious job of singing lullabies to Arno.
Seeming like he had been having a nap, my son's eyes were shining brightly.
I laid him down in the cradle and rocked it, to which he partly closed his eyes joyously.
While doing rhythmical movements, I became sleepy.
This won't do. I slapped myself to wake myself up.

While rocking Arno's cradle, I thought of the pub that was near the opening date.

The building was complete, while mother and Sieg were taking care of the interior.
The inside has warm colours used. Fitting for 'The Crimson Eagle'.
I ordered alcohol as well and stored them in the cellar, as well as diligently making menu tables by carving wood.
There were plenty of ingredients as well.

Then, what's left is……

—— Ritchan's menus look like things old people would like~~

What mother said a few days ago was stuck in my head.
They're my proud dishes, what part of it feels like an old man……
I pondered while rocking Arno's cradle.

- **Soup of potato dumplings with corned beef inside (limited to five servings a day)**
- **Fried corned beef and potatoes**
- **Fish and tomato sauce stew**
- **Fried oysters and mushrooms**
- **Daily soup**

Overall strong taste? Going well with alcohol? Overall brown shade?
N~n. No idea.

“Arno, Arno, what do you want~?”

Arno would of course like his mother’s milk. He can’t have solid food yet.

“……Milk, it’s good.”

After murmuring that, I realised what I had just said. I felt glad that there was no one else around.
Well, milk is precious! That’s what!

……Nn.

This won’t do. I can only think of needless things.

I couldn’t think up any good plan, so I decided to make myself feel better while patrolling around the village, which is the same as taking a stroll.

I took out the cloth for going on strolls, lifted Arno up and put on coats so that he won’t be cold. I then wrapped the cloth around him, knelt down and embraced him gently. After that, I tied the cloth around my neck and under my armpit.

I said a word to mother who was cooking with Ruruporon in the kitchen and then went out for a stroll.

Until recently, the village and the forests’ trees had autumn foliage, but on the ground there was a thin layer of snow, that it had completely turned into a wintry scenery.

Children were running about energetically, while ladies were working diligently. Since it was before the polar nights, there were many men hauling prey from the forests.
When I have Arno, everyone regardless of gender or age comes to see him. They praise that he’s cute, so my cheeks loosen up into a grin.

Meanwhile, I saw the figure of a familiar boy, so I spoke to him from behind.

“Luca~!”

He flinched and turned around with a prickly expression.

“Don’t suddenly call me, I’ll get surprised!”
“So~rry.”

Luca seems to be returning home after shopping, since he had a lot in his hands.

“I spoke to you at a tough time. Aren’t those heavy?”
“This much, it’s not heavy at all.”
“How amazing.”

While talking with Luca, I ended up thinking about Aina. Since they’re both stubborn.
I wonder if Aina’s feeling alright? Ah, Emmerich too.
I have been contacting the two of them through letters. Aina and Emmerich seems like they’re spending fun days. They look to be doing well, so it’s a relief.
Her grandfather’s attitude has been softening up recently. A little more, and the situation might become better. When that happens, I’m thinking of inviting them over to the village.

I asked how Luca was doing recently.

“What do you mean how.”
“No, I mean about Miruporon.”
“N-Nothing happened!”

Adolescent boys don’t usually get honest about women.
When people grow old, curiosity grows. I reflected that I should be more cautious.

Even so, there was a sack full of potatos, four heads of cabbages, and three leather bags filled with bottles.
It’s probably an errand for his mother, but it’s rather cold of her.

“Ah, sorry for holding you up when it’s heavy.”
“No, I’m not that busy and it’s not heavy anyway.”
“Luca is kind.”
“I’m normal.”
“Right.”

Luca was glancing at Arno, so I showed my son to him.

“Isn’t my child super cute?”
“He looks like your wife.”

He told me that he will grow into a handsome man.
Of course, I think that Arno will be popular with women like Sieg is, in the future.

“Come to think of it, I heard the rumour that you’re opening a store.”
“Ah, yes!”

I jumped at the opportunity and started advertising ‘The Crimson Eagle’. Though it’s a pub, it doesn’t serve alcohol from noon to evening. There’s juice and snacks as well, so I told him that he can come any time.

“What will you serve?”
“Ah, er~m.”

When I told him the menu, he eyed me suspiciously since ingredients like corned beef was unknown.

Then, I had a good idea.
I should ask young people what they want to eat.

“Hey, Luca, is there anything you want to have?”
“……Meat.”

How simple. Meat.

Meat, eh. The middle of the polar nights becomes centred on preserved foods so it’s rather hard.
Since we can’t go out hunting, we can only really use smoked meat for cooking.
Well, we can preserve meat if we keep it cold with ice.
When I asked specifically what he wanted, I received a reply that he wanted meatballs.
I felt that it would be conscientious to tell that there are no skewers or stews.

“If it’s meatballs, it’s easy to increase the volume.”
“Volume?”

“Bread crumbs or other fillers can be added to increase the amount.”
“So not all of it is meat?”
“Yes.”
“I didn’t know that……”

He looked a little shocked.

Maybe I shouldn’t have told him that?
However, if there are fillers, it can’t form into balls.
When I told him that, he accepted it.

“Come visit after the store opens!”
“……Well, if I feel like it.”

Come with Mirupron, I managed to endure and swallow those words right before they escaped my throat.
I thought in secret that it would be nice if they’re relationship deepened.

On my stroll, I visited the gift store to buy meat for making meatballs.
When I asked what type of meat is best for meatballs, she recommended pork to me.

I was surprised after hearing the price. It was unexpectedly cheap.
In a village where meat can be hunted, the demand for meat from livestock is low. Thus, merchants don’t sell too much. Even if they do, the price would be rather high.

In the gift store, she sold meat for people who could not go out hunting because injuries or illnesses.
Today was apparently a special sale day for pork.

“Recently, making ham is popular among the ladies so I have been buying a lot of pork.”
“Hoh!”

Homemade ham!

Sieg had talked about ham she had back home, so it created a small boom.
When the shop lady who knows about the recipe sold the pork with the recipe, they were sold out quickly.

Pork ham. I felt like eating them after a long time. I learned how to make it from father-in-law so I decided to buy plenty to make some as well.

The shop lady said that Arno was cute so I received a large bonus.

◇◇◇

After returning home, I decided to make meatballs.
Upon hearing that, mother made a suggestion.

“Then, let’s make meatball pasta.”
“Meatball pasta, hehh, sounds interesting.”

It seems that people in the city have it quite often. I think that it will be delicious.

First, the pork is minced well.
To make the texture better, coarsely ground meat and finely ground meat are mixed together.
In the bowl containing ground meat, spices and bread crumbs are added. I wanted to add eggs too, but they can’t be procured during the polar nights, so instead I added in drained potatoes.

Until the ingredients become sticky, I shaped them into shapes, and then fried them in oil.

The finished meatballs are then boiled together with the tomato sauce mother made.
When that is spread over the cooked pasta along with dried basil, meatball pasta is complete.

The pasta and meatballs scattered about had an appealing look, I thought. It was perfect for children.

I called over Sieg as well for dinner.

First is the main, meatball pasta.
I took a meatball to my mouth using a fork.
When I chewed, the meaty juices flowed out. Since the meat is combination of coarse bits and fine bits, the texture is nice too. The spices were good too, and the tomato sauce mixed well. It was delicious.

“Ritchan, having powdered cheese on top is delicious too, you know?”

My!

As mother suggested, I sprinkled cheese over the pasta.

“Oh, delicious!”

The sour flavour of the tomato is lessened, and the flavour becomes deep. Just by adding cheese, the change is amazing.

I think that young people would gladly have meatball pasta.

The recipe is simple too, so I decided to add it to the store menu.

Raw link

The Soldiers' Window Logs

The Soldiers' Window Logs Volume 3 — The Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife's Village, Great Renovation Plan!?

Jouluk[1] 02 Aake
The fort is peaceful again today.
We have shifts at the window, but only merchants come from outside. When the snow piles up, only one merchant might pass every two or three days. Though there are quite a few since the time before the polar nights is a season where goods are in great demand.

In contrast, the villagers, who live off the forest, pass frequently. However, during the winter, only older people going out to hunt pass.
The village men, especially old grandfathers, act cold towards us.
Captain Artonen said that it couldn't be helped.

Of course, we had been fooling around too much.
Once, we were being paid with our meal payments put aside.
That was because we were pouring all our money into alcohol as if it was the most natural thing. Such a system was implemented starting from the captain before the captain before the previous captain.
Back then, we borrowed endlessly since they couldn't even pay for their own meals.
Really, I think that we were in a terrible state.
Working hour, what's that? We slept whenever we wanted and woke up whenever we wanted.
The fort reeked of alcohol, and we even picked fights with the villagers. It's natural that we would have been hated.

However, we changed thanks to the lord and his lady.
There were many events, and now we have been rehabilitated.

We can keep working diligently as soldiers because the lord's wife, who has a frightening face, comes to inspect us frequently. I'm just joking. Many good things happened.

First, sometimes, the girls of the village bring us refreshments. They're all cute, so the tension rises.
We all now lead well-regulated lives, so our body and health improved as well.
Also, when we are shovelling snow in the village, the villagers say, "Much appreciated," or "Thank you." It's unexpectedly gladdening.
That's why.

It's a boring place without anything to do, but it's better than before.
I'll do my best again tomorrow.

Today's number of people: 52 in total, with 3 merchants and 1 old martial race man.
Today's work', over!

Jouluk 07 Hanno
The lord who visited the window requested us to post some paper at the entrance.
On that, there was an advertisement for the new shop.

Remote Land Pub 'The Crimson Eagle'.

It seems like it's opening a few days later.
A place to enjoy meals and a little bit of drinks.
Surprisingly, the lord will be running it.
On the paper, it was written that a cute server will be there.
Is he hiring the village girls? When I asked further, he replied that the cutest girl in the world will be there.

The cutest girl in the world. Very intriguing.
Might it be Irola family's Erica-san, or might it be Kalliomäki family's Hilija-chan?
It might even be the person rumoured to be on good terms with the lord, the most beautiful girl in the village, Bergholm family's Aina-san! Or so I thought, but I remembered that a foreigner took her away just a few months ago.

When we found that out, my colleagues and I felt down.
On that day, we wished that we were allowed alcohol just for the day.
The man who got the treasure of the village was apparently a tall, blond soldier with drooping eyes.

—— We're soldiers too, but why are we getting ignored……

The one who does not get swayed by anyone, 'the salty Aina-sama', we were all saying, but in the she picked a handsome man.
We felt sad at our ugly appearances.

I ended up remembering that. We were rather depressed.
Eating while looking at a cute girl. Isn't it good, I thought.
Our scars might be cured too.

I quickly decided to invite my colleagues.

Today's number of people: 67 in total, with 2 merchants and 1 old martial race man.
Today's work, over~.

Jouluk 12 Jere
When we were in excited states, looking forward to the pub. We ended up receiving words of warning from Captain Artonen.
If we go in large scale right away, it will burden them. Thus, we decided that there will only have two people a day, for not more than two hours, as well as not drinking too much.
Since only a few people can go, we made a schedule.
I decided to bear it for the first time.

During our breaks, the atmosphere was lively from our discussions about the cute girl at 'The Crimson Eagle'.

Then, the conversation moved on to the topic of who the most beautiful girl in the village is, but we couldn't settle on.
Everyone had different tastes that names of many women came up.

Indeed, great girls like Aina Salonen Bergholm are hard to come across.
Someone mentioned that the daughter of the martial race family is quite beautiful, but the moment that topic was brought up, the father of that family appeared from the window so we were surprised to death.
When I wondered what it was, he apparently brought fish from the river as a snack.

—— Is he a bear of the forest or something?

The father of the martial race family went away soon.
That window, it's not an entrance. He did that sometimes, but no one could point that out.
From around summer, he had been bringing us berries, beehives or fruit by his whims.
We can't communicate with him, so his intentions are unknown.
The fish was jumping about on the table. The heartbeat did not calm down for some time.

By the way, the wife there is beautiful and has a great style, but the old man is too frightening.
We unanimously agreed that she should stop talking about the martial race family's women.
Well, before that, a boy from the village is screening others away to not let them approach her.

In the end, we decided that we should focus on the pub girl.

Today's number of people: 92 in total, with 3 merchants and 1 old martial race man.
Today's work, over!

Jouluk 19 Kai
Today was finally the day for the opening of the Remote Land Pub.
I had work today, so I was to go tomorrow.
I am looking forward to it a lot.
We agreed that we should not talk about things in the store until everyone has had a chance to go.
That way, everyone can enjoy it in a fresh mood.
However, I was curious personally, so I intercepted my colleagues who had returned and asked them about it.
The two of them, Lassi and Mikko, returned with refreshed expressions.
Apparently, the food was all great, and the drinks were nice.
When I asked about the important cute girl, they said something strange.

—— Cute girl? We can say that it exists, and we can say that it doesn't exist.

I'm not sure what they mean.

Today's number of people: 100 in total, with 2 merchants and 1 old martial race man.
Today's work, over!

◆ ◇ ◆

The next day.
The long-awaited holiday came.
We can only drink for a few hours at night. It's during the polar nights, so the time's around evening.
Surprisingly, even though it was a pub, it closed after 8 in the evening.

A colleague and I headed to the store as our hearts pounded.
Around the store, there were many villagers. It seems like they're watching.
When we peeked inside from the window, there were vacant spots. Without reservation, we entered.

When we opened the door, a bell rang.
Inside the store, there was a large fireplace to warm the body.
The interior had a warm tone and the atmosphere was warm.
The kitchen was attached to the kitchen, that we could watch them cook.

As we looked around, a calm woman's voice said, "Welcome."

The moment I heard, I stood up straight out of reflex.
I slowly turned toward the origin of the sound.

There was the lord's wife, who had bright red hair and a sharp gaze.
"Please take a seat," she said. "Yeth," I replied.
She passed me the menu, but I was afraid of calling her over again, so I asked for the recommended dish and some water.
My colleague asked for the same.

Since the place is being run by the lord, it's not weird if his wife is here.
Even so, she's a bit curt. It would be nice if she smiled more. However, we would only panic if she did smile at us, so I immediately judged that it was unneccessary.

Anyway, where is the rumoured cute girl…?

No matter how much I look, there were no young women other than customers.
Suddenly, my colleague gasps.
When I asked what was wrong, he told me to look at the kitchen.

At the kitchen, there was a figure of someone working diligently.

—— Ah, there! A cute girl!

Her hair was tidied with a headbad, and she was wearing a cloth folded in a triangular shape on her head.
She was working hard, and those eyes pointing down are very elegant.
I tilted my head in wonder if there was such a cute girl in the village.
However, I soon realised that the person was the lord.

—— Th-This heartthrob thief!!

I could only see a part of his upper body, so I ended up getting completely fooled.

In the meantime, food was served.

While saying the name of the menu energetically, the lord served the dishes.
The food was something I was seeing something for the first time. Underneath meatballs and tomato sauce, there was something else.
It was apparently a food called pasta.
The name of the dish is 'meatball tomato sauce pasta', we were told.

With a fork, I had some of the meatball and the pasta.

—— D-Delicious!!

The meatballs flowing with flavour from the spices and the chewy pasta was mixed with the sour sauce, that it was very tasty.
My colleague and I ended up wolfing everything down in silence.
Afterwards, we decided to go back after having a few drinks.

As we were leaving, the lord came up and thanked us for coming.
Just in case, I asked about the cute girl in the advertisement.
Then, he glanced at his wife who was washing dishes in the kitchen and said,

“Sieg,” in a a flustered expression.
“What part of her is cute!” I almost shouted.
Well, to him, as a husband, his wife is the cutest in the world. Though I can’t understand that.

When I told him that we will come again, he said that he was happy and flashed us a smile.

Once again, I imagined how it would have been if the lord was a woman.

Kind and diligent, good at cooking and cute.
He might have been the most popular woman in the village.

Then, I finally realised what Lassi and Mikko meant by, “Cute girl? We can say that it exists, and we can say that it doesn’t exist.”

—— So the cute girl is the lord in the end!!

However, the food was really delicious and filling, so I couldn’t care less.

We exited the store as the lord saw us off.

From the dark sky, snow was falling heavily.
We walked back to the fort by relying on the light from our lanterns.

When we returned to the fort’s window, the person on duty today asked how it was.
It seems that everyone wants to hear out of curiosity.

He hurried us for our impressions, so my colleague and I looked at each other and said that the food was best, while the cute girl was a cute girl.

I’m looking forward to his reaction tomorrow.

I decided that I’ll go to the store again when it’s quiet again for some meatball tomato sauce pasta.

Raw link

[1] ‘Dec’ in Finnish.

Remote Land Pub, Opening!

Remote Land Pub, Opening! Volume 3 — The Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife's Village, Great Renovation Plan!?

Around the time the polar nights approached, the remote land pub 'The Crimson Eagle' opened.
For the first day, we decided to open from morning.
Our first customer was the couple from the shop.
As a gift, they gave us salt from overseas. I got teary-eyed from happiness.

Promptly, Sieg came to take their orders.

"What would you like?"
"What do you recommend?"
"Meatball Tomato Sauce Pasta."

Sieg sincerely explained the menu.
The pictures mother drew also helped people imagine the menus.
The store couple ordered the recommended dish with today's soup and tea.
Filled with energy, I started cooking. Sieg also prepared brewing tea.

Today's soup is a clear soup of beans and root vegetables.
It's made using dried ones, but the vegetables bring out a tasty stock. Mother made it last night.
First, I served the soup as appetizer.

"Ah, it's warm."
"The warmth really seeps into the body."

The seats were close to the kitchen so I could hear their reactions.
I felt somewhat nervous.

Later, I asked Sieg to serve the meatball tomato pasta.

"This is delicious!"
"It's the first time I'm having pasta, but it's nice."

Sieg listened to the couple's reactions and politely thanked them.
The dish we thought up sincerely was well-received by the couple.

After the meal, we brought condensed milk ice cream as dessert.
To celebrate the opening, I am planning to serve it to all the customers.
It's a simple ice cream made by cooling a can of condense milk. If it's just this, it's too sweet so I am putting a sour berry sauce over it.
Since it's just frozen condensed milk, it's important to melt it slightly before serving it to make the texture better.

"Is this something your lordship thought up?"
"Yes. It's just condensed milk though."
"I like the sour flavour of the berries and the sweetness."
"I'm relieved."

Only my family and Captain Artonen tried it, so I'm happy that they're complimenting it.

After the store couple left, customers did not come.
Well, it's the first day, so that must by why.
The villagers were peeking inside at the windows, but when I open the doors to talk to them they all run away.

"How unfortunate! I failed to capture them, Sieglinde."
"The villagers are all shy after all."
"I see!"

Even if customers do not come, we serve dishes using preserved food so there won't be food left over.
The soup will be used for dinner too.

A while later, women who finished with their household chores came.
They asked for coffee and caramel apple pie, as well as pasta for lunch.
They planned well, preparing packed lunches for their families.
They all chatted happily with Sieg.
It really was a peaceful scene.
They also said that the dessert, condensed milk ice cream with berry sauce, was delicious. Phew, what a relief.

However, from the afternoon, the store was quiet again.

I had a lot of time, so I observed our customers' reactions and discussed what we should make.

“I think it would be nice to have more sweet things.”
“Though that will be rather tough during the polar nights.”
“Right~”

It’s not as though I can’t make cake or cookies without eggs, butter or milk, but I think it won’t be as good.

“It feels like something like the iron plate crackers will be made.”
“Getting teeth chipped is a bit……”

I already reached the limits.
For the snacks, I decided to ask mother’s opinion after I return home.

During the winter, the sun sets in the afternoon.
I lit a candle on the table located outside. So that it won’t go out from the wind, I put a cylindrical glass cover over it.
It had a rather fantastical scene.

The villagers went shopping to the gift shop with lanterns.
It seems that the shop lady advertised a bit, since people started coming in trickles here.

At dinner time, two soldiers from the fort came.
I was expecting many soldiers to come, but my guess missed.
Apparently, Captain Artonen arranged it so that they won’t be a nuisance on the first day of opening.

Indeed, I thought.
Well, it would have been fine for them to come though.

The soldiers, unexpectedly, ate pasta quietly, had a few drinks and returned.

After they departed, there suddenly were a lot more customers.
It’s definitely that the energised soldiers returned to the fort while chatting about the store. It really is thankful.

From the dinner time to nighttime, I spent a busy time.

At the final bell, we closed.

I had been handling the pot all night from the evening, so my arms were screaming in pain.

The meatballs sold out in the middle. The soup pot is also empty now.

“Ritz, you did well.”
“Sieg, thank you too.”
“No, I wasn’t here all day.”

Sieg returned home many times to breastfeed our son. Just that would have been tough though.

As for the sales, well, we’re slightly in the red, but our objective is not getting profit but providing entertainment for the whole village.

However, it will get tough if we continue like this, so I am thinking of making high-profit dishes after the polar nights are over.

For now, I prioritised getting past the polar nights in a brighter mood.
It’s rather hard, but seeing everyone’s smiles made me want to try my best.

“Once we get used to it, I’m thinking of hiring more people and maybe leave the store to someone else.”
“Right. That might be good.”

Even if mother is here, we have no reason to stay too long at the store.
We need someone’s help.
Won’t there be a cook somewhere? Also, someone moderately likable.

Even after closing, there was a mountain of work.
Beginning with cleaning, we had to prepare ingredients for tomorrow, organise the shelves, and keep the books.
When we finished, the day had already changed.
Having returned home after we prepared the ingredients, Sieg was waiting for me without going to sleep before me.

Moreover, she even prepared a bath for me.
I had dinner mother made by the warmth of the fireplace, took a bath and went under the covers.

As I had Sieg who had warm temperature in arms, I fell to sleep before I realised it.

Like so, the first day of work ended.

◇◇◇

The next day.
Since it was hard for Sieg to go back and forth, we decided to take Arno as well.
Today, mother said that she'll help as well.

Maybe because the rumours were spreading, there was a line even before we opened.

"Hey, Ritchan, since it's cold outside, why don't you let customers in?"
"Nn, please."

I'm not prepared to serve dishes yet, but we can serve warm tea or soup.
Mother opened the doors and invited the customers in.

Arno was sleeping in a cradle by the window.
There were many occasions where people came in after seeing there was a child.

After lunch, the soup ran out so I hurried requested Ruruporon for some.
With the men, the combination of the dishes using canned food and alcohol was popular.

The elderly did not come very often.

However, grandpas and grandmas seemed to be interested in the store, since they were peeking in many times.
When I talked to them out of the thought that they should come in, they leave saying that they don't have any business with me.

I repeated that a few times, and one day something different from usual happened.
The elderly who always look at my son came again today.
They were smiling while looking into the cradle.
Then, Arno suddenly started crying.

Sieg was making meatballs, and mother had a tray holding cups of coffee.
I thought that I had to go, so I hurried out of the kitchen.

However, they were already at where my son was.

“My my, what could it be.”
“Is he hungry?”
“It’s alright, don’t cry.”

The grandmas outside embraced Arno and soothed him.

“Ah, thank you, thank you.”

When I thanked them, they were not honest and said that it was for the child.
***Since it’s an opportunity, how about some tea and snacks*? When I offered that, they reluctantly took their seats.**

Afterwards, elderly people came to the store as well.
Even on days when Arno isn’t here, they come saying that it can’t be helped.

I was so happy at that change.

Today, I invited Miruporon.
She was sipping coffee expressionlessly.
Outside the window, I saw Luca, so I tried to force him into the store.

“W-What’re you doing! Does this store aggressively tout!?”
“Sorry, sorry.”

***Since there’s Miruporon, how about having some tea together?* I asked.**
Then, Luca’s face turned deep red.

“Miruporon, she looks lonely, doesn’t she? Please!”
“……W-Well, if you put it like that.”
“Thank you, Luca!”

Noticing Luca, Miruporon made a nice smile.
Seeing that face, he looked captivated.

***What a lovely couple,* I thought as I watched from the kitchen.**

“Ritz, peeping’s not good.”
“……Yes.”

I was interested about those two, but I decided to diligently make caramel apple pie for two people.

◇◇◇

The period where it’s dark all day, the polar nights.

It used to be a cold and boring period, but from the store a warm light and joyful laughter flowed out.

Seeing that, I felt that I did well to take up the challenge although it was quite tiring.

That was the story of the first winter where all the villagers spent the long and painful polar nights together.

Raw link

Translator:
Sorry for not posting a chapter yesterday. Friday night shenanigans, you see.

|

Good Bathing Day!

Good Bathing Day! Volume 3 — The Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife's Village, Great Renovation Plan!?

When I was alone, the only joy I had was dining and bathing.
Especially regarding bathing, I once had been very picky.
Shampoo, bathwater additive, body shampoo, etc..
Among those, I had been especially absorbed with making soap.
I learned how to make soap from the village ladies and made soap using various materials.

I participated in exchanging soaps with the village ladies, but I had been busy for the past two years so I couldn't go.

This year, I was rearing to participate at the soap exchange in early spring, So I started making some with plenty of motivation.
Sieg also said that she will help.

"To think that we would even make soap."
"I hadn't been making them recently. For about two years?"

During the first polar nights with Sieg, there were many other things so I did not have time to make soap.
This would be a challenge after a long time.
This time, I decided to use somewhat high-quality oils that are considered to be good for the skin.

The first oil is 'olive oil'.
The best olive oil is considered to be 'extra virgin oil', squeezed out the best, but it seems that 'pure olive oil', refined once or twice, is the best for making soap.
That contains the most moisturising substances (squalene), or so.

The second oil is 'sweet almond oil'.
Slightly expensive oil.
From ancient times, it was used for washing hair of ladies.
This also contains plenty of moisturising substances.

The third oil is ‘jojoba oil’.
It gives elasticity and shine to the skin.
Other than that, it removes the dirt clogging the pores, or so.
It doesn’t irritate the skin either.

Above were the main ingredients.

Other than those, ‘palm oil’ is necessary to prevent soap from collapsing, and ‘coconut oil’ is added to improve the foaming.
Other than the oils, there are ‘pure water’ and ‘sodium hydroxide’.

Pure water is water distilled to remove impurities.
Sodium hydroxide is a chemical that reacts with oil to make soap.
They can be bought from merchants, but since they’re designated as toxic, I need to fill out a document when buying it.
I also have to be careful when using it.

With the above ingredients, I will be making soap.

“Be careful with sodium hydroxide.”
“Alright.”
“For your safety, you should place a cloth over your mouth.”

Direct contact with sodium hydroxide causes burns. We have to be careful.
The burns are different from normal as well. It’s called chemical burn.
While normal burns are caused by heat damaging the skin, chemical burns destroy the skin directly and can reach the depth of the body.
Since it’s very dangerous, the merchant warned me to be careful.

“Sieg, since it’s the first time you’re making soap, can you only watch when I’m handling sodium hydroxide?”
“Alright.”

First, to not breath in sodium hydroxide, I covered my mouth and nose with a cloth.

Since sodium hydroxide corrodes iron and aluminium, I’ll be using enamel bowls this time.

I put on gloves and spooned some sodium hydroxide into a bowl. I left that bowl in the snow for a while to cool it.

It was a little cold, but ventiliation was necessary so I opened the window.
I added the sodium hydroxide into water and stirred well.
The bowl was getting hot. I brought snow from outside and cooled the bowl so that it would be a little warmer than the human skin.
In another bowl, I mixed olive oil, sweet almond oil and jojoba oil and warmed them by using a double boiler, after which I added in palm oil and coconut oil. For this too, I boiled until it was slightly warmer than the human skin.

Once the two mixtures were at about the same temperature, I slowly added in the lye while stirring the oils.

Once everything was poured in, I mixed them using a whisk.
This stirring process is also important for making soap.
If the ingredients are not mixed in properly, lumps or layers can form, resulting in problems when finishing the soap.

While chatting about such things, I continued to mix while swapping with Sieg sometimes.

On that bowl, I put a cloth over it and left it for a while.
I checked it once a while, and if the water and oil separated I would mix them again.

As I leave them, chemical reactions occur, a fight to become soap happening.
Half a day later, it will become a creamy liquid.

In rectangular frames, I applied jojova oila and poured in the soap mixture.
If I don't add oil here, the soap won't come out.

Once they're dried for about four days in a dark and warm place, they can be separated from the frames.

"It should be complete after a month, I think?"
"It takes that much time?"
"Surprising, eh?"

Good soap requires the ingredients to have been turned hard properly.
Poorly made soap worsens the skin.
Especially, I heard that olive oil is slow to turn into soap. So I need to properly

leave them for a longer time.
The longer the period, the softer and smoother the soap, with delicate foams.

“I see.”
“You have to be patient with making soap.”

The maturing will be done in a wooden box.
When I brought out the box I used before, there were soap from two years ago.

.

“Ohh, two years old soap!”

There was a bar of soap made from reindeer milk. It was in a well-ventilated place, so there were no molds either. Just in case, I split it with a knife, but the inside was clean as well.

I tried washing my hands with it.

“Ah, this feels alright. I think we can use it for washing our bodies.”
“Indeed. It really does moisten our skins. My skin has been getting rough recently, so it might be nice.”
“Eh, really?”

I thought that it wasn’t different from usual, so when I leaned in to see her face, she got angry.

“But Sieg, your skin is beautiful…… mmf”

Before I could finish the sentence, she shut my mouth.
Sieg looked exasperated.

“Ritz, I was wondering from a while ago, but when do you observe those things……?”
“Every day, sometimes.”
“……”

When she let go, I let out a loud sigh.

“My eyes drift to pretty things, you see.”
“I get it.”

I was being honest, but she didn't believe me.

◇◇◇

The reindeer milk soap was well-received by the women.
Mother was happy that her skin became smooth.
Sieg said that she liked the foams.

"Ritchan, you're making soap as well."
"It's to pass the time."
"Mum too, will try making some after all this time!"

It seems like I lit a fire in mother.
Come to think of it, I have been using mother's handmade soap a long time ago.

"Ritchan, why don't you go in before the water cools?"
"Alright."

I accepted mother's offer and entered the bath.

Promptly, I decided to try using the soap from two years ago.
After dipping it in water, I created foams using my hands.
Soft, smooth and delicate foams were formed.
I could smell the nice scent of the soap.

I'm not sure about the changes to the skin though.
I wonder if women are more sensitive to that.

I washed by body more carefully than usual.

When I was about to wash my back, suddenly, there was a knock on the bathroom door.
It was Sieglinde-san.

"What it is?"
"Well, I was wondering if I should wash your back."
"Eh, really!?"

Sieg washes my back like this sometimes.

She rolled her sleeves and trouser legs, and washed by back.
Her strength was just perfect, that it felt extremely good.

“Uwa~~ This is bliss~~……”

Finally she poured some warm water over me.

“Sieg, thank you.”

“……”

“Hm? Is something wrong?”

“Erm, I think I put a little too much strength, that your back is red now. I’m sorry.”

“Ah, it’s alright, it’s alright~ Thank you.”

Even though I said that, when I was in the bath my back stung a little.

This is also Sieg’s love.

I decided to think that.

◇◇◇

Even after marrying, bathing remained a joy for me.

It’s refreshing and relieves fatigue.

Also, it makes me feel happy when Sieg washes my back like before.

As I dipped into the water, I thought yet again that bathing is great.

Raw link

Translator:

Please accept this tribute of a double release, dear readers.

|

Spring is Coming

Spring is Coming Volume 3 — The Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife's Village, Great Renovation Plan!?

During the polar nights, everyone turns into master artisans.
The men carve wood to make tableware, and make various ornaments out of reindeer antlers.
The women create fine embroidery and tin bracelets.
We call those handicrafts duoji.
On grips and knife handles, pictures are carved in.
Reindeer, snow, sun, cradle, etc.. Meaningful patterns are carved in.
Then when it's spring, we open stalls at the flea market (kirpputori) and sell things.

During the polar nights, mother becomes full of motivation making bracelets. This year, she seems to be spending the time getting to be friendly with Sieg. How enviable.
I diligently carved wooden cups (kuksa) and wooden bears.

From noon to evening, I work at the store.
I rest three days a week. I thought that I would be alright since I had holidays, but even so I was rather busy.
However, it was a refreshing busyness.
Regardless of gender or age, many villagers as well as soldiers visited the store.
They all gathered at the store and brightened the mood.
I let out joyful screams.

As for the topic of discussion at 'The Crimson Eagle', it's mostly about how the handicrafts are coming along.
People said that they wanted to have an exchange, so I decided to open the store on a holiday and hold something like an exhibition. I'm participating too.

For reference, all the participants, including me, are old guys.

The next day.

Everyone placed their handicrafts on the tables.
This time, we displayed kuksas.
There were dozens of people crowding around tables freely placing their works, so no one could which one was whose. Though of course we know our own ones.

When placed like this, all of them are unique and interesting.
There are ones that are perfectly round, ones that have a lustre, ones that have beautiful handles, ones that took close care for the wood grain patterns, there were none that were alike.

"Hm? There's one that has a peculiar picture carved onto it."

The kuksa that was pointed to was mine.

"What, a bird…… is this a hawk?"
"It's an eagle (kotka)."

Recently, I've been carving eagle pictures onto the handles. For me, eagles signify happiness.

Reindeer (poro) are a symbol of wealth. Snow (lumi) means patience. Sun (aurinko) represent the joy of bright life. There are many different wishes melded into the pictures, all depending on the region.

Raptors such as eagles and hawks are valiant creatures that drive away beasts.
Seeing a picture that was used before, everyone seemed interested.

"Come to think of it, there were quite a few tourists buying eagle carvings last year."
"Aa, I heard about that too."

They're probably Sieg's lady fans.
For the tourist season this year, I'm planning to increase goods with eagle motifs.
I explained the meaning of the eagle picture again.

"To explain, I used my wife as a model, or something like that,"

The crimson eagle that flew from her homeland and landed in a foreign land.

For me, that was the strong and beautiful sun that persisted through the polar nights, a miraculous figure as well as a symbol of happiness.

I presented the thoughts I had about the eagles in front the people.
No one ridiculed me.
They listened sincerely.

Then they said something wonderful.

"Hey, my lord, can I also carve eagles into my handicrafts?"
"Eh?"
"No, it's alright if you don't want to……"
"Ah, I don't dislike it. In fact, I'm happy!"

If everyone received the happy blessings of the eagle, I'll be blissful.
When I put it that way, everyone said that they also wanted to carve eagles.

From this day on, there were many handicrafts with eagles in them.
The gallant eagle was also to the liking of the village men, that they actively carved eagles to their handicrafts.

I had not imagined then that a few years later the eagle of happiness would became a famous local product, and became to symbolise the whole village.

No one knows how life will turn out. This one sentence summarised everything.

◇◇◇

As I spent the days busily, the polar nights ended.
For the rest of the winter, I spent the morning and evenings hunting, running the store as well, while desperately making handicrafts at night.

They were extremely dizzying days.

One day, when I woke up, there was a letter by my bedside.
It was from Sieg.

To see what it might be, I lit a lantern and opened it.

It said that she was worried for my health, that I should rest for at least a day.

She also said that it's painful to see be exhausted.

After reading Sieg's note, I came to. What should I say, I'm extremely tired.
Why is my body so heavy, when it's just the morning?
There could be only one answer. I overworked.
It's probably not just me. Mother and Sieg must be like that too.
Last night, everyone had blank expressions.

I finally realised.
Because I was working too hard, people around me could not rest either.
Furthermore, I didn't have time to leisurely spend time with my family.

It's before the prohibition period, so I hunted until the sun set, and thanks to 'The Crimson Eagle', I spend all days with dizzying business. Moreover, since it was close to the flea market opening, I was diligently making handicrafts late into the night.
In retrospect, Sieg visited the workshop many times and told me to rest, but I never listened.

Mother-in-law too snapped at me saying that overworking is not good, but I made the same mistake here as well. I have to reflect deeply.

Thankfully, today, 'The Crimson Eagle' is resting today.
Last night, the stars in the night sky could be seen so it will be clear today.

Today will be a good day for a picnic.

If that's decided, I'll have to prepare packed lunches.
I quickly dressed up and went down to the first floor.

In the kitchen, mother and Ruruporon were making breakfast.

"My, Ritchan, you're up early."
"Mum, let's go on a picnic today!"
"Eh?"

I picked up a chunk of smoked meat, a loaf of bread and some jam, and headed for the kitchen.

The smoked meat was sliced thickly and cooked on a skewer by the fireplace. I sliced the bread and spread jam on the slices.

Once the smoked meat was cooked, I made sandwiches with them.
Once the two kinds of bread are packed into the baskets, the packed lunch is complete.
It's a little poor, but I thought that things like these are good too sometimes.
As for Arno's portion, mother is making them while making breakfast.
Ten months old now, my son can now have baby food.

While I was packing the lunch in cloth, Sieg, who had Arno in her arms, returned from her morning stroll.

"Ritz, you're up early."
"Morning."

Sieg said the same thing as mother.
Do I sleep in that much?

Upon seeing the large packed lunch, she lobbed a question.

"Are you having a picnic with the villagers today?"
"No, no. I'm thinking of going with everyone here."

I received Arno and laid him in the cradle.
Then, I bowed to Sieg.

"Sieg, thank you."
"Eh?"
"The letter…… I had been working too hard again."

Sieg looked troubled.
***Is she angry,* I wondered, but she did not say anything.**

"Sorry, making you worry all the time……"

Sieg shook her head.
Then, without saying a word, she patted my shoulders.

I felt as though she was appealing that it was out of sympathy not out of worry.

"Thank you, Sieglinde."

I was move so much that I could only say that.

I decided that I'll have regular holidays and spend relaxing days with my family on those days.

◇◇◇

Then, we started the fun fun picnic.

To watch out for wild animals, we brought about three dogs and proceeded through the forest full of fresh leaves.

I was taking care of Arno.
I had him in my embrace wrapped in a cloth hanging from my neck and under my arm.
Maybe because he likes the forest stroll, he had a very gentle countenance.
Mother was absorbed in picking flowers and decorating Sieg's hair with those.
Sieg was becoming even lovelier.

The destination this time is the secret flower field.
In the first spring with her, I was so busy that I did not have the time to go there.

It was relatively close from the village, so I chose the place out of the thought that it won't be a burden to mother and Sieg.

A few dozen minutes after leaving the village, we arrived at our destination.

"Waa, ama~zing!"

Mother let out a voice of excitement. Sieg too was occupied with the scenery in front of her.

There were countless dandelions (voikukka).
The yellow field stretching across the ground could only be described as amazing.

"Ritchan, you know a wonderful place."
"Yeah. I was thinking of coming here with everyone once it was spring."
"How long has it been since I last went out to see flowers~"

Seeing her chatting happily, I felt glad that I brought her here.

Mother said that she wants to hug Arno.
While embracing our treasure, she spoke while smiling.

“Arno-san, you can eat dandelions or even use them for medicine~”

It seems that she wants to educate him on the forest. *It’s still early,* I laughed with Sieg.
Mother walked to the centre of the field of flowers with my son while humming.

A clean refreshing wind blew.
It was still a little chilly, but this is the spring of the remote land.
While feeling the season in the wind brushing my cheeks, we continued our flower viewing.

Sieg, while staring at the flowers, murmured something.

“Voikukka, ‘butter flower’, huh.”
“Right.”

The word for dandelion, voikukka, is composed of ‘voi’, meaning ‘butter’, and ‘kukka’, meaning ‘flower’.
It’s named so since the colour is like butter.
There are many plant names originating from food.
All the people in this country must have insatiable appetites.

I picked one dandelion and placed it on Sieg’s ear.

“……Ritz, am I not in a predicament now?”
“There’s nothing like that.”

Mother planted about seven flowers into Sieg’s hair.
Any flower looked good on her.

Even though I said that, she did not look convinced.
To not know her own loveliness, how unfortunate.
Since it couldn’t be helped, I decided to convey it clearly.

I brushed back the red hair on her hair and softly whispered, “You’re cute.”

The way she dyes red immediately is just irresistible.

I then realised. That she is the loveliest flower in the world.

Without meaning to, I ended up fully enjoying the spring flower viewing.
I thought that it would be nice to spend the next year, at the same place, with

the same family again.

Author:

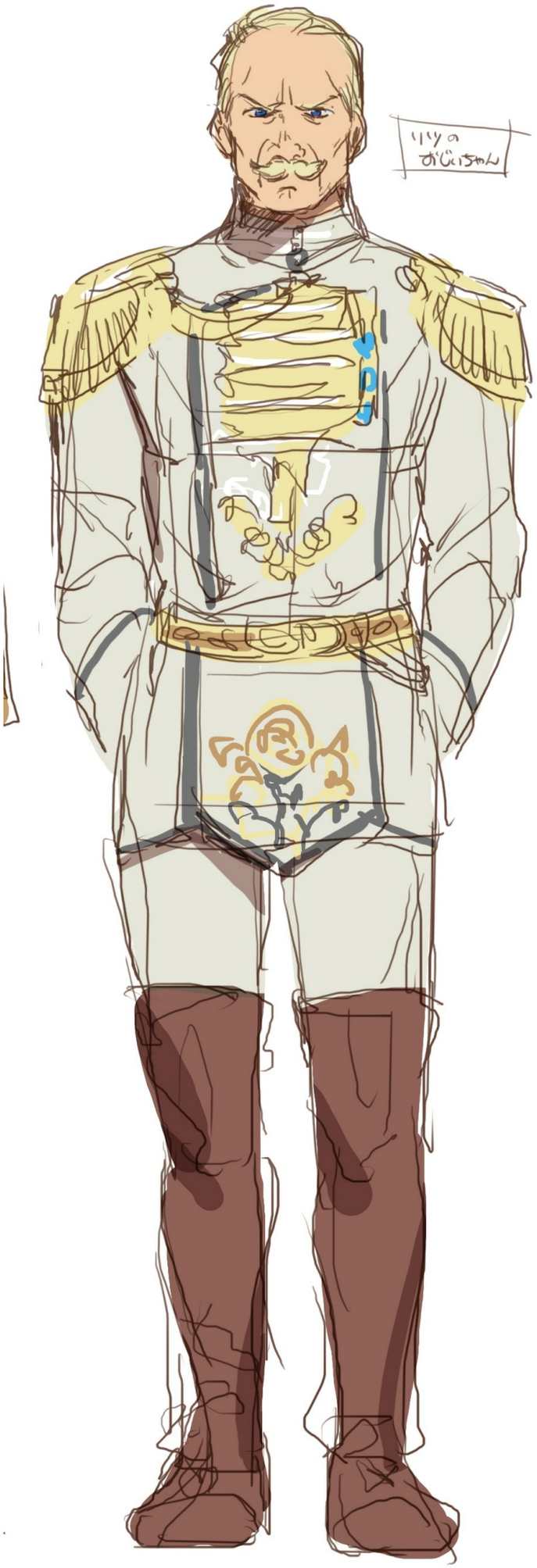
On the activity report pages, I have uploaded Ritz's grandfather's character design as well as other illustrations.

Please take a look if you'd like!

Raw link

Translator:

How did I miss this!? Oh well, here you go:


リリのおじいちゃん

Dashing moustaches, I daresay, good sir.

<< | Project Page | >>

Let’s Become a Beekeeper

Let’s Become a Beekeeper Volume 3 — The Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife’s Village, Great Renovation Plan!?

When the snow melted and fresh sprouts came out of the ground, it was finally the long-awaited season for beekeeping.
According to father’s research, honeybees can survive the winter. Apparently, they huddle together and flutter their wings to keep the temperature of the hive around thirty degrees Celsius. They also stock up honey to survive the winter.

I promptly carried hives and headed for the forest.
I only made two so far. I carried one with a rope, and I carried the other in my hand.
Sieg said that she’ll help too, but since her hair colour might agitate the bees I decided to do it alone.

I got wooden boxes from the shop lady to build the hives. At the side, I made square holes like windows as well as a small hole for the bees to enter through, then I cast a net over it.
Inside the hive, there needs to be basic frames for the bees to make their own combs. I made square frames and placed wooden sticks in a cross shape. I placed around six of them inside. They help stop the combs from collapsing.

The honeybees will create combs based on the frames and gather honey there. However, the honey won’t be complete. The sugar content is low, being just nectar from flowers. From there, the substances will be changed many times inside the bees’ bodies, warming and sweetening the honey.

Then I would gather that completed honey.

My father’s paper had detailed description on how to collect honey. It mentions a centrifuge, where the combs are placed inside and spun to separate the honey from the combs.
It sounds really convenient, but I had no data for it so I can’t make it.
Well, it’s only the first year, so I decided to aim for getting honey.

The hives were placed in a field of flowers in the forest. The sunlight is good and the wind doesn't blow much, so it's the best place to make honey.

The next part is getting the bees.
In the hives, the remains of a hive with honey will be placed in to lure bees with the smell.
Few days ago, I happened to receive a honeycomb from Teoporon so I decided to use that.

After that, I visited the hive everyday. None of them had any honeybees migrated to them.

Since that didn't work, I moved on the next method.
After honeybees winter, the beehive is conceded to a new queen. The previous queen bee takes half the worker bees and makes a new nest.
The previous method was a tactic trying to lure wild bees, but that didn't work.
So this time, I decided to go for capturing a swarm.

In this period, it seems that honeybees gather in a spherical shape around the queen bee.
To protect the queen apparently.
I need to capture them in a net.

Since I am going to carry out the capture plan, I came heavily armed.
I attached a tightly woven net to a hat to keep them from approaching my face, and made sure no parts of my body was exposed.

I searched for the ball of honeybees in the forest. Swarm, to be accurate.
I found a beehive, but I could not find a ball of honeybees.

Since it was disappointing to just return like this, so I thought, *wont' the queen bee come out of the hive~* and observed the beehive hanging from a branch. However, an unexpected thing happened.

"—— Ouch!!"

A severe pain shot up from my calf.
I immediately realised that I was stung by a bee.
The thought that I would not stung if I had thick winter clothing was a distake

it seems.
If I panic here, I might end up agitating the beehives hiding around the area. I decided to leave the area slowly.

I trod through the forests for a long time, but it was the first time I was stung by a bee.
A dull pain gradually grew from the stung part. I was told that stings have to be removed immediately, but I had to get away from the hive so I endured the pain.
I went to a stream and carefully rolled up my trouser. Of course, the stung part became swollen.
I couldn't see any stings.
I quickly washed the stung part with water. It was written that cold things are good for stings, so I had my foot in the water and waited.

Apparently honey works well for stings. It alleviates the pain somewhat, or so.

I tilted my head in wonder why I was stung, but thinking carefully, a human observing the hive can only be seen as suspicious. It's not strange that I was attacked.

Bees don't forgive those who aim for their hives.
So it can't be helped that I could be attacked. I reflected deeply.

Because I was stung by a honeybee today, my spirit was broken today. The sun was setting too, so I returned home after picking herbs.

◇◇◇

"I'm back!"

When I returned, Sieg was doing the laundry. She had Arno on her back.
My son was sleeping soundly. Even when his eyes are closed, he's surprisingly cute. That's our son.

"Should I place Arno in the cradle?"
"Aa, can I ask you to do that?"
"Leave it to me!"

While supporting Arno with one hand, I loosened the cloth tied around Sieg's

belly.
A sleeping infant's body is hot. Just touching him was relaxing.
I laid him down on the cradle in the living room and stared at his face. Chubby, with slightly red cheeks. Just seeing his tightly clenched hands was healing.
As I stared at my son's sleeping face, Sieg came back in.

"I laid out all the herbs in the basket for drying."
"Thank you."

Out of the herbs, there are ones that are dried and ones that are heated. Sieg seemed to be remembering the kinds perfectly, and her reaction was perfect as well.

"Sieg, it was no good again today."
"I see."

Unexpectedly, interacting with bees is hard. I felt that every day.
To be honest, I want to end the report there, but since I am beekeeping thanks to the cooperation of my family, so I shouldn't hide anything. I have to tell them about getting stung by a honeybee. I took a deep breath and spoke.

"T-Truth be told, I was stung by a honeybee for the first time in my life."
"What!?"

Sieg was worried, but getting stung by mistake was a very embarrassing affair.

"Where did you get stung? Any swelling?"
"It's alright."
"Show me."
"No, erm, hahaha."

I tried to laugh it off, but I got scolded and she demanded to see it.
After I rolled up my trouser, she knelt down on one knee and looked closely at the affected area.

"Any pain?"
"Nothing in particular."
"Any difficulty in breathing or dizziness?"

“None.”

When I asked why she was worried about those things, she replied that it was because she once saw someone collapsing from a bee sting when she was in the army.

“It’s a rare case, but it seems that there are also cases where the body reacts harshly against stings, leading to death. I heard that from a doctor a long time ago.”
“I see.”

She told me to take care of my body if I get stung by a bee.

“I will.”
“Please do so.”

Then, Sieg brought over the medicine box she bought during our honeymoon and kindly applied ointment for bug bites and stings.
Once that was done, she placed the box back in the shelf and sat down next to me. She crossed her arms and started talking with a calm expression.

“If possible, I’d like to accompany you……”
“H~m.”

Sieg’s hair colour triggers the defensive instincts of honeybees, and Arno doesn’t have resistance so we can’t go out together.

“Well, in this period, it can’t be helped now. But some day, I’ll also——”
“Yes, sure.”

If her hair is tidied properly and hidden under a hat, there shouldn’t be a problem. I felt happy that she was willing to help, so I think that it will be nice if we could do it together in the future.

Sieg looked at me with a surprised expression.

“What is it?”
“N-No, I just didn’t think you would let me help.”
“Though, that’s if gathering honey does succeed.”

Right. First, I have to capture honeybees. And another problem is safely getting to the honey collecting. The road to becoming a beekeeper is long.

“Until then, Sieg, please be a flower only for me.”

If it’s a flower blooming in a safe place, it would be reassuring since no other bugs will gather, but she is a hard worker and an active person. But that is also her good point.

She suddenly grew quiet, so when I looked at Sieg who was sitting next to me, her cheeks were dyed red.

“W-What’s wrong!?”
“It’s because Ritz said something absurd.”

I seems like she’s shy at being described as a flower.
Seeing that expression makes me embarrassed too.

“But it is the truth.”

I’m just an insect lured in by a large flower called Sieg.
However, I never did tell her that.

Even so, embarrassed Sieg is so cute, it’s something to die for.
When our eyes met, she turned away.
Even that cold attitude is cute!

I slowly and fully enjoyed Sieg making such unbearable reactions.

Raw link

Translator:
I need to go through all the formatting of the chapters some time……
***Sigh* When will I get around through this drudgery of going through 100+ chapters?**
Also, I’m planning on changing the site design, but I have poor aesthetic sense, and more importantly I don’t know what kind of site layout/design readers would like. *More sighing Any help is appreciated.*

Let’s Become a Beekeeper (Continued)

Let’s Become a Beekeeper (Continued) Volume 3 — The Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife’s Village, Great Renovation Plan!?

I reviewed the notes on not getting stung by bees, written as a part of father’s paper.
First, use colours that do not stand out for the clothing.
I had been very neglectful about this. I went into the forest wearing clothes using blue and red fabrics.
Next, do not panic in front of bees. Observe the behaviour of the bees.
Even if they land on the clothes, they don’t immediately sting. The bees also examine what kind of person is approaching them.
I think this will be hard. However, I’ll try my hardest to not panic.

Regarding how I got stung recently, it seems that Sieg told mother.

“Ritchan, mum tried making a protective shade.”
“Oh!”

It was a wide-rimmed hat with tightly woven net draped around.
The structure is made so that bees will not be able to pass through the small holes.

“This is amazing.”
“I also made thick clothing out of white clothing, so please wear those.”
“Thank you.”

It was just layering more clothes, but it felt like my defences improved at once.
Even if bees approach, I think I can stay calm.

I uplifted my spirit and put on the protective clothing mother made. As I was putting on shoes for going out, Sieg and Arno came over to see me off.

“Ritz, I’m sure you know this, but please be careful.”
“Alright.”

It felt like Arno was cheering me on as well. I gently kissed him on the

forehead and told him that I'll be returning soon.
I then kissed Sieg on her cheek and headed out.

"See you later."
"I'll be off."

I proceeded through the spring forest where the snow had not melted fully yet.
The objective this time is catching bees.
A queen bee is born once a year in a hive.
The previous queen takes half the worker bees and exits the hive.
I'll be catching that swarm.

I carefully trod through the forest.
I saw a stray bee flying by, so I decided to tail it.
It seems that bees that leave their hives survey their area for potential settling areas. So if I chase them I'll be able to find the ball of honeybees.

After persistently tailing the bee, I found a swarm hanging from a tree!
Fortunately, instead of a hive, it was close to where the wooden frame is so I decided to bring that.

I approached slowly and placed the wooden box with honey under the ball of bees.

If the bees notice the hive and move in, it will be a success.
If that doesn't work, I'll have to capture them myself.
It seems that bees in their balled up states are docile, but the thought of directly capturing them is nerve-wracking.
***Please, settle in the box,* I ended up praying.**

I picked herbs for medicine and spices in the forest and returned home.
When I opened the front door, Sieg came running over.

"I'm back."
"Welcome back."

Without taking a moment to breath, Sieg asked if I wasn't stung by a bee.
Today, I had mother's protective clothing and I acted calmer than before so I was not stung.

When I said that, Sieg looked relieved.

“I see. I’m glad that you’re alright.”
“……Nn.”
“What is it?”
“No, I was just happy.”

Before, when I started something new, there were times when I would get injured during experiments or get myself into precarious situations.
Because results did not come out, I had spent lonely days applying medicine to my abrasions or stitching ripped clothes.

That was the norm. However, it’s different now.

I had family, worrying about me, advising me, and cheering for me.
I really think that it’s a blissful thing.

I decided to continue working hard for my family.

The next day.
I headed to the forest as my heart fluttered. I headed for the tree with the swarm of bees.

—— Found it!

From afar, there was no ball of bees.
Swarms don’t linger in one place. They fly away after about two days.
So I didn’t get expectant just because they weren’t there.

I slowly approached the hive and peeked into it.

“……!”

I almost cried out, but I swallowed it back in just before it came out.

Something amazing’s going on! There are bees in the box!

I was so happy that I could not calm down.

I ran back home straightaway and told Sieg and mother.

“Your efforts are coming to fruition. It’s a good thing.”
“Thank you.”

It is a good thing to be able to say there is progress.

Because I was praised by Sieg, my cheeks became loose.

This was just the first step in beekeeping, but the joy kept overflowing and did not stop.
I suddenly was motivated a lot more.

I increased the number of hives and repeated the process of placing them under bee swarms.
Out of the six I made in total, three were settled.
I scoured the forest to capture other bees using a net, but it was already the past period that I couldn't find the bees.

For this year, I'll be keeping bees in three hives.

Spring is the season where the queen bee lays eggs and the season where honey is gathered.
There's not much I can do.

I could only wait for the worker bees to gather honey.

◇◇◇

There are many things I have to do in spring.
Collecting birch sap, picking herbs and fragrant grasses.
Doing maintenance of the fence at the forest of the reindeers, milking, marking the ears, there was a mountain of work.

I shortened the business hours of 'The Crimson Eagle' and increased the holidays.

There were many times when a villager would ask, "It's open today, right?" only to return disappointed.

I felt sorry, but I was glad that they wanted a place like that.
I really wanted to open the store as much as possible, but there wasn't much I could do.

I really need someone to help.

Meanwhile, good news arrived.
Aina and Emmerich is returning soon.
It's been a year and half since they left.

The Bergholm family is now completely in peace.
It was worrying that the grandfather's condition was worsening, but he still had food and Aina's mother is working hard.
I tried to provide food for them, but they declined saying that they had savings.

It seems that they had been selling the prey Aina's grandfather sold and saved the money they made.
They said that there was no need for worry.

Just in case, I told them that they can rely on me.

I had been watching the Bergholm family for a long time, but I was surprised at Aina's mother's strength.
The courage to let go of her precious daughter, the spirit to take care of the whole family, and the willpower to keep on living in good health.
I think that it's all very praiseworthy.

Her efforts changed Bergholm family.

I think that it would be nice if Aina and Emmerich returned quickly and they would rely on each other.

There was also a small change in our family too.

Twice a week, all the family will be resting.
On holidays, we won't be doing anything. That was what we decided. Cooking, housework and looking after the dogs will be done by the people of the Rango family.

On holidays, we go out strolling to the fields, go out shopping to the port city, or play with Arno.

However, I was still not used to 'spending a holiday' so there were many times when I was scolded by mother or Sieg because I accidentally chopped firewood.

When I said that not working is hard, Sieg ended up laughing.

"Ritz, don't you have a hobby?"
"Playing with Sieg or Arno, maybe?"

“That’s service to the family. Not a hobby.”
“Th-That can’t be!”

It seems that hobbies are things that people enjoy for themselves.

“Ritz, you should spend your time doing something you like.”
“Something I like……”
“Is there something?”
“Watching Arno, strolling together, talking with Sieg, touching Sieg, or kissing Sieg.”
“……That’s also service to the family.”

The times when I am with my family are the most healing moments.

Then my hobby is: service to the family. I think that’s fine.

Therefore, I’ll be having time pursuing my hobby.

Arno was out strolling with mother.
So I decided to caress Sieg.

I put my arm around her and hugged her gently. I stroked her hair and brought her cheek to my neck.
Sieg’s skin is smooth and feels good.
Her hair is also fluffy and feels good to touch.

“Ritz, are you happy with that?”
“Yup, I’m happy!”

This indeed is the happiest time in my life.

Raw link

Translator:
Just yesterday (7th November), the author added an additional chapter to this series which is completed. I feel immensely pleased as a reader, but as a translator this has given a slight headache. Translating itself is not the problem, but the organisation of the chapters is the problem. The author arbitrarily placed the chapter in the additional chapters section, leaving be with chapters with wrong number raw links and all that jazz. You can check the project page for what changed. You’ll see a new chapter listed, called

‘Amnesiac Ritzhard’. Absolutely jarring to see an untranslated chapter in the middle of fully translated additional chapters. Plus, the chapter is rather long. Anyway, for the organisation of chapter numbers, I think I’ll push the numbers of the previous chapters back one, since I had left chapter number 68 unused since that was the number for the characters chapter. Good thing I did that, eh? *Sigh* When will I get through all the posts…… Bugger, author. I love you, but this is annoying at the same time. Anyhow, don’t worry too much. Should be alright.
…Hmm, it turned into a bit of a rant. Sorry if the wall of text bothered you.

<< | Project Page | Next Chapter >>